COMMUNICATIONS · BOOKS · TRAVEL · DANCE · MOVIES

Saturday Review

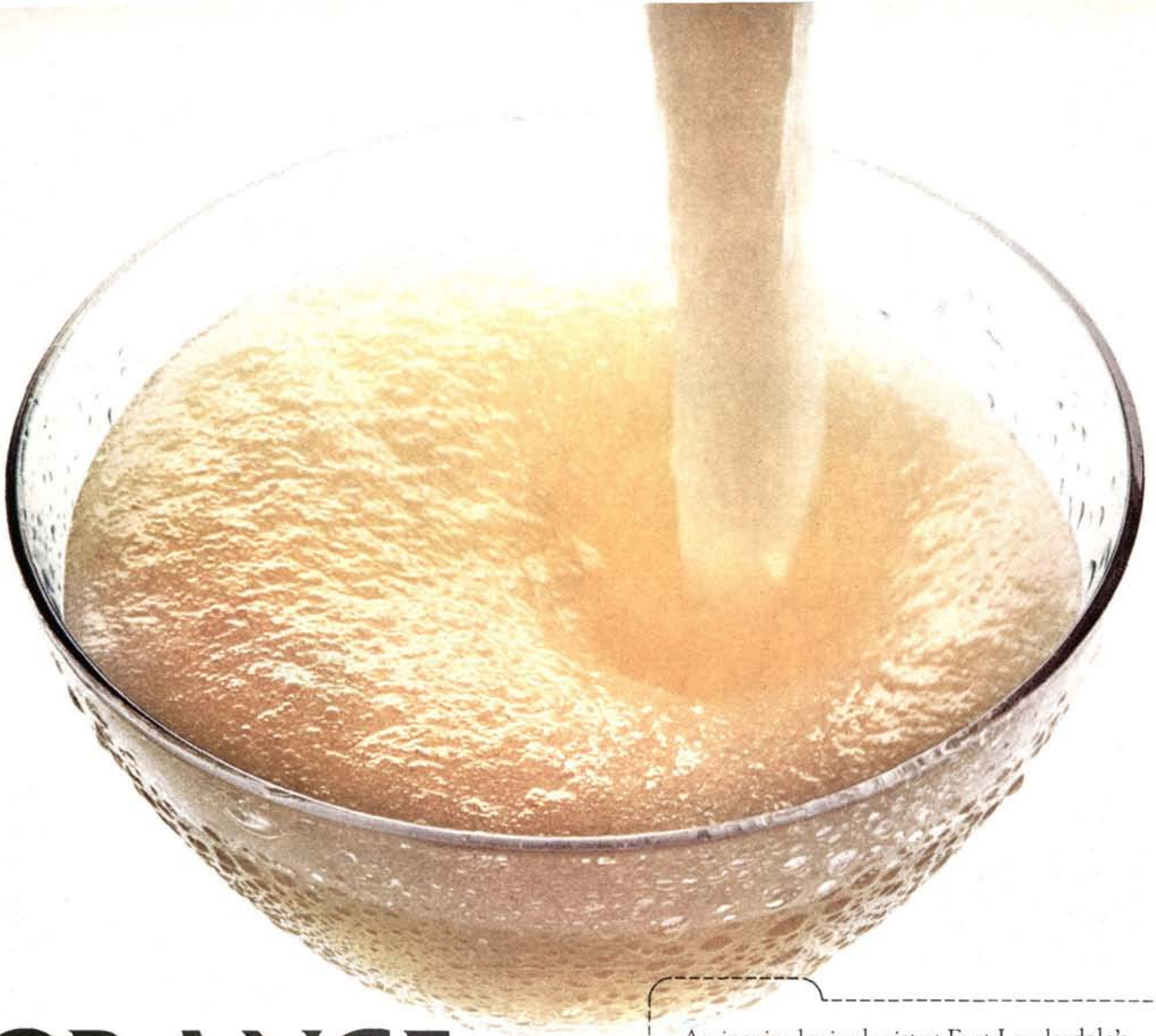
August 9, 1969 50¢

CAN INDIA MAKE IT?

by Robert R.R. Brooks

430 R757530004 AMBA9552SEP70
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ORANGE DAIQUIRI

-how to make it

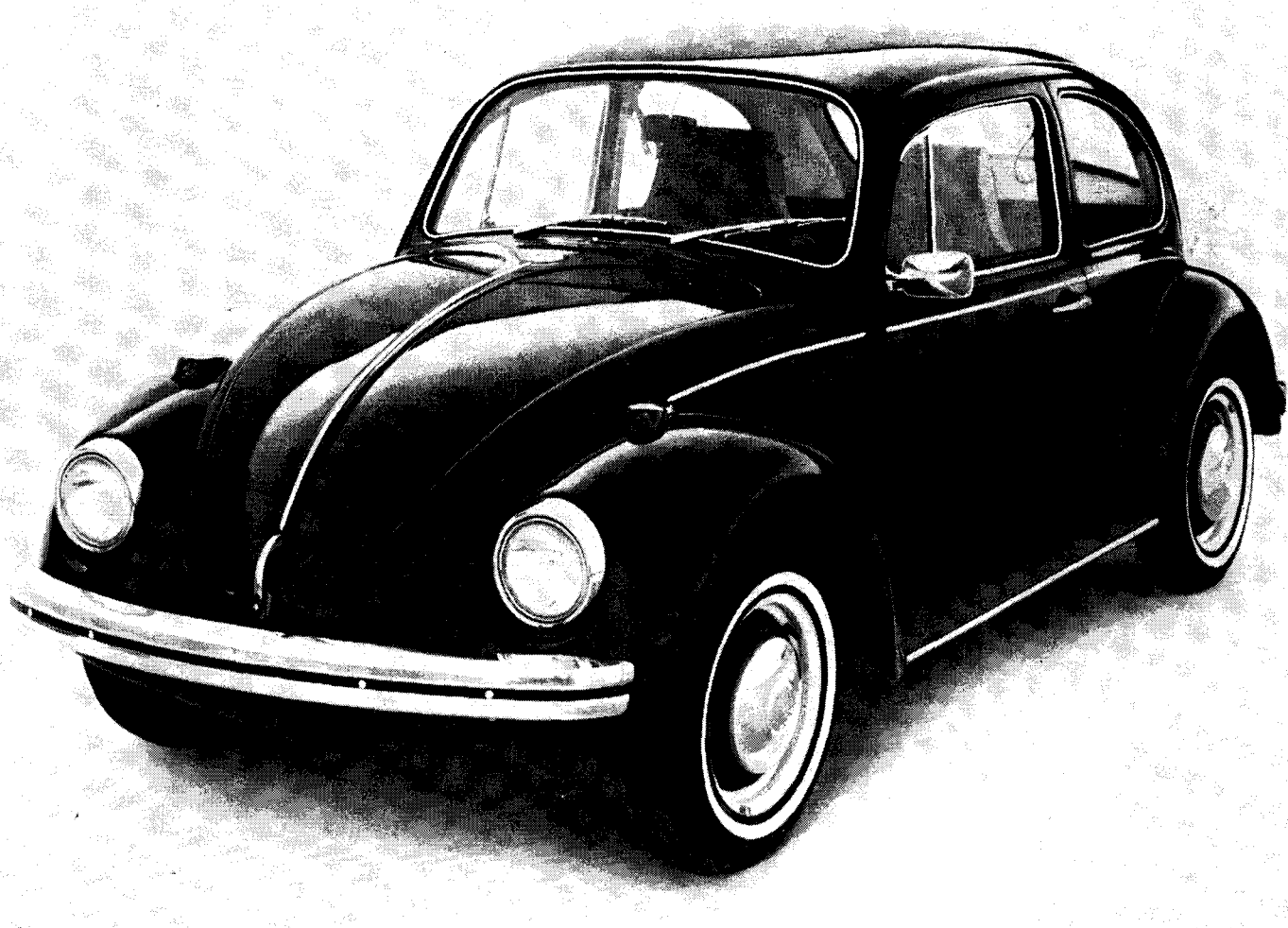
An inspired mixologist at Fort Lauderdale's Mai-Kai restaurant created this cocktail to toast the winner of the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. It is often called the Derby Daiquiri.

½ oz. lime juice and 1 tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix); 1 oz. *orange* juice; 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum; 1 cup crushed ice. Mix 10 to 20 seconds in Waring Blendor. Serve unstrained.

PUERTO RICAN RUM is
light and dry and outsells all others 3 to 1

Free: 31 rum recipes in a 20-page color booklet. Write: Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Live below your means.

If you'd like to get around the high cost of living, we have a suggestion:

Cut down on the high cost of getting around.

And buy a Volkswagen. It's only $1799*.

That's around $1200 less than the average amount paid for a new car today. (Leave it in the bank. More's coming.)

A VW saves you hundreds of dollars on upkeep over the years.

It takes pints, not quarts, of oil.

Not one iota of antifreeze.

And it gets about 27 miles to the gallon. The average car (thirsty devil that it is) only gets 14.

So the more you drive, the more you save.

And chances are, you'll drive it for years and years. (Since we never change the style, a VW never goes out of style.)

Of course, a VW's not much to look at. So a lot of people buy a big flashy car just to save face.

Try putting that in the bank.

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC. *SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, EAST COAST P.O.E. ($1,877 WEST COAST P.O.E.) LOCAL TAXES AND OTHER DEALER DELIVERY CHARGES, IF ANY, ADDITIONAL. WHITEWALLS OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Marvelous gift idea!"

This Delightfully Clever, Simple

POSTAGE SCALE from DENMARK

COSTS ONLY $1.00

and will save you that dollar many times over!

- It's a *POCKET SIZE POSTAL SCALE* which tells you instantly, with extreme accuracy, exactly how much postage is needed! No more putting on that extra stamp just because you "want to be sure"!
- Tests have actually proven it more accurate than Post Office scales!
- It's also a *LETTER OPENER* and *SEVEN INCH RULER!*
- Every *home* and *office desk*, every *briefcase*, every *pocketbook* needs one!
- Makes a perfectly marvelous personal or business gift! You don't have to worry that they may already have one, because they are always glad to receive another! (We get many orders for a dozen or more at a time. Some people must send them to everybody on their gift lists!)
- Imported from Denmark. Handsomely molded. Will last "forever." No springs — never needs adjustment! Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund, including postage.
- Not sold in stores. Please use coupon to order.

GEAR FOR GOOD LIVING, Darien, Conn. 06820

GEAR FOR GOOD LIVING, Dept. 6618
90 Heights Road, Darien, Conn. 06820

Please send DANISH POSTAL SCALES by return mail postpaid, as follows: ☐ 1 for $1.00. ☐ 3 for $2.80. ☐ 6 for $5.40. ☐ 12 for $10.00. Enclosed is cash ☐ check ☐ or money order ☐.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

The unhurried life and personal service found only at a hotel in the quiet European tradition; moments away from all that Boston can offer.

THE RITZ CARLTON
BOSTON

#1 National Non-fiction Bestseller

H. Allen Smith says "Mark Twain and Henry Mencken would have loved"

THE PETER PRINCIPLE

Why Things Always Go Wrong

Dr. Laurence J. Peter and Raymond Hull

$4.95 MORROW

August 9, 1969

Saturday Review

Cover Story, page 12

Can India Make It?
by Robert R. R. Brooks

Cover: T. S. Satyan, Black Star

IDEAS

12 Can India Make It? by Robert R. R. Brooks

17 Basic Research and the Common Good by Warren Weaver

EDITORIAL

20 The Search for Intelligent Life

BOOKS

23 Index of Books Reviewed

23 "The Making of the President 1968," by Theodore H. White

25 "The Annals of America," edited by Mortimer J. Adler, Charles Van Doren, George Ducas, Wayne Moquin, Thomas Staufer, et al

27 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

28 Publishing Scene: David Dempsey reviews "The Publishing Experience," by Cass Canfield

41 Our Basic News Medium by Richard L. Tobin

43 Television: The View from Europe by John Tebbel

45 The Gospel According to Blackman by Samuel G. Blackman

47 The In-Flight Magazine Explosion by Herbert J. Teison

THE ARTS

MOVIES

22 Arthur Knight reviews "Castle Keep," "The Learning Tree," and "What Ever Happened to Aunt Alice?"

DANCE

39 Walter Terry on Moscow's "Olympics of Ballet."

TRAVEL

37 Scandinavian Safari III: David Butwin spends fishless days in fjordland.

COLUMNS

4 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

10 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

19 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

21 Letters to the Editor

40 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

27 Wit Twister

34 Literary Crypt

36 Your Literary I.Q.

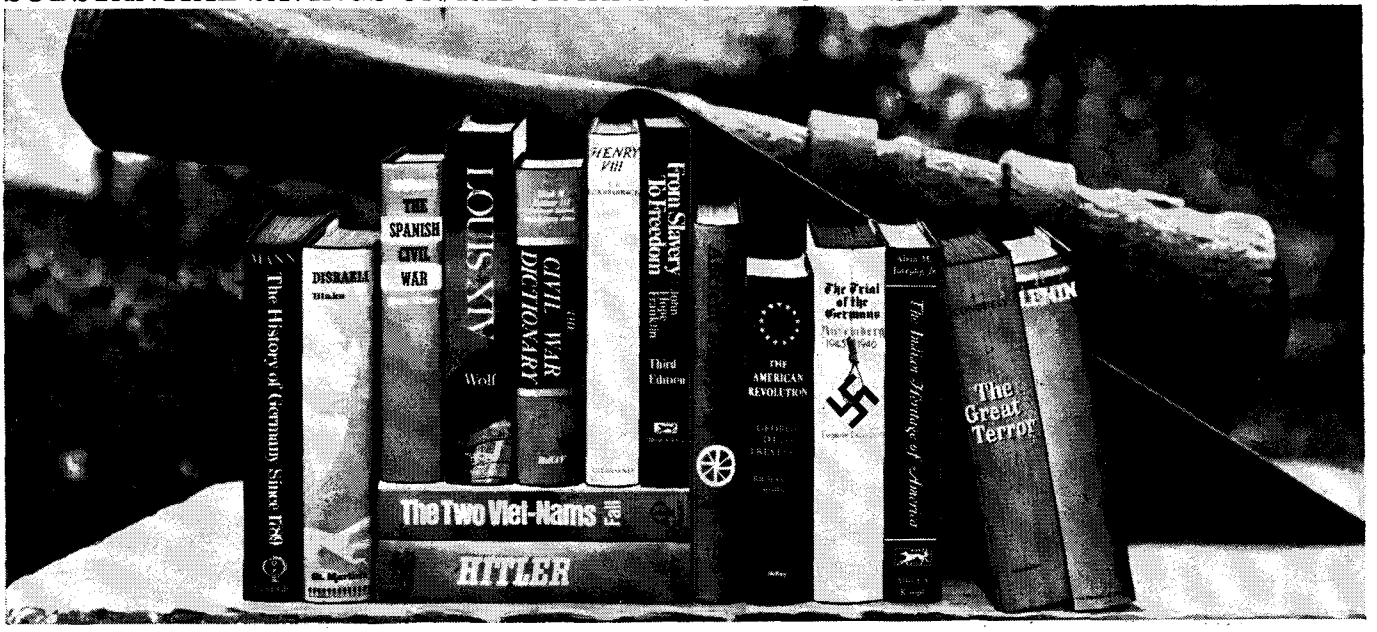
58 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1844

Photo Credits on page 51

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Martin A. Blum; Circulation Director, George A. Reeves; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $9 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LII, No. 32, August 9, 1969. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1969 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. For *SR*'s branch offices see page 38.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSTANTIAL SAVINGS ON IMPORTANT WORKS OF HISTORY AND WORLD AFFAIRS!



Any 3 of these valuable books FOR ONLY 99¢ FOR ALL THREE

with your first History Book Club membership choice

First price is Publisher's List; **boldface** shows Member's Price

614. GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN *By Edwin B. Coddington.* "A comprehensive view not only of Gettysburg itself but the personalities on the scene. It may well come to be regarded as the standard work on the subject." *Virginia Kirkus Service.* $15.00/**$9.95**

608. ELIZABETHANS ERRANT *By David W. Davies.* Picaresque careers of the four Sherleys, gentlemen on the make. $7.50/**$6.00**

466. THE TWO VIET-NAMS (2nd Rev. Edition) *By Bernard B. Fall.* A historical study. "The most comprehensive and illuminating study yet available . . . of the total situation in Viet-Nam." *N.Y. Times.* $7.95/**$6.80**

370. THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR *By Hugh Thomas.* A spellbinder—the complete history of the grim "dress rehearsal for World War Two." $10.00/**$7.50**

677. WITCHCRAFT AT SALEM *By Chadwick Hansen.* A fresh, objective reinterpretation of the original documents. $6.95/**$5.75**

661. A HISTORY OF THE VIKINGS *By Gwyn Jones.* Their progress traced from prehistory to 1066, from Russia and Constantinople to North America. $9.75/**$6.95**

543. ANCIENT EUROPE *By Stuart Piggott.* From 6000 B.C. to the Roman era, a fascinating survey of prehistoric, barbarian Europe. 194 illustrations. $7.50/**$6.15**

476. THE LIFE OF LENIN *By Louis Fischer.* The authoritative story—winner of the National Book Award. $12.50/**$8.50**

607. FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM: A History of Negro Americans *By John Hope Franklin.* A top-ranking historian traces the Negroes' course from African origins to contemporary North and South America. $10.75/**$7.40**

554. THE TRIAL OF THE GERMANS: Nuremberg, 1945-46 *By Eugene Davidson.* Twenty-two brilliant studies of the war criminals which build a total picture of Nazi Germany. $12.50/**$8.95**

653. ETERNAL QUEST: The Story of the Great Naturalists *By Alexander B. Adams.* Man's search for his place in the natural world. $10.95/**$7.50**

642. BRAZIL: The Land and People *By Rollie E. Poppino.* A vivid history of a nation's growth amid turbulent conditions. $7.50/**$5.95**

A National Book Award Winner

651. WHITE OVER BLACK: American Attitudes Toward the Negro, 1550-1812 *By Winthrop D. Jordan.* An outstanding study of the origins of racism in the U.S. $12.50/**$8.95**

604. CONQUISTADORS WITHOUT SWORDS *Ed. by Leo Deuel.* 42 archaeologists recount the quest for the New World's prehistory. $12.50/**$8.95**

657. THE CREATION OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC, 1776-1787 *By Gordon S. Wood.* The evolution of American political thought from 1776 to the making of the Constitution. $15.00/**$9.95**

617. THE GREEK ADVENTURE *By Pierre Leveque.* The evolution, spread, and lasting influence of the remarkable ancient Greek civilization. $12.50/**$8.75**

645. THE GREAT TERROR: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties *By Robert Conquest.* The grim and ruthless campaign, its arrests, its interrogations, the mass slaughter and their effects on Russian life and culture. $9.95/**$7.40**

644. GANDHI AND MODERN INDIA *By Penderel Moon.* Gandhi portrayed as saint and politician in his role in achieving India's independence. $6.95/**$5.80**

668. THE URBANIZATION OF AMERICA, 1860-1915 *By Blake McKelvey.* The rise of the American city between the Civil War and World War I. $10.00/**$7.50**

621. THE INDIAN HERITAGE OF AMERICA *By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.* The history, archaeology, and ethnology of all Indian cultures in the Americas since the Ice Age. $10.00/**$6.95**

591. LOUIS XIV *By John B. Wolf.* A major reassessment of the "Sun King" as soldier-ruler of a rising France. $12.50/**$8.75**

Three good reasons to join The History Book Club:

- **Dramatic savings.** As a trial member, you can save over 50% on your choice of the finest works of history and world affairs—more than 130 titles to choose from each month.
- **Liberal bonus plan.** You are free to select your bonus books from our entire list . . . no restrictions as in most clubs. After trial membership, you earn a bonus certificate with every four books you purchase.
- **Exceptional quality.** The History Book Club always brings you new volumes identical with or superior to original publishers' editions . . . never economy "book club" reprints.

ENROLL NOW TO RECEIVE UP TO $42.50 WORTH OF FINE BOOKS FOR ONLY 99¢

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please open a Trial Membership for me and send the introductory package of books indicated below. Bill me 99¢ for the three. At the same time, send the membership book I have also indicated and bill me for it at the low Member's Price.

I understand that I may return the books within 2 weeks if I am not delighted with them and that their return will automatically cancel my membership. Otherwise I shall complete my Trial Membership by purchasing 4 more selections during the coming year from among more than 130 offered at money-saving Member's Prices in the monthly REVIEW. (A reply card is always enclosed with the REVIEW.) Completion of my Trial Membership will entitle me to choose a Bonus Book for every 4 books I purchase thereafter.

(NOTE: A small postage and packing charge is added to each shipment.)

Fill in numbers of your three introductory books, 99¢ for all three ☐ ☐ ☐

Fill in number of your choice at member's price ☐

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

In Canada, same savings. Shipment of books and all services will be handled within Canada. Bonus plan differs slightly.

SR 47S

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB • *Stamford, Conn. 06904*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be a music maker maker

"Musical Instruments Made to be Played" tells how to make over 25 instruments, lists materials needed, gives diagrams, patterns. 84 pages, 86 illustrations. $6.50

Free. New 42-page Dryad Press Booklist describes more than 180 books, leaflets, instruction cards and filmstrips on art crafts from batik to puppetry.

The Dryad Press
Wood-Ridge, N. J. 07075

Please send me:
☐ "Musical Instruments Made to be Played." Check Enclosed. $6.50 post paid
☐ Free Dryad Press Booklist

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Dryad Press

Why not get into
PUBLIC RELATIONS?

We can show you how by mail

Every business and civic organization today needs the services of one or more trained Public Relations Counselors. Yet the field is so new and so vast that hundreds of good openings are unfilled.

To help fill this great need, a prominent public relations firm has completed a comprehensive Public Relations Correspondence Course. It enables men and women, with high school educations (or better) to get started in this exciting and very lucrative profession in a short time through its streamlined home-study program.

If you'd like to find out more about this glamorous new field where there is plenty of room at the top, send today for our FREE BROCHURE. There is no obligation. No salesman will call. Write: The American Institute of Public Relations, Dept. 28, 141 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois 60604.

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Think Zinc

FOR SOME MONTHS Mr. Populi had been extremely nervous, unnecessarily petulant, paranoid agitated, and had shown every sign of being a candidate for a fitting of a twin-vented strait jacket with the belt going all around.

His soft-spoken, imperturbable wife had been most patient, never asking what was bothering him. Even when, at odd moments, he would sit up suddenly and mutter something that sounded like "Think zinc," she didn't probe. She even held off when one evening he kissed his little daughter good night, saying, "Don't forget to say your prayers," then added something that sounded like "Think zinc."

But on the night he came home from his office, sweat pouring from every pore, and announced that he was this very day giving up cigarettes, she had to ask the question.

"But, Vox," she said, "why do you say you're giving up cigarettes when you never have smoked?"

He sank into a chair and stared.

"And don't think I haven't noticed your peculiar behavior," Mrs. Populi continued. "All these weeks you've been muttering something that sounds like 'Think zinc.'"

"What do you mean sounds like 'Think zinc'?" he shouted. "That's exactly it! Think zinc. Years ago I read this fiction novel about an atomic bomb that dropped on our country, and the only young man alive who wasn't made sterile by the nuclear fallout had been working down in a zinc mine in Colorado. That's what I'm planning to do—dig a shelter with lead walls and coat them with zinc. We're starting work immediately. Call a meeting of the family right now."

As his wife went to gather the children, Mr. Populi looked around his average tri-level house in the average American suburb built with the average GI loan, in which he and his wife had been comfortably living with their two sons, Plato, age eleven, and Aristotle, age twelve, and a ten-year-old daughter named Point Four, who rounded out this average American family.

Being overinformed by reading the papers, and by overwatching TV on the rapid progress of science in overkill, he was now overreacting to his overriding concern for the safety of his hearth and home.

"Children," said Mrs. Populi returning with her brood, "your father has something to say about the. . . "

"I'll take it," interrupted Mr. Populi taking the floor. "We're all going to pitch in and build a bomb shelter."

"Oh boy, that sounds like fun," exclaimed Plato. "When do we start, Pop?"

"Mr. Populi to you," said Pop. "This is not fun. You're eleven years old. You want to try for twelve? This shelter is going to save us from being killed by the ABM, MIRV, SS9, and an assortment of bacteria. Do you know what the figures are on how many a bomb will kill?"

"Yes," said Aristotle, "the deployment of an ABM first strike can reduce the count from 120 million Americans killed to only forty million killed."

"Think zinc," shouted Mr. Populi, getting nervous again. "We're going to build a shelter with walls lined with lead and coated with zinc. We're all going to pitch in. That means you and you and—where are you going, Point Four? Come back here."

"Oh, Daddy, this is dull. I thought you were going to tell us about the stork," she said returning to her chair.

"The stork? For heaven's sake, haven't you told her about that yet?"

"Heaven knows I've tried," said Mrs. Populi, "but she keeps asking me about copulation."

"Listen to me," screamed the distraught father, "I don't think you realize the gravity of our situation. Do you want us all to be decimated?"

"Decimated," said Plato rising, "D-E-C-I-M-A . . ."

"I didn't call on you, sit down. Listen, my children," pleaded Mr. Populi, overacting the role of father of his flock, "my offspring, born of my loins, if you are too young to think of yourselves wiped from the face of the Earth, do you want to see Mummy and Dadikins go up in smoke?"

That not only gave them pause, they applauded.

"Thank you. We're a little late, folks. Any questions?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Populi. "Are you sure we'll be safe in this shelter?"

"Absolutely. Lead coated with zinc cannot fail. And to make certain I'm gong to hang a cross, a mezuzah, and a rabbit's foot on the door. Our children, and their children, and their children's children shall not perish from this Earth. Any other questions?"

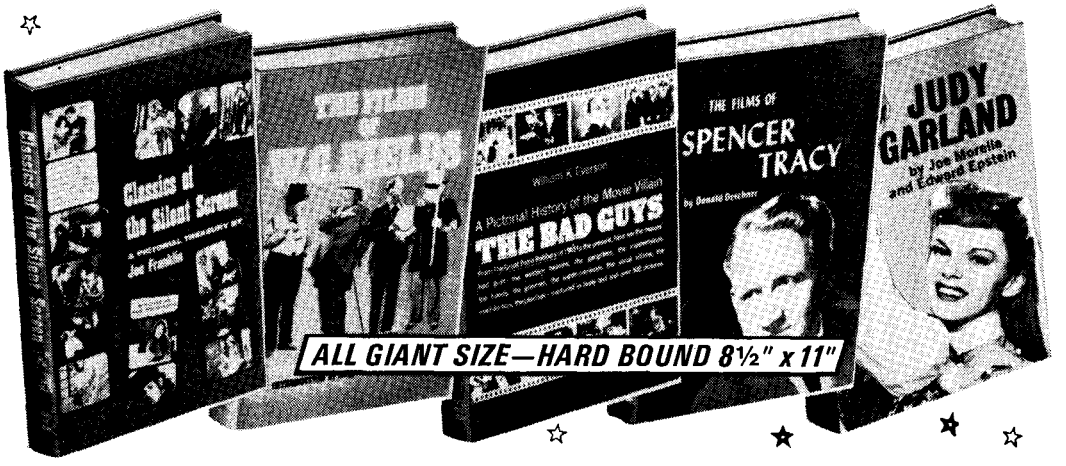
"Yes, Daddy," said little Point Four, "what about copulation?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See The GREAT MOVIE STARS In All Their FABULOUS FILMS!

Choose ANY ONE of These Books for only $1

Orig. retail prices $6.95 to $8.95


Classics of the Silent Screen
THE FILMS OF W.C. FIELDS
A Pictorial History of the Movie Villain
THE BAD GUYS
THE FILMS OF
SPENCER TRACY
JUDY GARLAND
by Joe Morella and Edward Epstein

ALL GIANT SIZE—HARD BOUND 8½" x 11"

to introduce you to The MOVIE BOOK CLUB

The Movie Book Club Offers Books On the Screen's Leading Stars: You See Them In the Best Scenes From Their Films—Read Exciting Plot Synopses, Spell-Binding Commentary and Revealing Biographies!

Now, for a limited time, the exciting new MOVIE BOOK CLUB is inviting you to begin a trial membership with your choice of any one of the 5 extraordinary books described below for only $1.00. It's the club's way of introducing you to the kind of uniquely entertaining, downright enjoyable selections available to you as a member.

Yes, we'll gladly send you any one of these 5 fabulous books for $1.00 (orig. retail prices $6.95 to $8.95)—because we think that once you get a taste of the fantastic entertainment and exciting reading they offer, you'll want to stay in the club and enjoy still others.

MOVIE BOOK CLUB selections include unparalleled intimate views of the all-time great cinema stars, covering all their fabulous films. They are packed with attractive photos of the stars, each of their films' casts, thrilling scenes and action photos, spellbinding plot synopses and commentary on the directors, film techniques and behind-the-scenes stories . . . plus revealing biographies of the stars themselves. Some of the future selections that will be available to you include a thrilling volume on America's blonde sensation Jean Harlow; a magnificently-illustrated volume on Cecil B. DeMille—the most renowned film maker in the cinema's history; an engrossing volume on the spectacular life and film career of Humphrey Bogart; an action-packed history of filmdom's legendary jungle hero, Tarzan; and many other interesting and unusual books on the movies' great romantic, comedy, musical, western, mystery and drama stars and films.

No Quotas to Buy—No Obligations Whatsoever—Order Any Book You Want At Club Discounts of Up to 70%

One of the really unique features of the MOVIE BOOK CLUB is that you are *not* obligated to take any required number of books. As a member, you take only those books you're really interested in. And, on the books you *do* want you'll *always* enjoy tremendous savings.

What kind of savings can you expect? You'll save a *minimum* of 50% on every book you wish to buy—and often as much as 70%. You see, through the club's direct-to-you distribution we are able to offer our members these handsomely-printed, hard-bound, giant 8½" x 11" DeLuxe editions for only $2.98 each—even though their original retail prices ranged from $5.95 to $10.00. That means you can save as much as $7.02, depending on your selections.

Take advantage of this money-saving offer now. These books make for the most fascinating reading. They'll provide you with surprising details on the stars' lives and careers that will spark your conversation and make TV movie viewing more fun than ever. To get the $1.00 introductory selection of your choice, just fill out and mail the coupon below. There's no need to send any money. We'll bill you later.

We'll send you advance news of the club's forthcoming selections. And remember, you're not required to buy any specific number of books . . . you can even return books you do order from the club within ten days of receiving it. And you can cancel your membership any time you wish.

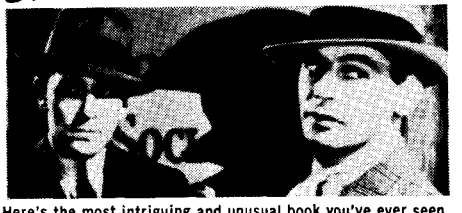
1. CLASSICS OF THE SILENT SCREEN

Here's a loving look back at the wonderful make-believe days of Hollywood's golden "voiceless" era featuring Laurel & Hardy, Garbo, Valentino, Barrymore, Chaplin, Lon Chaney, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Buster Keaton and 65 other great "silent" stars. Over 400 rare photos help you enjoy the thrills, drama and comedy of the best scenes from such classics as "The Birth of A Nation," "The Perils of Pauline," "Son of the Sheik," "The Gold Rush," "Safety Last," "Flesh and the Devil," "Beau Geste," "Ben Hur," and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" . . . plus dozens of other immortal films!

2. THE FILMS OF W. C. FIELDS

W. C. Fields "comes alive" in over 260 devastatingly funny scenes from some of the most hilarious movies ever seen. Laugh and enjoy the cantankerous W. C. in side-splitting scenes from "The Man on the Flying Trapeze", "The Golf Specialist", "Million Dollar Legs", "Tillie and Gus", "The Bank Dick", "My Little Chickadee" . . . and over 25 more! Fields was master of the art of comedy and humor and you thoroughly enjoy looking at him in sensational scenes with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, William Gaxton, Marilyn Miller, Jack Oakie, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Mae West and still others!

3. THE BAD GUYS



Here's the most intriguing and unusual book you've ever seen — an entertaining "rogue's gallery" of Hollywood heavies and movie villainy from the screen's infancy to the present. The greatest names in movie history pass through this giant volume: William S. Hart, Edward G. Robinson, John Wayne, Wallace and Noah Beery, Richard Widmark . . . Bogart, Cagney, Karloff and dozens more! Even top romantic idols like Valentino, John Gilbert and Clark Gable played gangsters and villains — and they too are captured here in thrilling, lively text and over 500 exciting pictures!

4. THE FILMS OF SPENCER TRACY

Here's a marvelous permanent record of the film career of one of Hollywood's finest actors and most beloved stars. Over 70 great Tracy films are included from early ones like "Tortilla Flats", "Manhattan Melodrama" and "Test Pilot" to "Bad Day At Black Rock" and "Judgment At Nuremberg", considered by many as his best picture! Hundreds of scenes of Tracy with Katherine Hepburn, John Garfield, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Luise Rainer, Jean Harlow, Burt Lancaster and all the other greats who co-starred with him — make this one of the most entertaining and nostalgic books of all!

5. THE FILMS OF JUDY GARLAND

There has never been anyone quite like Judy! And here's an enchanting picture album of Judy Garland in scenes from all her great movies. You'll watch her in all her film frolics with Mickey Rooney . . . in "The Wizard of Oz," following the yellow brick road with her three fabulous friends to find the wonderful magic land that lay "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" . . . in the joyous, heart-warming musical "Meet Me in St. Louis" . . . Singing the benefits of "Being A Clown" with Gene Kelly in "The Pirate" . . . in the Garland dramatic triumph, "A Star Is Born" . . . and many others. Here, too, is an intimate biography that reveals the tragic events in her life and career that have been so devastating to Judy and her devoted fans!

Send No Money! Free 10 Day Trial!

Cadillac Publishing Co., Dept. C-236
The MOVIE BOOK CLUB Div.
220 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the special introductory selection I have indicated, by number, in the box below. I enclose no money in advance, but within 10 days of receiving my selection I will either return it and owe nothing or keep it and pay the special introductory price of only $1.00 plus a few cents mailing charge.

As a MOVIE BOOK CLUB member I'll receive advance descriptions of all future selections. For each volume I keep I will pay only $2.98 plus a few cents mailing charge (orig. retail prices $5.95 to $10.00—I save up to $7.02 per volume). I can reject any book before or even after I receive it and I am free to cancel my membership at any time. (Sorry, only one club membership allowed per family.)

Indicate, by number, in this box, the book you want. ☐

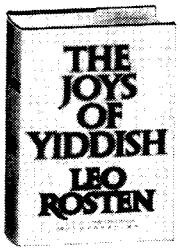
Name .....
(please print plainly)

Address .....

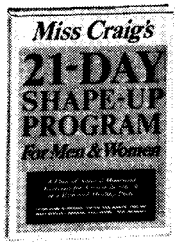
City .....State .....Zip .....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHICH OF THESE BOOKS HAVE YOU

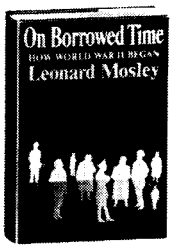


233. THE JOYS OF YIDDISH *by* LEO ROSTEN (Retail price $10)

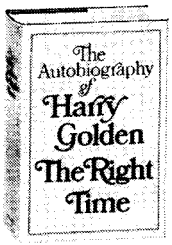


104. MISS CRAIG'S 21-DAY SHAPE-UP PROGRAM: For Men & Women. Illus. (Retail price $6.95)

207 BULLET PARK *by* JOHN CHEEVER (Retail price $5.95)



137. ON BORROWED TIME: How World War II Began *by* LEONARD MOSLEY Photographs (Retail price $8.95)



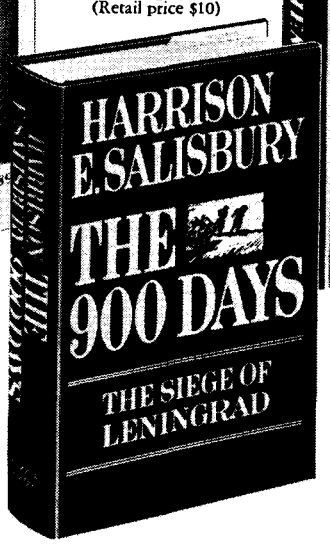
131. THE RIGHT TIME An Autobiography *by* HARRY GOLDEN Photographs (Retail price $6.95)

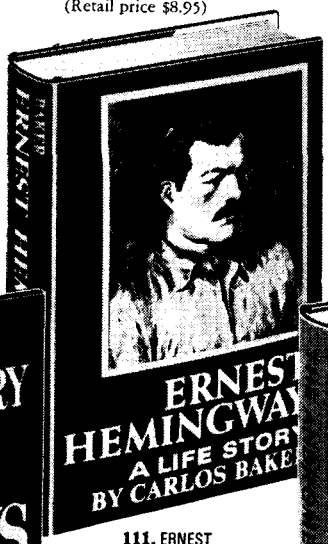
425. THE SALZBURG CONNECTION *by* HELEN MAC INNES (Retail price $5.95)

431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price $12.50)

259. JENNIE The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill *by* RALPH G. MARTIN Photographs (Ret. price $8.95)

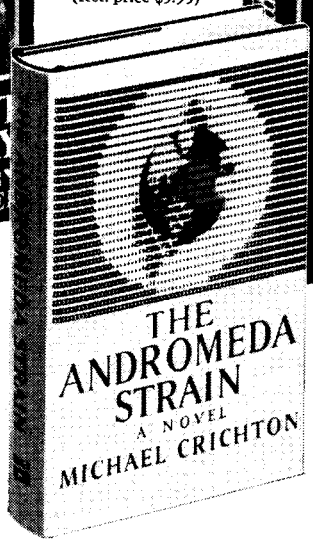
484. THE 900 DAYS The Siege of Leningrad *by* HARRISON E. SALISBURY Photographs (Retail price $10)

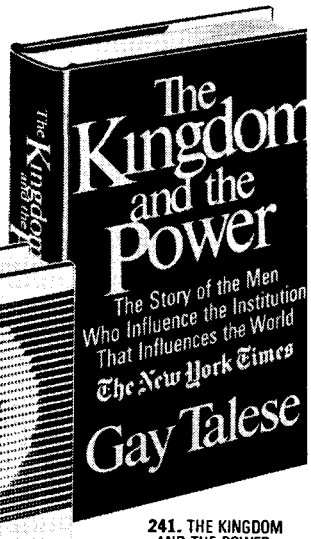




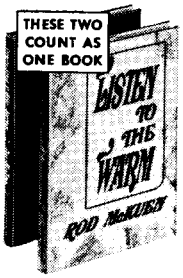
111. ERNEST HEMINGWAY A Life Story *by* CARLOS BAKER Photographs (Retail price $10)

250. THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN *by* MICHAEL CRICHTON (Ret. price $5.95)



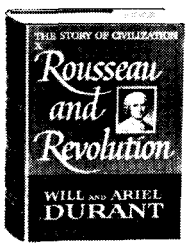

The Kingdom and the Power
The Story of the Men Who Influence the Institution That Influences the World
The New York Times
Gay Talese

241. THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER *by* GAY TALESE Photographs (Retail price $10)

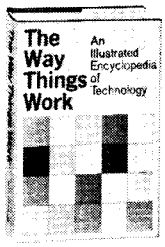


196. LISTEN TO THE WARM *and* STANYAN STREET & OTHER SORROWS *by* ROD MC KUEN. (Retail prices total $7.90)

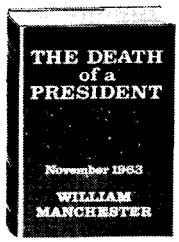
116. DISRAELI *by* ROBERT BLAKE Illustrated (Retail price $12.50)



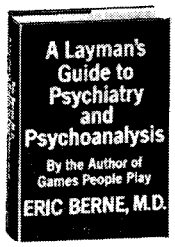
381. ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT Illustrated (Retail price $15)



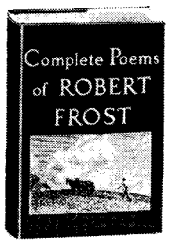
107. THE WAY THINGS WORK: An Illustrated Encyclopedia of Technology (Retail price $8.95)



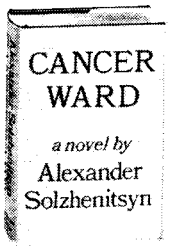
355. THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT *by* WILLIAM MANCHESTER Charts and maps (Retail price $10)



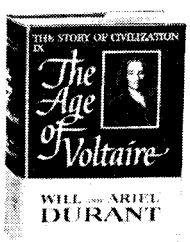
489. A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO PSYCHIATRY AND PSYCHOANALYSIS *by* ERIC BERNE, M.D. (Retail price $6.95)



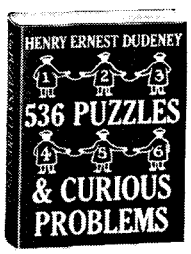
231. COMPLETE POEM OF ROBERT FROST (Retail price $8)



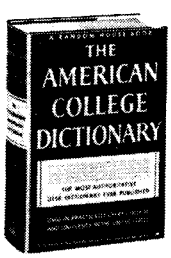
470. CANCER WARD *by* ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN BETHELL-BURG trans. (Retail price $10)



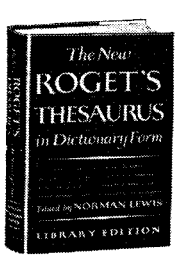
280. THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT Illustrated (Retail price $12)



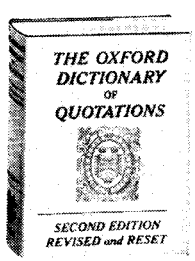
390. 536 PUZZLES & CURIOUS PROBLEMS *by* HENRY ERNEST DUDENEY. Illustrated (Retail price $7.95)



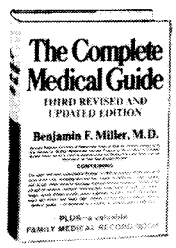
257. THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY (Retail price $5.95)



103. THE NEW ROGET'S THESAURUS IN DICTIONARY FORM *Ed. by* NORMAN LEWIS (Retail price $5.50)



260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (Retail price $11)

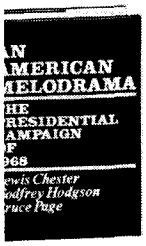


140. THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. 3rd revised ed. Illus. (Ret. price $9.95)

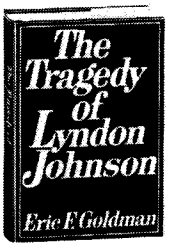
The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club Inc., in the United States Patent Office and in Canada.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

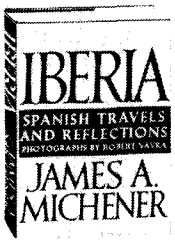
PROMISED YOURSELF TO READ?



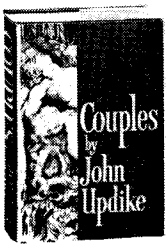
. AN AMERICAN ODRAMA: The idential Campaign 968 *by* CHESTER, OGSON *and* PAGE tail price $10)



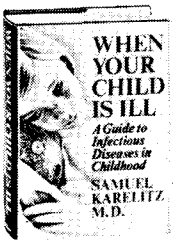
478. THE TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON *by* ERIC F. GOLDMAN (Retail price $8.95)



414. IBERIA: Spanish Travels and Reflections *by* JAMES A. MICHENER Photographs (Retail price $10)

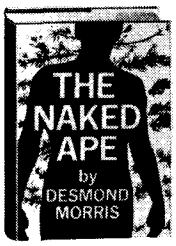


408. COUPLES *by* JOHN UPDIKE (Retail price $6.95)



195. WHEN YOUR CHILD IS ILL *by* SAMUEL KARELITZ, M.D. (Retail price $7.95)

271. GRANT TAKES COMMAND *by* BRUCE CATTON. Maps (Retail price $10)



387. THE NAKED APE *by* DESMOND MORRIS (Retail price $5.95)

An Invitation to Readers

WHO MAY HAVE CONSIDERED

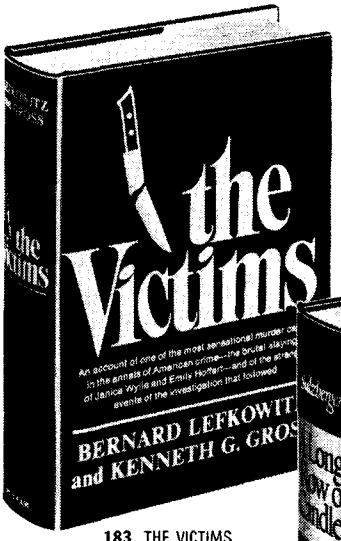
MEMBERSHIP IN THE

Book-of-the-Month Club

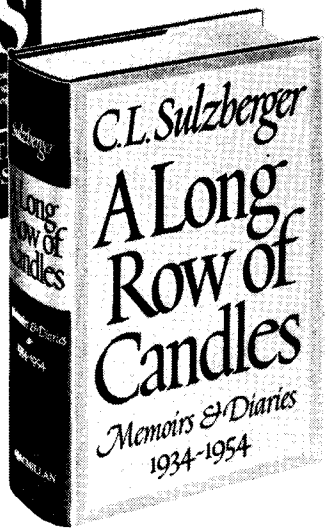
CHOOSE ANY THREE FOR ONLY $1

IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL SUBSCRIPTION

You simply agree to buy three additional Club Selections or Alternates within the next year at the special members' prices



183. THE VICTIMS *by* BERNARD LEFKOWITZ *and* KENNETH G. GROSS (Ret. price $6.95)

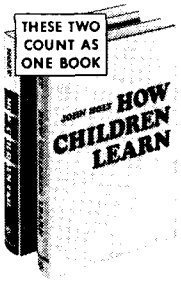


188. A LONG ROW OF CANDLES: The Memoirs and Diaries of C. L. Sulzberger, 1934-1954 (Retail price $12.50)

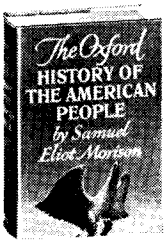
A library-building plan every reading family should know about

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership the Book-of-the-Month Club can **keep you from missing**, through ersight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; it will also monstrate another important advantage: **Book-Dividends.** Through is unique profit-sharing system members can regularly receive valuable rary volumes—at a small fraction of their retail prices—simply by ying books they would buy anyway.

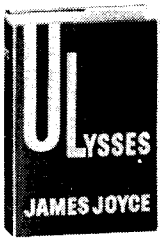
If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, r *every Book-of-the-Month Club Selection or Alternate you buy*, a ok-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, ten only **$1.00 or $1.50**—somewhat more for unusually expensive vol- nes or sets—will entitle you to a Book-Dividend which you may choose om over a hundred fine library volumes now available. This is probably e most economical means ever devised for building up a well-rounded rsonal library. Since its inauguration, **$473,000,000 worth of books etail value) has been earned and received by Book-of-the-Month lub members through this unique plan.**



200. HOW CHILDREN LEARN *and* HOW CHILDREN FAIL *by* JOHN HOLT (Retail prices total $9.45)

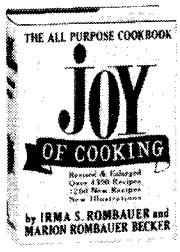


234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illustrated (Retail price $12.50)

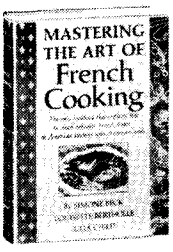


139. ULYSSES *by* JAMES JOYCE Unabridged (Retail price $7.95)

485. KNOW YOUR ANTIQUES *by* RALPH *and* TERRY KOVEL. Photos (Retail price $7.50)



161. JOY OF COOKING *by* IRMA S. ROMBAUER *and* MARION R. BECKER Illustrated (Retail price $6.95)



580. MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING. BECK, BERTHOLLE, CHILD Illustrated (Retail price $10)

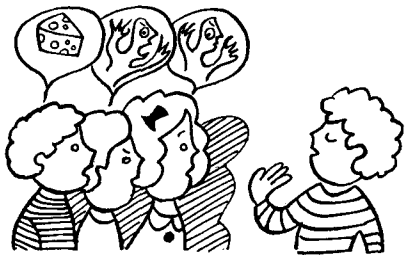
OOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC., 280 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

On that never-to-be-forgotten Moonday we still remember best the four children who were interviewed earlier on Jim Hartz's local New York news program. The question was what, when the astronauts got to the moon, would they find. The first child was a five-year-old traditionalist, "Green cheese," he said firmly. The second, defense-oriented, warned of moon creatures. "They will," he said, "eat the astronauts up." The third, a girl, admitted creatures but denied such defeatist philosophy. "They can't eat them up," she said. "Their mouths are too small." Finally, the fourth, a budding scientist, summed it all up. "There isn't any green cheese and



there aren't any moon creatures," he said steadily. "All there is up there is grabbity."

One thing was certain—the story grabbitied Walter Cronkite. And somehow we liked Walter best when the lunar lift-off was obviously a success. "Hot diggity dog," he said.

Moon or no moon, the honeymoon was over for Richard Nixon. Marianne Means called him an "unhurried nonleader."

David Kennedy and William McChesney Martin to the contrary, it was certainly an odd idea to fight inflation solely by sky-highing interest rates—which, on the one hand, may have succeeded in clobbering the stock market but, on the other hand, gave millions of dollars to the banks, the proliferation of whose credit cards were perhaps the No. 1 inflation problem. Not to mention that the interest rate method had not the slightest effect on the real reasons for inflation—armaments, wages, prices, etc. One effect the interest rates did have, however, was to make a lot of new Democrats out of old Republicans. As for ourselves, looking at the dreary stock tables, we were reminded of the dictum of the late Richard Lounsbery. "The government," he said, "plays with the market like a child with a toy." We liked best, however, another man's philosophical lament. "I don't like inflation, deflation, or disinflation," he said. "Just give us back good old flation."

Our Sign of the Week came from Bob Watson of West Concord, Massachusetts. He found it outside the Holiday Inn in Tewkesbury, Massachusetts: HAVE YOUR NEXT AFFAIR HERE.

Our Advertisement of the Week was closer to home—in fact, we had to look no further for it than SITUATIONS WANTED in our own *SR*. "Retired couple," the ad said, "age 33, Ph.D. and M.S., varied scientific backgrounds, seek small supplemental income." No heavy work, you understand, but obviously game, in their sunset years, for anything light.

If *SR* gave us our advertisement, however, our advertising story of the week came all the way from Tom Gavin, of the Denver *Post*, via Denver's Jack Frank:

First adman: "You hear that Joe Parsnip died?"

Second adman: "No, what did he have?"

First adman: "A few small industrial accounts."

Somehow that reminded us of the textbook publicity story—a true one—in John Gregory Dunne's fine book, *The Studio*. It's about two publicists, Frank Neill and Lou Dyer, who in the time-honored Hollywood manner are chewing on unlit cigars, sitting on sofas, and flipping through the *Motion Picture Almanac*:

First publicist: "David Weisbart."

Second publicist: "What about him?"

First publicist: "He just dropped dead. He was playing golf with Mark Robson. Just keeled over."

Second publicist: "What hole?"

Elsewhere in the book field, but on a more cheerful note, witistorian Bill Adler, compiler of *The Kennedy Wit*, *The Stevenson Wit*, and *The Churchill Wit*, has added Senator Eugene McCarthy to his roster. Here are some of our favorites:

Being in politics is like being a football coach. You have to be smart enough to understand the game and dumb enough to think it's important.

We don't declare war anymore—we declare national defense.

During the last campaign, McCarthy was told that Nixon had said that he would be honest even though it hurt him. "You can get used to that kind of pain," McCarthy said, "if you work at it." Once told that his own cam-

paign was made up largely of amateurs and lacked professional direction at the top, the Senator declared, "Well, we may not be well organized at the top, but we are the best organized at the bottom that this country has ever seen."

On another occasion, McCarthy said that the low point in the debate on medical care came when undertakers testified against it—on the grounds, he recalled, that it would disturb the traditional relationship between doctor and patient. "We tried to discourage them," he said, "to persuade them it was just a kind of slowdown, and that eventually they would get everybody anyway."

McCarthy defined the Senate as the last primitive society in the world. "As civilization progresses," he said, "we honor all the ancient principles of seniority and respect for our elders and occupancy. Territorial imperative runs very strongly in the Senate, and our ultimate test is a trial by ordeal—which we practice in the filibuster."

But our favorite of all is when the Senator was asked what he would do if he were President. "I would go to the Pentagon," he said, "or at least I would try to get diplomatic representation there."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1843)

CLAUDE (G.) BOWERS:
(THE) *YOUNG JEFFERSON*

In these latter days, when some nations make a virtue in war of bestial treatment . . . of captured enemies, it is refreshing to one's faith in humanity that a patriot as militant as Jefferson was able to treat prisoners, not only with decency, but with hospitality.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1. Mercury MR-3, May 5, 1961 2. Mercury MR-4, July 21, 1961 3. Mercury MA-6, Feb. 20, 1962 4. Mercury MA-7, May 24, 1962 5. Mercury MA-8, Oct. 3, 1962
6. Mercury MA-9, May 15-16, 1963 7. Gemini 3, Mar. 23, 1965 8. Gemini 4, June 3-7, 1965 9. Gemini 5, Aug. 21-29, 1965 10. Gemini 7, Dec. 4-18, 1965 11. Gemini 6, Dec. 15-16, 1965
12. Gemini 8, Mar. 16, 1966 13. Gemini 9, June 3-6, 1966 14. Gemini 10, July 18-21, 1966 15. Gemini 11, Sept. 12-15, 1966 16. Gemini 12, Nov. 11-15, 1966
17. Apollo 7, Oct. 11-22, 1968 18. Apollo 8, Dec. 21-27, 1968 19. Apollo 9, Mar. 3-13, 1969 20. Apollo 10, May 18-26, 1969 21. Apollo 11, July 16-24, 1969

From Freedom 7 to Apollo 11 ...our eight years to the Moon.

Beginning with the pioneering "Freedom 7" mission of 1961, we have been a part of all 21 U.S. manned space flights. We built NASA's Mercury and Gemini spacecraft, and the S-IVB stage which orbited the Apollo spacecraft and thrust the historic Apollo 11 to the Moon. Today, as a company dedicated to space science and exploration, we're working toward still greater achievements, in Earth-orbit, and beyond.

MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAN INDIA MAKE IT?

by Robert R. R. Brooks

"I would like a simple yes or no answer. No long lecture. Is India going to make it or not?" The question came from a very prominent Washington economist who fixed me with a beady eye at a cocktail party the day after I had returned from five years in India. Five years is too long for a simple answer, so I said, "India is one-sixth of the human race. Is the human race going to make it?"

There are about 530 million people in India—more than in all of Latin America and Africa combined. They are about one-sixth of the 3.25 billion people on earth, and they are one-third of the people in countries the U.N. classifies as "less developed." Their ethnic and cultural variety is greater than that of all the nations of Europe. Their economic skills range from hunting with a bow and arrow to the export of machine tools.

India was put together in 1947, for the first time in its 5,000-year history. Nine provinces and 600 autonomous princely states were fused by the genius of Sardar Patel and V. P. Menon in the crucible of partition.

India is still a nation, and as far ahead as anyone can see—say twenty-five years—it will remain a federal union with substantial central power. No armed force capable of challenging the army, air force, and navy; no separate foreign policy; no competing external revenue collection; no displacement of central control over interstate transport and communication—none of these is likely to occur in the foreseeable future.

For a country with more than 300 languages, fifteen major scripts, skin colors ranging from blue black to ivory white, six major social classes, hundreds of castes, thousands of subcastes, eleven major religions, nine major political parties, four major trade union movements, sixty-seven universities, and about two million college students—this degree of national unity after twenty-two years as one nation is a remarkable phenomenon.

But Indian politics is decentralizing.

Robert R. R. Brooks is Orin Sage professor of economics at Williams College.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The process has been going on for seven or eight years. It became apparent after the death of Nehru in 1964, and striking after the losses of the Congress Party in the elections of 1967.

In a very real sense this is not a retrogression, but a recognition. The centrifugal forces inherent in the heterogeneous mass of India were concealed by the unity required for the expulsion of the British, the discipline and idealism of the Congress Party, and the charismatic personality of Jawaharlal Nehru. Following his death, and as the euphoria of independence receded and the Congress leaders grew plumper and older, the local and parochial dissidences — which had been there all the time— were revealed. Indian unity was ahead of its time.

The United States has approximately 200 million people spread over fifty states. The federal power is relatively great. India has more than 500 million people in only seventeen states. The federal power is relatively small. One of these Indian states—if it were a separate country—would be the eighth largest in the world. Others are nearly as large. India is, in political fact, a group of countries with separate linguistic, military, ethnic, and dynastic histories. By any normal historical standard, its federal unity is a miracle —or, at least, premature. The center of political gravity, when it comes to rest, is bound to be in the states.

Despite the strong powers accorded to the central government by the Constitution, the substantial financial resources of the national government, and the powerful military and police forces at its command, most of the big barons of New Delhi are the political bosses of the states.

And yet, India will not dissolve. Why not?

The principal answer is: Hindu culture—that inexhaustible complex of religion, mythology, literature, esthetics, tradition, class, caste, struggle, survival, repression, aspiration, good sense and nonsense, absorption and rejection, violence and patience that binds the subcontinent into a nonorganic but cellular unity.

The second answer is the civil administration. Trained to maintain order and collect taxes, it has been called upon for difficult tasks in socio-economic development: community programs, agricultural improvements, family planning, industrial growth, export promotion. The civil servants are posted from state to state, from state to center, and center to state. Their shortcomings are many and sad, but the best are superb and the worst still maintain order, obey commands, keep records, and carry on the indispensable minimal functions of law.

The third answer is the Constitution that prescribes state, central, and joint powers enforced by an independent judiciary, permitting the central government to take over local rule if state authority collapses and providing Presidential powers which could — as a last resort — supersede those of the Parliament if representative government became deadlocked.

The fourth answer is that Indian policy is profoundly influenced by an educated elite—widely distributed in all the principal cities; sharing the English language; wanting national independence, but needing world-wide associations and assistance; dedicated to development, but alternating between hope and despair.

And finally, India is laced together by such mundane but practical ties as hard-surfaced roads, railroads, airlines, telegraph, telephones, postal system, canals, electric power lines, and an industrial capacity to produce most of the equipment that enables these services to work—fairly well.

Of all these things that work—fairly well—the grandest by far is the Indian-made Mercedes engine and chassis. Roaring down mountain curves from Ladakh to Kashmir, grinding through the sands of Rajasthan, scuttling as a bus or groaning as a truck, lumbering, carrying soldiers to the front, taking villagers to market, picking up fish in Trivandrum, or moving oil in Gujarat—it is everywhere, a tyrant of the roads and a testament to the ubiquity of change. The fact that this engine and chassis —with an endless variety of carriers mounted upon them—are made in India suggests that Indian industrial development is remarkably advanced.

India has limitless quantities of high-quality iron ore, ample low-quality coal, and an immense hydroelectric potential, partially harnessed. Its petroleum resources are being developed in Gujarat, and exploration continues. It has phosphate rock in Rajasthan, and iron pyrites for sulphur.

It has a rapidly growing chemical industry. It has been producing textiles for a century. It makes its own telephone equipment. And, surprisingly, it makes all sizes of machine tools —of sufficient quality and quantity for export to "advanced" countries.

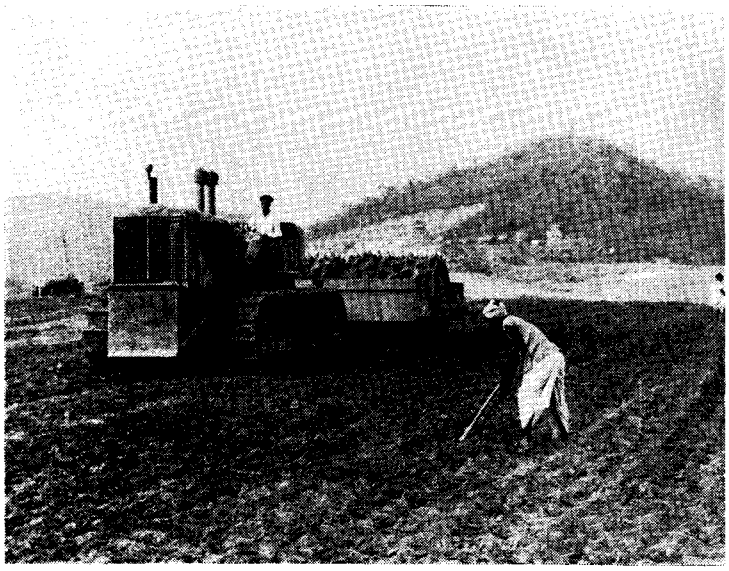
But there are problems: One is a multiplicity of economic controls that causes delays, encourages monopolies, discourages efficiency and initiative, and invites the corruption of the regulators by the regulated. Another is the scarcity of managerial skills and the thinness of external economies — indispensable to large-scale enterprises. Still another is the politicizing of the labor movements to a degree that contributes more to disorder, violence, and destruction than it does to the welfare of workers and the productivity of industry. A fourth is bottlenecks in the supplying of certain raw materials and many small parts — especially those which have to run the gauntlet of exchange controls and scarce foreign exchange.

But the greatest problem of all is the lack of a mass market. People are abundant, but their incomes are too low to exert a demand-pull on the expansion of industry.

Population appears to be growing at more than 2.5 per cent a year. This means an annual addition of thirteen million people. The Indian government is making a greater effort than any other nation to reduce its rate of population growth. The objective is to bring it down to 1.5 per cent in the next ten years.

In absolute terms, the numbers of loops inserted, condoms distributed, and vasectomies performed under government auspices seem very large. But, relative to the total population, they are pathetically small. Even if this effort were multiplied manifold —as it will be—the rate of growth may rise for several years before it begins to fall. There are two reasons for this. First, the death rate is still high compared to developed coun-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Despite birth control programs, India's numbers continue to increase, while food production lags.

tries, and will almost certainly continue to drop, barring mass starvation. Secondly, India's efforts during the past twenty years to eliminate epidemic and endemic diseases (especially malaria) have been successful in reducing infant and child mortality. Millions of children who would otherwise have died fifteen years ago are now approaching childbearing years. This sharp shift in age composition will tend to raise the crude birth rate, simply because there are more childbearers per thousand of population now than there were ten years ago.

With a falling death rate and a high birth rate, the *growth* rate could rise to 3 per cent before it begins to turn downward. This would be very discouraging to family planners and to those who wish them well. Were it not for the impressive birth control efforts, the increase in the growth rate would be even larger.

For the next ten years, the principal hope of avoiding mass starvation in India is an annual increase in domestic food output sufficient to keep ahead of population growth and to reduce the country's dependence upon uncertain food imports. What are the hopes?

The key to India's future—and indeed to that of two-thirds of the human species—is rising productivity in agriculture. All political dogmas, party slogans, planning strategies, and models of economic growth shrivel to irrelevance in the face of this fact.

There can be no industrialization without a surplus of food from farmers to feed industrial workers. There can be no urbanization without a surplus of food in the countryside to feed the city. There is little prospect of absorbing the unemployed and underemployed except on the farms. In a nation 80 per cent rural, there can be no mass market for industry unless rising agricultural productivity gives farmers higher incomes with which to buy the products of industry.

And although increased rural incomes would not guarantee political stability in this age of rising expectations and seething frustrations, they are a prerequisite to any possibility of extending the degree of economic cooperation and interdependence fundamental to economic progress. The signs are clear that India's leaders have recognized this and have, for several years, given agriculture super-priority.

The problems, however, are enormous. First is the political problem. The No. 1 rule in economic planning is not to scatter scarce resources but to concentrate them at the points of greatest productivity. This runs exactly counter to the egalitarian conviction that each should receive according to his need—that even the least productive, and therefore the poorest, areas should get central funds and attention. Moreover, in any country as loosely integrated as India, each state, district, block, and village *panchayat* is in a strong position to demand its share. But scatteration is the path to the wilderness.

The government showed courage in facing up to this dilemma by shifting its emphasis from the universalized Community Development Program to the Intensive Agricultural District Program (IADP). It compromised by putting at least one intensive program in each state. But in so doing, it tried to pick the most likely district.

The IADP is an effort to pull together all the inputs required for high productivity: good land, water, good seeds, fertilizers, pesticides, credit, price incentives, drying facilities, storage, and transport—among others. The amount of planning, organization, incentive, cooperation, patience, and determination required is prodigious. But it is India's hope, and the results, after several years of preparation and effort, sustain the hope. It now seems likely that between the crop years of 1967-68 and 1968-69, including a good and a poor monsoon season, food grain output increased by about 6 per cent —well ahead of population increase.

Although all of the inputs responsible for this agricultural growth are important, the most important, after water, is chemical fertilization. Indian food output per acre is among the lowest in the world. Most of the arable land has been farmed for two or three thousand years and has been progressively depleted. The biological cycle for restoring soil fertility is inadequate for high yields, and is bled outward by the use of cow manure as a fuel instead of as a soil nutrient. Only chemical fertilizers (soluble nitrogen, phosphate, potassium, and trace minerals), plus some organic material to maintain the friability of the soil, can raise India's food output fast enough to feed its people.

India's consumption of fertilizer has increased sixfold, from 200,000 tons of nitrogen in 1962 to 1,200,000 in 1968. Since it does not pay to use heavy doses of fertilizer unless all the other inputs are present—especially water and the new seeds which accept a large fertilizer application—the increased fertilizer consumption is a good index of progress in other aspects of intensive agriculture. Supply, demand, and distribution of fertilizer have been keeping a reasonably even pace with one another. The time is well past when critics questioned the Indian farmers' acceptance of chemicals. And India

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now has in production or construction about two million tons of nitrogen capacity. The goal is five million tons by 1975.

If the nitrogen goal is reached and is balanced with phosphate and potassium production or imports, India can be self-sufficient in food by 1975 in terms of providing the projected population for that year with a more nearly adequate caloric intake and protein content. But this is a very large "if." Among the elements to be considered are the following:

1) A continuation and improvement of the present policy of inviting Western business to collaborate with Indian public and private firms in a rapid expansion of fertilizer production.

2) The development of private systems of fertilizer distribution and sales promotion in competition with the government-sponsored cooperatives.

3) Expansion of the IADP to additional districts, with especial emphasis on reliable water supplies.

4) Patience and vision on the part of Western enterprise in seeing the opportunity, despite maddening delays and frustrations, presented by the vast Indian market for agricultural inputs.

5) Development of indigenous extraction and refining of phosphate and sulphur.

6) Continued expansion and improvement of the research and extension services of the universities and government agencies to cope with the multitude of problems—virus, bacteria, fungus, soil deficiency of trace nutrients, and blowdown—which inevitably follow the introduction of new seeds into alien soil.

7) Pricing, taxation, and land-tenure policies that provide security for investment in land and incentives to cover the risks of new methods.

8) Enough foreign exchange to buy the fertilizer and its ingredients until India can produce most of them itself.

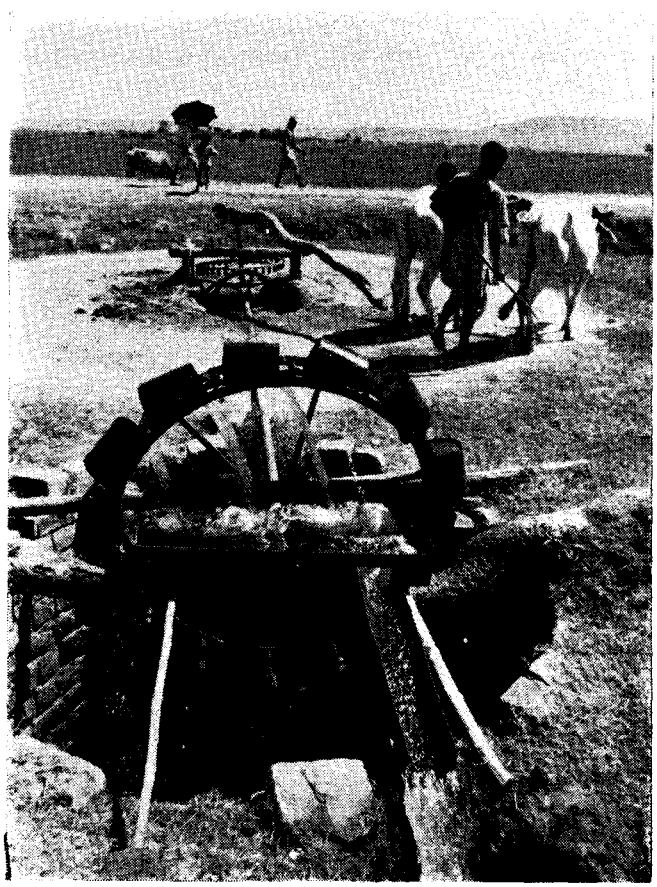
Despite a 1968 gain of 9 per cent in exports over 1967, India had a foreign-exchange gap of $1.4-billion last year. India has suffered considerable inflation, especially as a result of food shortages caused by the terrible droughts of 1965-67, and the 1965 war with Pakistan. But the inflation has been far less than that of most developing countries, and, relatively speaking, India has been fiscally temperate, if not conservative.

The Indian government courageously devalued rupees from 4.75 to 7.50 to the dollar in 1966, but the world demand for India's basic exports is so inelastic that the devaluation only slowly assisted in promoting exports. The rupee is probably still overvalued by perhaps 20 to 25 per cent, but an additional devaluation would be very risky politically and would accomplish little in export promotion.

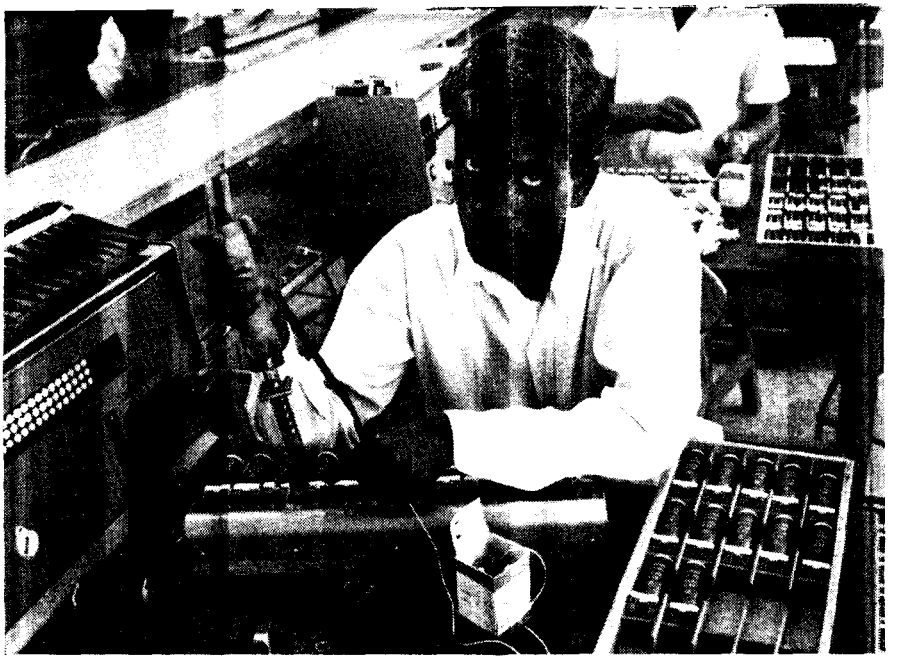
India has the most rigorous system of import controls of luxury goods and consumer durables of any non-communist country. Although this creates a black market in smuggled consumer goods and invites corruption of the exchange and customs controllers, the scarcity of imported cars and other durables is visual testimony to the general effectiveness of the controls. On the other hand, India has greatly relaxed its import controls over raw materials, spare parts, and components for high-priority industrial development.

In addition to the millions of tons of P.L.-480 food grains sent by the United States in 1968 for rupee-repayment, India had to spend $250-million for food imports to avert hunger. The fertilizer, phosphate, and petroleum imports were all directed primarily at expanding food production. In the cold figures of the foreign exchange gap the tragic need for food is icy clear. When and if India, with its own resources, can nourish its soil and feed its people the gap will disappear. But unless the gap is filled for the next years with foreign

A land with too much of the archaic and tradition-bound, too little of the modern and advanced.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

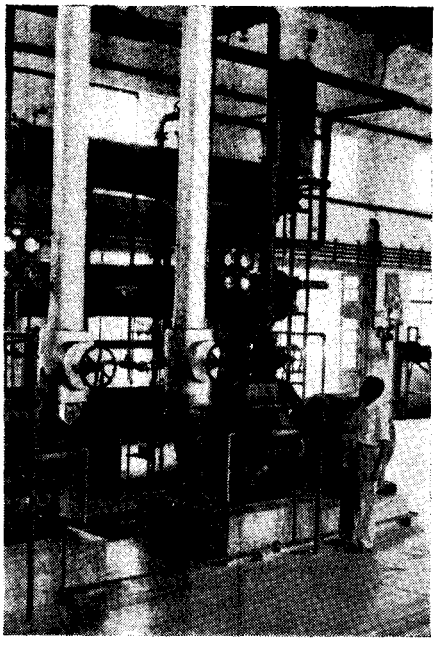


ITT-sponsored phone plant in Bangalore—foreign funds aid industrial expansion.

economic assistance, there is little hope that India can make it.

During the past twenty years, the United States has loaned or granted about $9-billion to India including about $4.5-billion in P.L.-480 food grains from our formerly embarrassing food surplus. India is the largest gross beneficiary of our aid, but has received by far the smallest per capita assistance. The largest annual amount loaned by the U.S. to India was $435-million, or about 87 cents a head—three years ago. Since then, our help has sharply declined to a probable $250-million in fiscal '68-'69.

Non-U.S. loans to India, principally from the United Kingdom, West Germany, Japan, the World Bank, and Eastern bloc countries, have been on shorter maturity and tougher terms than ours. Unless these creditors accede to an extended moratorium on the $500-million now annually owed, there is no prospect of closing the gap and little political possibility that our Congress will increase foreign aid funds which are vitiated, in part, by repayments to others. If a moratorium is negotiated, the gap will be reduced to $900-million. Of this, the U.S. share should be about $650-million.



Production of chemicals is up.

Why "should" we do anything? India's "teeming millions" will not pose a threat to us in the foreseeable future. Should we pour in more money to salvage what we've already sent? It would be cheaper to write it off. We don't need India's natural resources. Does India offer attractive markets and opportunities for investment? Yes, in the long run, but for the next twenty years it will be just as profitable and a lot more pleasant to deal with Canada and western Europe. Even with substantial U.S. government guarantees, private U.S. investment will, for a long time, provide only a small portion of the funds needed to make India self-sufficient.

Do we need a powerful counterpoise to China in South Asia? In old-fashioned diplomatic terms, perhaps yes. The departure of the British from the periphery of the Indian Ocean from Capetown to Singapore left a vacuum that India ought to fill. But the Chinese have problems of their own. They are not likely to climb the Himalayas to acquire India's food deficits. They will make border trouble—indeed they are busily at it in Nepal, in Assam, and in Burma. But India is in a far better position to cope with border troubles now than it was in 1962.

India will not turn communist for a long time, if ever. Both the Soviet and Chinese Communist Parties in India are utterly irrelevant to the problems of the Indian masses. They are brutally capable—with their combinations of unemployed intellectuals and hired plug uglies—of obstructing parliamentary government, destroying property, and violently impeding production, especially in West Bengal. But they are a long way from being able to cope with India's army and central government. So, again, why should we be concerned about the country's future?

India's people compose nearly one-half of the population in less-developed countries outside of the communist bloc. It is a sizable sample of the future. At present relative rates of population growth, the less-developed countries will soon have five-sixths and then seven-eighths of total world population. What kind of company do we want as we ride our tiny pellet through space? Do we want to be surrounded by miserable masses consumed by hunger, misery, envy, hatred, violence, and disintegrated into the primary biological units from which we began our long ascent 10,000 years ago? Or would we like to make a relatively small financial bet on the hope that man can someday achieve the dignity for which we used to think he was destined?

Five years ago we were providing economic and military assistance to the less-developed countries at the rate of about $4.5-billion a year. This year, at a much higher GNP, we will offer less than half as much. If we and our like-minded friends were to loan India $900-million in the coming year, and offer the same average per capita rate of assistance to all the rest of the underdeveloped countries, including China, the total bill would be less than $4-billion, excluding debt repayment. The U.S. share of this should not be more than $3-billion—with $650-million for India.

Will India make it? Will the human race make it? It depends.

India in 1968 had a foreign exchange deficiency of $1,400-million, and there is little prospect of closing the gap in the next five years. The principal contributors to the deficit are as follows:

	Millions:
Repayments of capital and interest on loans from western Europe	$ 500
Food imports	250
Fertilizer	250
Petroleum	100
Phosphate	15
Nonferrous metals	118
All other	167
TOTAL	$1,400

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BASIC RESEARCH AND THE COMMON GOOD

No longer an amoral activity, science must assume responsibility for the application of its knowledge.

by WARREN WEAVER

Today, the belief in the possibility of a clear separation between objective knowledge and the pursuit of knowledge has been destroyed by science itself. In the operation of science and in its ethics a change has taken place that makes it impossible to maintain the old ideal of the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake which my generation believed in.
—MY LIFE AND MY VIEWS by Max Born.

I was brought up to accept, unquestionably, that knowledge is inherently good: that new knowledge automatically and inevitably stimulates and creates activities that lead to and deserve the label "progress." Holding this belief, one can be comfortably assured that if he helps to advance knowledge in any field whatsoever, he is thereby—although, in truth, indirectly and unpredictably—contributing to the richness and significance of the lives of all individuals, and of society in general.

This conviction concerning the inherent goodness of knowledge has, in the past, been accepted by most scientists, although admittedly it has by no means always been the result of a clear analysis of the issues involved.

The comfortable calm, relative to the motivation of scientists, and the resulting assurance that scientists need not be morally involved in the values that result from their work, received a mortal blow on July 16, 1945, when the first atomic explosion occurred, and when, as more than one distinguished scientist has stated, the physicists lost their innocence. From that moment on, many other disturbing and worrisome cases have arisen. Should a scientist use his knowledge and skill to develop devices, materials, or procedures that are useful in war? Should biologists and medical researchers be involved in genetic developments, neurological experimentation, and transplant surgery that may destroy the integrity of individuals, may lead to methods of control over mental and emotional states, and may prolong life beyond the point of dignified and responsible activity?

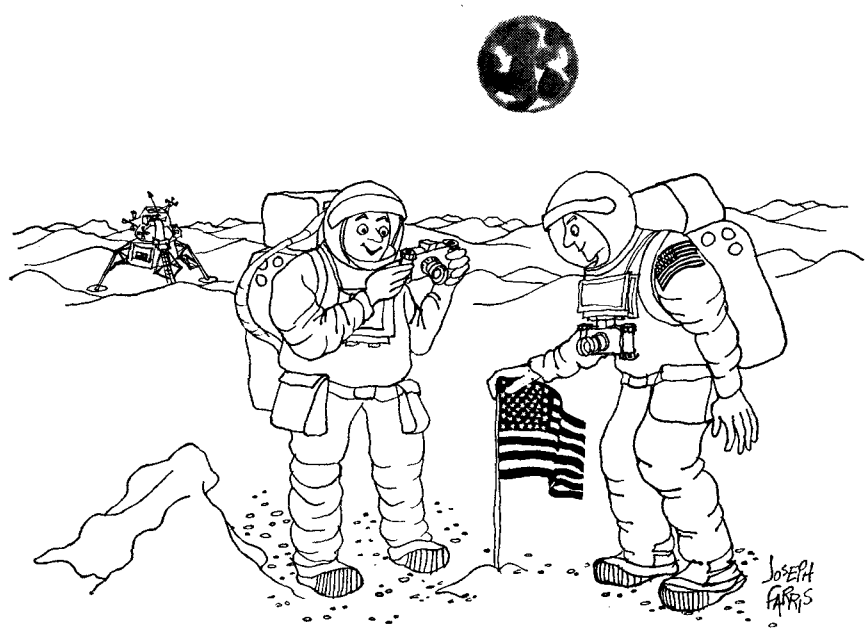
When a scientist is asked to take part in mission-oriented research, then it would seem obvious that he has the moral obligation to decide whether the mission in question is likely to be of constructive service to society. Such considerations led hundreds of scientists—graduate students and faculty members—at universities and research institutes in the United States to put down their tools and for a full day, March 4, 1969, to engage in serious debate concerning the uses and misuses of scientific knowledge. At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology an auditorium seating 1,200 persons was fully occupied. Several hundred graduate students and faculty members joined in this symbolic one-day moratorium on research. Some thirty meetings were held at other institutions across the country.

It has, in the past, been usual to hide behind the statement: "Science produces the knowledge—whether it is used for good or for evil is not the responsibility of science." But in many instances of applied research—aimed at serving specified missions—this old defense is clearly not acceptable.

Having been engaged, during both World Wars, in scientific and technological research designed to assist the military activities of our government, I continue to believe that situations can arise when the defense of one's country and its ideals is an overriding obligation. But the mere fact that a scientist is asked to assist the Department of Defense is not a sufficient argument. I think every scientist has the moral obligation to weigh the issues and carry on scientific military research only if he is convinced that the good so outweighs the evil that it is necessary. At my present age, the statement is admittedly somewhat artificial in character, but if I were asked to help in any way in connection with the present stupid and shameful war in Vietnam, I would refuse, and would be prepared to accept the consequences of my refusal.

Cases of mission-directed research are easy to deal with, for the use to which science is to be put is obvious. Thus, the data is in hand on which moral judgments can be made.

In the case of basic research, however, there is a baffling difficulty. Granting that basic research makes discoveries which may be of great danger to society, as well as discoveries which might serve society well, why, the be-



"Just think. It cost $24,000,000,000.00 to put that here."

Warren Weaver, former president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is an adviser to the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mused nonscientist asks, do those who support basic research not restrict their aid to work on questions the answers to which would be beneficial, rather than dangerous and possibly evil?

This naïve suggestion has a fatal flaw. It urges something which is impossible. If there is any clear lesson in the history of scientific research, it is that the future uses of basic discoveries are unpredictable. An amazing example of the unpredictability of basic research has been reported recently. Following up a childhood curiosity concerning the mimicry pattern of the wings of female yellow swallowtail butterflies, a professor of medicine at the University of Liverpool was led unexpectedly to a solution to one of the medical problems having to do with the inheritance of the Rh factor in human blood. A genetic clue suggested by the butterfly work enabled him to develop a successful method of preventing the anemia hazard for babies born of an Rh-positive father and an Rh-negative mother. This method has been successfully applied thousands of times since 1964.

A great deal of basic research is financed, these days, by philanthropic foundations. Some of the discoveries resulting from such basic research are of great social benefit—as is well illustrated by the dramatic results the Rockefeller Foundation has achieved in its program of applying basic research to the problem of creating improved strains of corn, wheat, rice, and other food plants to help alleviate the food problem for a number of the hunger regions of the world.

Other programs of basic research financed by foundations are so oriented that it is difficult, if not impossible, to foresee whether the eventual application will or will not be beneficial.

Any philanthropic foundation or other social agency that is significantly increasing the scientifically based power available to society has, in my judgment, the moral obligation to accompany and supplement its program in basic research by other programs whose purposes are to help society make wiser and more constructive use of the increased power it will have available.

Thus, every major philanthropic foundation and every university and research institute should flank its program in support of basic research with programs that seek to analyze and to contribute directly to the major needs of the current society. At the present moment, this clearly includes an involvement with the problems of urbanization, of race relations, of pollution, and of crime. Agencies that are helping to produce the rich and powerful resource of new knowledge should be concerned that this new knowledge is effectively brought to the service of society.

Although the practical applications of basic discoveries are unpredictable, and although in significant cases these discoveries are capable of doing great harm if misused, there fortunately is one product of basic research that is an unalloyed blessing. The increased understanding of the physical and biological world about us can greatly enrich the intellectual appreciation of all the individuals who share this knowledge. The truly basic discoveries of science have an inherent beauty and grandeur. To the extent that science is made intelligible to all, this can be enjoyed by all.

This aspect of basic research must not be undervalued. Within the framework of esthetic criteria, the individual discoveries of basic research recapture their status as automatically and unquestionably valuable. Each additional item of understanding of the world about us is a new glimpse of order and beauty.

It is naïve and unwarranted to assume that basic discoveries in science automatically accomplish good. But without question, basic research furnishes society with powerful tools. A fund of new knowledge is in fact the richest resource that a nation or a society can have. It is essential to the economic health of a nation and to its capacity to defend its ideals. But the ideals to be defended are exemplified in the ways in which a nation uses its resources of knowledge and power. When these ways are unworthy and confused—as is certainly the case at the moment in the United States—then those organizations that have the potential to help must continue to be concerned with the production of new knowledge, but they must also accept (somewhat at variance with certain overintellectualized aspects of their past traditions) a responsibility for supporting every effort aimed at assuring that new knowledge be brought to the service of the whole of society.

A reader might, I suppose, misread and misinterpret the above observations to the totally incorrect extent of concluding that I am against basic research—that I think scientists should be assigned "practical" problems and should receive support only to the extent that they accept such assignments. This I surely do not believe. I am confident that the way to solve important problems is by a flexible attack from underneath, so to speak, not from on top. For example, a control and cure of cancer will be found, I am sure, through a wide array of basic studies in whose titles the word "cancer" need not occur, and indeed is unlikely to occur.

The main conclusions to which I am led by the foregoing considerations, as well as by all the evidence of scientific activity, are these:

1) The way to get the best out of any

(*Continued on page* 54)

"Oh, you're putting me on. I don't believe any of them is in the Mafia."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Hens Forward

IN CLEARING out the attic bookcase today I threw away the 1940 edition of *Poultry Raising Made Easy*. It was so out of date that perhaps I should have kept it just as a curiosity. Chicken raising has certainly changed in the last thirty years.

Of course, chickens have been losing their natural rights for years. Even when I was a girl on the farm, a properly managed hen was not allowed to run loose in the daytime and roost in the barn at night. She was supposed to live in a house designed by the State Agricultural Experiment Station and take her exercise in a well-fenced chicken yard.

She could not make dust baths in the garden, follow the cattle, or pick around the back door—all activities dear to the heart of a hen. She was expected to keep on laying far into summer. If maternal instinct got the better of her, she had her motherly feelings suppressed by a week in the broody coop. The extension agent advised that she be sold to the produce man while still only a middle-aged matron, and not be allowed to succumb to old age, cold weather, or a weasel.

But the modern hen does not know that any of these things exist. She does not miss the garden, the feed lot, or the kitchen scraps, because she has never seen them. She is hurried from incubator to brooder house to chicken yard (briefly) and into the laying cages.

She is supposed to rise early in the morning, stay up late at night, and lay eggs until she is weak in the middle. After a year or so, she is sent to market. (I occasionally buy canned chicken broth in the grocery store. It must be made out of these fatigued hens. Mighty thin it is, mighty thin.)

The modern hen does not even know she has laid an egg. Unless she turns around speedily it has rolled down the little wire chute to a soft landing before she can see it. Sometimes she cackles, but that must be pure atavism. She has nothing of which to be proud.

Perhaps it has already been done, but if not, I suggest that some graduate student in animal psychology investigate what happens when one of these hatchery-produced, laying-house inmates is confronted by a live, fuzzy, peeping little chick. I suspect that she would give way to sheer terror.

Does anyone remember when there were big eggs, double-yolked eggs, undersized pullet eggs, some not-so-clean eggs? Maybe there still are, but the ones which come in the cardboard cartons now are clean, beautiful, odorless, uniform in size, reasonably well preserved, and germfree.

Their mothers would not know them.

—HELEN HURLBUTT.

Books

(We found this fragment of manuscript in the pocket of an abandoned British warm, hanging in a Chock Full O'Nuts just around the corner from Esquire magazine. The U.S. mails being what they are, we thought that this was the fastest way of delivering it.)

. . . UNLESS, of course, we suffer permanent aural damage from their vibrations, a possibility no one who travels as much as I do would dismiss.

One turns, with relief, to Stalin's *They Weren't Serfs to Me* (Knout and Saltmine, $8.50), a collection whose authenticity is not in question, in spite of the mystery that has enveloped its publication.

I do not suppose I had more than a dozen conversations at the most with Stalin. I found him affable enough, except when speaking of tobacco, a subject on which he held extraordinary views. Having, on one occasion, procured for him eight ounces of the coarsest English shag (a favour none too easy to execute at that time), I was surprised when he told me he had found it too suave for his taste. Yet the Georgian tobacco he normally smoked was pleasant enough, to judge from Mikoyan's opinion of it. (I never sampled it myself.) On weightier affairs, though I made various desultory efforts to draw him out, he said very little, apparently finding the airy nothings of my own conversation more palatable than the solemn interrogations put to him by fellow journalists who had contrived to placate the Kremlin watchdogs of those days and wrest from him an "exclusive" interview. A strange man, whose character is made no clearer by the late appearance of these memoirs.

By at least a partial coincidence we are also being offered a view of industrial Britain contemporary with the first decade of Stalin's regime. To be precise, it is the coal mining Midlands that are dealt with in *The Dole Was Their Birthright* (Hardstake Press, $5.30). The author is a former official of the National Union of Mineworkers. Born Robert Thomas Willingshaw, and familiarly known as "Willing Bob" in the Staffordshire coal fields, he was eventually lowered to the peerage by one of those comic expedients familiar to anyone who has studied British industrial history on even the most superficial level. It is therefore as Lord Slagsborough that he publishes this survey of the blackest period in twentieth-century England.

My own acquaintance with the collieries of the Midlands is slight, though I once spent several hours at the coal face of Grumby No. 2, and—in a decidedly more comfortable posture—in the checkweigher's office at Hubbenthall South End. At one time these pits had been among the most productive in the land. Why they were all but derelict in the early 1930s is explained by His Lordship—perhaps a shade too glibly—in this evocation of an era still impossible to forget by those who endured its worst effects, but all too readily dismissable by those whose calamitous policies created it. One question obtrudes. Would a John L. Lewis have been successful in mitigating the poverty of the distressed areas, on the unlikely assumption that the British trade union structure of that period would have permitted the emergence of so vibrant and energetic a personality? Alas, it is impossible to say.

Homosexuality among big-game hunters is a subject I have always found fascinating, if only because average minds—my own foremost among them—do not easily reconcile inversion with the traditional masculinity of venatic pursuits. The tradition, alas, is a dubious one at best. The first time I was made aware of this was when an eminent English judge, much given to quoting Rilke—and not always accurately—assured me that more homosexuals had shot lions and elephants in Africa than had sought employment in the great fashion houses of Paris and Rome. The killing of wild animals has never been a diversion that appealed to me, especially when I am reminded of how many opportunities its devotees have for eliminating much more dangerous creatures in the jungles of Washington and Whitehall. But such as it is the practice can doubtless be defended on the ground that it removes from citizens of the newly independent countries any lingering reservations they may have had about the wisdom of liberating themselves from European control. *Strange Safari* (Arrowsmith and Shott, $5.95) is an anonymous account of . . .

—FRANK LITTLER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor - Norman Cousins

Publisher - William D. Patterson

Associate Editors
Irving Kolodin • Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher - Richard L. Tobin

Managing Editor
Roland Gelatt

Science Editor
John Lear

Education Editor
James Cass

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Travel Editor
David Butwin

Art Editor
Katharine Kuh

Copy Editor
Peter Nichols

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Layout & Production
Pearl S. Sullivan

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Henry Brandon
Harrison Brown • Charles Frankel
Frank G. Jennings • Joseph Wood Krutch
Elmo Roper • Peter Schrag
Theodore C. Sorensen • Paul Woodring

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert • Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Henry Hewes • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal
Robert Lewis Shayon • Zena Sutherland
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss
John T. Winterich

The Search for Intelligent Life

LAGOS, NIGERIA.

For at least a week after the American moonmen returned safely to their home planet, United States cultural centers throughout West Africa continued to attract large and enthusiastic crowds. Most of the cultural centers have prominent storefronts on the leading thoroughfares. The windows of the storefronts in recent weeks have featured the story of the human expedition to the moon, complete with full-color, cross-section drawings of the various units of the lunar spaceship, as well as artists' imaginative renditions of the landing on the moon. During the week immediately preceding the launching, popular interest was not especially strong. But as soon as word about the launching of *Apollo 11* was flashed, curiosity and excitement mounted rapidly. Then came the actual moon landing, with vivid story-and-picture coverage in the store windows, and ample back-up display and printed literature inside the centers. The resultant public response was beyond all expectations, and has hardly abated since.

Even on the basis of limited observation, it seemed apparent that Africans were deeply touched by President Nixon's statement that man's greatest journey was being carried out in the name of humanity rather than that of any particular nation. Similarly, there was acclaim for Neil Armstrong's first words upon setting foot on the moon: "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind"—a remark certain to be infused into the memory of the human race.

At this distance from the United States, nothing seems clearer than that the successful effort to picture the moon voyage as a triumph for man carries profound implications that may not be fully comprehended by Americans themselves. Great human expectations have now been aroused. People everywhere are taking seriously our insistence that this unprecedented demonstration of planning, organization, and coordination was done in the name of humanity. Very soon they will want to know—and they have every right to know—what comparable efforts we are prepared to make in behalf of humanity here on earth. We have given proof of our capacity to mobilize intelligence, scientific genius, imagination, unlimited resources, and all the prime elements of our society to satisfy human curiosity. Now legitimate questions are bound to be raised about our readiness to satisfy human needs. Having introduced life to the moon, what ideas do we have about sustaining life on earth? Can we any longer regard human destiny as a philosophical abstraction rather than as a definable problem of total pertinence with a total claim on the total capabilities of our society and all its parts?

We cannot escape the implications of this achievement by saying that our real reason for going to the moon was that we were afraid the Russians would get there first, and saying very little henceforth about the ennoblement of mankind. Nor can we say we resorted to a public relations formulation when we spoke about humanity's triumph in space. For nothing can now change the fact that people everywhere are looking to us to exercise magnificent initiatives in behalf of man on earth. If we turn away from these expectations, we will experience a fall from grace the like of which no society has known before.

Consciously or otherwise, the American people have sealed themselves into commitments which cannot be underestimated or spurned. We have said to the world that there is nothing man cannot do. We have destroyed the word "impossible." We have proclaimed a new charter of human capability, declared that man is equal to his needs, and insisted that this earth and everything on it can be put to his use.

Eight years ago the United States defined an objective for itself, recognizing the cost might be $50-billion or more. Let us now define and commit ourselves to an even more important objective, whether the cost is $50-billion or $100-billion. That objective should be to make this planet safe and fit for the human species. This means the full development of the United Nations as a law-making and law-enforcing body capable of creating and sustaining peace among nations. It means that world problems have to be handled and solved by world agencies. It means that overpopulation, hunger, disease, environmental contamination, racial prejudice—whether inside our nation or outside it—are regarded as threats to the human condition, and that they have the highest claim on our intelligence, energy, and wealth.

The real meaning of the human expedition to the moon, if it is read correctly, is that the conditions required to sustain human life are so rare in the universe as to constitute the greatest achievement of creation. Yet the prime beneficiaries of this bounty are now engaged in converting their habitat into a wasteland not less uncongenial to life than the surface of the moon. The biggest challenge of all, therefore, is to prove that intelligent life can exist on earth. —N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Rapping the Gap

HARRISON BROWN'S editorial "Why the Generation Gap?" [*SR*, July 19] is itself an example of the generation gap. Why are older people appalled only by the obvious symptoms—the nuclear threat, wars, poverty, hunger, and pollution—that we younger people have grown up with through books, mass media, travel, and direct involvement? We know the lists of symptoms, the tired, old language of injustices, cruelties, and inequalities. What about the origins of the disease, the causes of man's strange misbehavior toward life? Can we behave any other way? These are the questions that some of us young people are asking, with which we are trying to live and experiment.

When Mr. Brown lists some of the accomplishments his generation feels proud to have achieved, all I can wonder is how? How did his generation move from the Depression to affluence? How did they combat Hitler? How did they reduce poverty in the U.S.? How did they build mass education? How did they alleviate hunger around the world? Many younger people feel that only the symptoms have been treated. The results we see are a ruthless capitalistic system, a nuclear arms race, the destruction of minority-group identities, the spread of a duped and poorly educated uniform man, and the increase of official corruption in hunger-stricken countries.

The generation gap is more than a difference in levels of awareness of the multitude of symptoms. It is a difference in the readiness to face, work with, and change the causes behind the symptoms, to live openly with the hates, fears, guilts, as well as the joys, intuitions, and loves that make us who we are.

BRUCE KANTNER,
Windsor, Vt.

WHAT Mr. Brown implies is that "our younger people" accurately perceive and understand the ills that trouble our world. This myth of the wise and perceptive young I find to be not only more romantic and poetic than accurate, but exploitative of the very young it seemingly is complimenting.

Heads of state can no more think like a teen-ager than a teen-ager can think like a grandfather. Nor should either of them be expected to. To treat a teen-ager's words as though they were the words of a grandfather not only is foolish, but, worse, is utterly disrespective of the teen-ager who is struggling to be himself, not the older generation's mouthpiece.

J. ALEXIS BURLAND, M.D.,
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

MR. BROWN criticizes the younger generation for lacking goals, for not knowing what they stand for. This is no doubt justifiable criticism, but it seems to me that here the older generation should at least try to provide guidance. He says he is convinced that we have the means of getting ourselves out of this mess. Most intelligent young people will not accept this as a solution. They have heard that for years. They already know that we have the means. But they are also aware that under our system of profit (greed) the necessary steps will never be taken. Mr. Brown has committed the same error that the younger generation is guilty of. He has not stated what he is for. He writes that "starvation, hunger, misery, and poverty in the world today are absolutely inexcusable." Would he have us believe that capitalists will eventually consent to a fairer distribution of our wealth? The young people do not believe this. If Mr. Brown does, then the generation gap is indeed a wide chasm.

HERBERT E. STEINGASS,
Chesterland, O.

Morality: Yea and Nay

JOHN F. WHARTON'S "Toward an Affirmative Morality" [*SR*, July 12] has done a great deal to renew the faith of this member of the "disenfranchised youth." Although my reaction has been in part frustration and rage to my inheritance, it has not included a desire to destroy. Rather, I have chosen the route of Myles Connolly's *Mr. Blue*; and by trying to live St. Francis of Assisi's prayer, I have hoped that quietly, almost insidiously, I could perhaps change the world I encounter. Members of the Establishment have nicknamed me "Sunny" and "Miss Blue"; perhaps this is a sign of some small success.

LINDA KAY SHEIDLER,
Toledo, O.

MR. WHARTON'S article was honest anyway. I hope he finds his charismatic leader. I am less optimistic. A recent magazine article described wealthy dog lovers who feed their pets caviar, and dress them in mink and jewels. The same (respected) publication described the lifelong effect on a child whose mother's prenatal diet was inadequate.

If a human being conducted his life the way the United States conducts its affairs and orders its priorities, he'd be instantly institutionalized. Would those who caution patience agree to live in poverty for the time it takes to improve conditions?

STEPHEN GILLERS,
Portland, Ore.

FOR Mr. Wharton to suggest that "at any time a breakthrough may occur" in our knowledge of human behavior modification would be ludicrous if he were not serious. It is not because our scientists are unable to achieve the desired breakthrough, but rather because they are blocked by alchemists and politicians who can only accept palatable science that supports their preconceived beliefs.

The "world's best hope" is not the sweet-sounding organizations you list but gut scientists like Watson, Crick, and Shockley. Give these guys support, and they will tell it like it really is.

R. T. OSBORNE,
Professor of Psychology,
University of Georgia,
Athens, Ga.

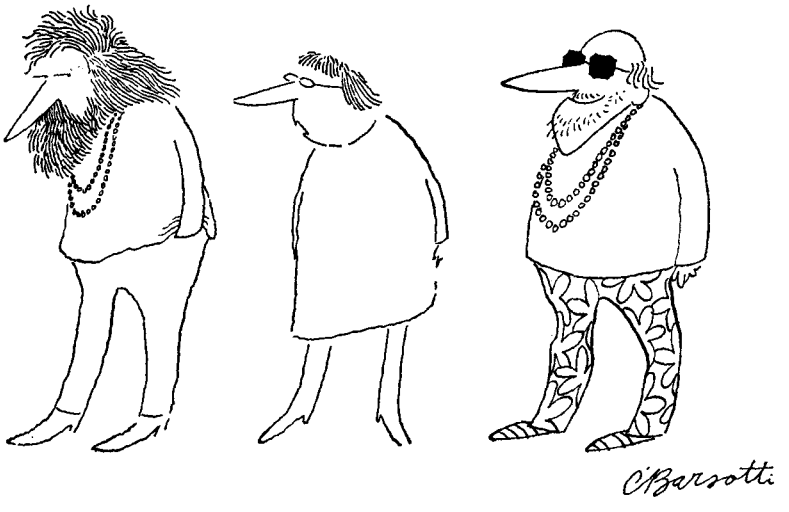
THE LIST of organizations studying human behavior that accompanied Mr. Wharton's article gave the old address for the Institute for the Study of National Behavior, Inc. Its current address is: 76 Brooks Street, W. Medford, Massachusetts 02156.

RALPH M. CROWLEY, M.D.,
New York, N.Y.

Rhyme Scheme

APROPOS THE cartoon [*SR*, June 28] of the poet having tried for ten years to rhyme "orange." I tried for five minutes but could only come up with two women discussing the plays of William Inge. One, of course, said, "I just adore Inge."

PETER HEUMANN,
Roselle, N.J.



"Well, I hope you're happy. You've radicalized your father."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

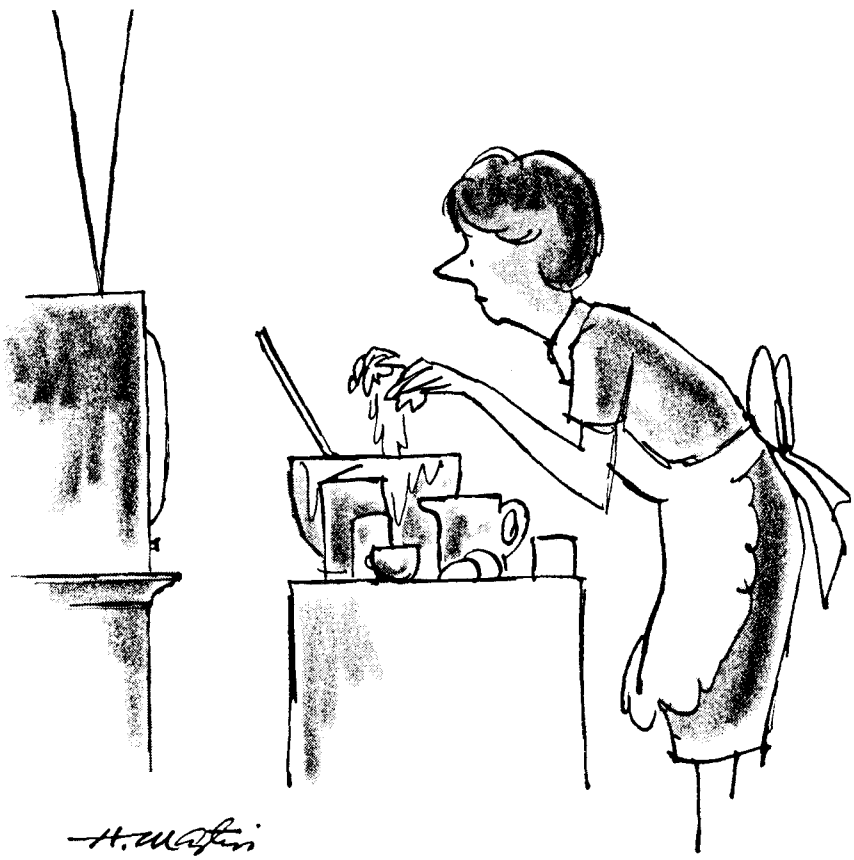
Little Lulus

IT IS ALWAYS a little sad to find a picture that aims for the stars and ends up in the treetops. But such is the case with Sydney Pollack's *Castle Keep*—and I'm not sure that it even made it to the treetops. Based on William Eastlake's novel, the film attempts an anti-war statement by accentuating war's destruction of ideals, of art, and of human beings. There is an added innuendo that war is timeless, that this same destructiveness has accompanied wars past and present.

I would be the last to quarrel with Mr. Eastlake's premise, and I imagine that both Daniel Taradash and David Rayfiel, the screenwriters, were attracted to this material for the same reason: the essential horror of war is its indiscriminate disposition of a cultural heritage in the name of expediency. The film ingeniously equates then and now by having German troops in the Battle of the Bulge scale the walls of a tenth-century castle with the motorized ladders of modern fire-fighting equipment.

Where *Castle Keep* falls down, however, and seriously, is in its attempt to place this on a metaphorical, even metaphysical, plane. "I'm a baker," says an Army noncom on meeting a buxom Belgian lady. "I'm a baker's wife," she replies. "Come to bed." It is a moment that might work in literature; it might even have worked in cinema; but its success is obviously dependent upon the projection of a mood, a style, an ambience that would have suggested a universality rather than a somewhat absurd particular.

And this sort of thing, unfortunately, repeatedly occurs in *Castle Keep*. The sense of otherworldliness is immediately established as Burt Lancaster and his platoon of war-ravaged misfits approach the ancient castle that is to be their billet, while their future host and hostess ride horseback (in slight slow motion) garbed in the dress of another century. But this is immediately dispelled when we find Lancaster, a few frames later, occupying the lady's bed and, between clinches, declaiming upon the horrors of war. Indeed, the entire film, for all its elaborate production, falls between the stools of Mr. Lancaster's heroics and its own anti-war intentions.



"As soon as the technical difficulties have been cleared up, we'll return to Julia Child..."

Another film that must be rated a failure despite its high aspirations is Gordon Parks's *The Learning Tree*, based upon his autobiographical novel. The fact that a Negro has been able to recall his own past with considerable affection and nostalgia is, I suppose, a good sign, and certainly the fact that a major studio, Warner-Seven Arts, has encouraged him to do so is virtually a cause for celebration. But the celebration stops abruptly as cliché piles on cliché, as the past becomes bathed in the ineffable glow of homely virtues and self-sacrifices that transcend belief.

This is not to imply that Mr. Parks has saccharined his own life story to make it more palatable and acceptable to a general audience. The hard core is still there—the hate-filled son of the town drunk, the Negro girl seduced and abandoned by the profligate son of a respected citizen, a marvelously zesty introduction to a Negro cat house, a murder trial in which the chief witness is afraid to speak out for fear of provoking a race riot. The hard core is there, but its edges are blurred, indistinct, often maudlin. It is odd, particularly at this time, to find a movie that surveys the life of the Negro in the Twenties with such deep underlying feelings of approbation. Even the film's solitary gesture of defiance—when at the end young Newt (beautifully played by Kyle Johnson) refuses the white sheriff's proffered ride—seems to be accompanied by some rueful shaking of the head.

And although one might assume that by this time Robert Aldrich would have his "what-ever-happened-to" formula down fairly pat, his newest entry in the series, *What Ever Happened to Aunt Alice?*, leaves something to be desired. Perhaps it is the hand of the Master himself, for in this outing, for the first time, he has entrusted the directorial chores to another, Lee Katzin. What is missing, as a result, is Aldrich's special flair for the all-out scene, the Grand Guignol horrors with no holds barred. Katzin seems to prefer the television-type close-up (and for Ruth Gordon and Rosemary Forsyth, what cruel close-ups they are!). Terror is conveyed to the audience by the performances, but rarely experienced by the audience through an adroit mobilization of all the resources of the camera, which is Aldrich's specialty. And once Ruth Gordon has been disposed of (a grievous scripting error), the entire picture narrows down to watching Geraldine Page's pyrotechnic dottiness. It should have been much more.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An essay review of "The Making of the President 1968," by Theodore H. White (Atheneum, 459 pp., $10)

The Election in the Year of Decay

by BILL MOYERS

If Theodore White did not exist, the Ford Foundation would have to award Harvard University a grant to create him. How else would the Establishment tell its story?

The Making of the President 1968 is essentially that: the authorized version, the view through the official keyhole. For Teddy White, the most successful entrepreneur of political detail and perception in American journalism today, tells the story of 1968 as he did four and eight years ago, primarily through the momentum of a few stout and earnest persons. But things have changed. For the first time in my experience the lead actors in the theater of American politics were largely irrelevant, more acted upon than acting, scarcely permitted on center stage. The difference between what they believed to be happening and what in fact was happening is the real story of 1968.

In that sense it was not a reporter's year. Only a novelist, living the passions, could truly capture the phantasmagorical pageant of acrimony, pride, and violence that marched through our political world, leaving it upended. Character in decay, Mencken observed, is the theme of the great bulk of superior fiction. And 1968 was the Year of Decay. It was Norman Mailer's kind of year.

For one America, official America, *The Making of the President 1968* will nonetheless earn its place on the shelf next to Webster's and the Britannica. Unfortunately, we are no longer one America. We are two, three, many more. Richard Nixon has acknowledged that his most urgent task is to "bring us together again." Under such circumstances no single author, not even a Teddy White, could chart the shifting boundaries of our political terrain.

That he has tried, against impossible odds, is a tribute to the man's intrepid will. Certainly his is the most coherent and the most eloquent account we are likely to get from any reporter's notes. And for the majority of Americans his interpretation will be illuminating and persuasive. White, after all, is the quintessential liberal middling American—an admirer of Adlai Stevenson, an early Kennedyphile, a devotee of the Great Society; and increasingly Fed-Up-to-Here with the excesses of the young and the black. To him Vietnam is "a cause of which no American need ever have been ashamed," LBJ a tragically misunderstood commander-in-chief, Nixon a healer. Black rioters, on the other hand, are "barbarians" and the new morality of the young "aggressive infantilism."

Now Teddy White is usually the gentlest of men, the reach of his sensitivity putting most of us to shame. He has always—well, almost always—dipped his criticisms of the central figures of American political life in the milk of human kindness, and not only because he may need to return again to his sources. White is by nature a kind man, the sweetest of Boswells, with little taste for the commonplace meanness of the men he observes.

Yet he comes down hard on the outriders of society, indignant with hippies for fouling "the entryways of the beautiful old private homes that still line the northern rim of Beacon Street," and furious with student radicals, "led by a youth whose glands had outrun his learning." A sharp tongue from a gentle man! If he is only exercising the overdue obligation liberals have to restrain the excesses of their

BILL MOYERS, who was special assistant to President Johnson, is publisher of the Garden City, L. I., paper *Newsday*.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

23 "The Making of the President 1968," by Theodore H. White

25 "The Annals of America," edited by Mortimer J. Adler, Charles Van Doren, George Ducas, Wayne Moquin, Thomas Stauffer, et al.

27 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

28 Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey

29 "The O'Hara Generation," by John O'Hara

31 "Lunar Landscapes," by John Hawkes

31 "From Hayes to McKinley: National Party Politics, 1877-1896," by H. Wayne Morgan; **"William Jennings Bryan: Vol. II: Progressive Politician and Moral Statesman, 1909-1915,"** by Paolo E. Coletta

33 "Speak for Yourself, Daniel: A Life of Webster in His Own Words," edited by Walter Lewis

33 "Captive City: Chicago in Chains," by Ovid Demaris

36 "Words in Sheep's Clothing," by Mario Pei

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friends, fine. But there is a tone in it that we are not accustomed to hearing in Teddy White. If he is becoming preoccupied with the bad manners of this generation, if he hears only the obscenities and not the anger, what can we expect from lesser men?

In the light of that tone, it is not surprising to learn that he is hopeful for Richard Nixon in the White House. It is one of Teddy White's charms that he is forever beguiled by the good intentions of public men, and here he is assuring us that there is a New Nixon Mark III, that his subject has changed in eight years. "No more plastic President, none more open to suggestions and ideas, none more willing to admit mistakes or learn from error, has sat in the White House in recent times." Alas, I believe him. Richard Nixon is plastic and he is following a new script. What I wonder now is how much Theodore White may have changed.

As a reporter he remains the master. Illuminating details, such as the story of how Barry Goldwater's speechwriter became a welder because he could not get a political job after the debacle of 1964, are used to drive home a point (in this case, that the Republicans' plight was so miserable in 1964 as to make their comeback in 1966 and 1968 nothing less than miraculous.)

His descriptions of Nixon and Humphrey watching their own nominations, and receiving each others' congratulatory calls, do not surprise us; we have come to expect such color from White.

There are memorable sketches of Miami; of a harrassed and hounded Hubert Humphrey with no one to organize him (in that respect his campaign in 1968 resembled Nixon's in 1960); and of a meeting of the Student Mobilization Committee which White left in disgust.

His skill in drawing the line between the McCarthy-Lowenstein forces and the New Left militants illustrates a discerning talent rare among political commentators. There endures, too, his command of the apt quote: Pat Lucey saying McCarthy's people hated each other more than any campaigners he had known, Stephen Smith's chilling remarks about McCarthy, and William Connell's statement that "Nothing would bring the real peaceniks back to our side unless Hubert urinated on a portrait of Lyndon Johnson in Times Square before television—and then they'd say to him, why didn't you do it before?"

White is constantly adding to our knowledge. He does us all a singular favor by filling in the real George Romney around the hills and valleys created by sophisticated journalists who never liked this square. In a revealing vignette he describes how Romney's "brainwashing" line was innocently dropped in the middle of a lengthy local television interview, where it remained until the opportunistic interviewer, seeking additional publicity, called it to the attention of *The New York Times* man in Detroit—three days after the interview.

The *Times*man reported the story to his desk, burying "brainwashing" down in his text. "The man on the desk caught the 'brainwashing' quote. On Tuesday, September 5th, the day after the telecast, on page 28 of *The New York Times*, a full five days after the blurt-out, the story came to national attention: "Romney Asserts He Underwent 'Brainwashing.'" If White is right, and we have reached the point where political campaigns resemble *Laugh-in* (didn't Billy Graham and Richard Nixon both appear?), we are in t-r-o-u-b-l-e.

These are the elements of superlative reporting which excite the admiration not only of intrigued readers but of professional colleagues who know how difficult the reconstruction of such events can be.

Professional competence is obviously not the problem with this book. So many of the "facts" are there; lengthy and generally perceptive passages are devoted to race, crime, Asia, and the media; the writing, as usual, flows gracefully and easily.

What, then, is the problem? Why does *The Making of the President 1968* leave us with a feeling of incompleteness that we did not have after reading its two predecessors?

It is because, in Samuel Johnson's words, "Seldom any splendid story is wholly true." This book is no exception. Most of what White reports is interesting; much of what he does *not* report is significant.

Something is missing because interpreting politics at the top so completely and so officially for eight years has finally caught up with Theodore White. The converging of complex social conflicts and new disparities of perceptions came upon our institutions with such force in 1968 as to render impossible any man's effort, no matter how gifted, to compile a political textbook widely credible within the country's factions. But White was already shut out of those factions as completely as he was included in official circles. He had become over the years so much a part of what the new furies were assaulting (I know of no one who has stronger links to the major organs of mass communications or closer ties to more exalted politicians) that he could not, in honest loyalty as well as by instinct, completely separate himself from the beseiged. He saw the struggle from across the moat, inside the battered fortress of the reigning powers, and while he was able to be fair toward those on the other side of the wall, he could never achieve total freedom from his prejudices.

Perhaps I can illustrate with his treatment of Vietnam. "The cause in Vietnam," he writes, "was the cause of America for half a century, a cause made clear to the world by the Democratic Party of the United States." Lyndon Johnson also believed that. But with all the influence of the Presidency behind him, he could not convince the country. Neither can White, nor does he try; but the point is that he believes in the war, and it colors his sympathies.

He called upon Vice President Humphrey after the violence in Chicago and found him "stunned." Said the Vice President to the reporter, "The interesting thing about all this is that if anybody could qualify for the title of hawk, it would be Nixon, but he's never been picketed, only me." It is not recorded what the reporter said to the Vice President, but he might have said, "Well, Hubert, I can understand how you feel. But I am afraid your comment completely misses the point of how so many Democrats feel. They feel betrayed. After all, it wasn't Nixon who had escalated the war or who felt compelled officially to defend it. It was your party, the Democratic, not the Republican, which was in power when the fateful decisions were made. Nixon may be a hawk, but he didn't say four years ago that he was not going to send American boys to Asia, and he didn't then order them over. You had better snap out of this persecution complex and realize just why they are picketing you. Then maybe you can do something about it."

White, as everyone knows, is an old Asia hand who understands the historic mission of Asians to expel Westerners. He knows and details the thoughtless way in which we stumbled

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the Vietnamese jungle. Like George Romney, Nelson Rockefeller, and Humphrey (like most of us, in fact, who have had to grapple with the strategical and moral contradictions of Vietnam), he battles within himself to reconcile the paradox of the war. His ties to power and the men who exercise it finally prevail.

When he writes that "In the highest possible sense, Vietnam was a matter of conscience for candidate Hubert Humphrey," there arises a serious problem of language. To millions of Americans who last year were concerned less with one man's moral agony than with the issue of war and death, this sentence must appear offensive, just as Hubert Humphrey appeared to his natural peace constituency. Again, White is right. Vietnam *was* a matter of conscience to the Vice President, and in the end his principles of loyalty, allegiance and propriety bound him to a war he detested and to a man who regarded him with humiliating derogation. Right through to the end of the campaign. Conscientious, yes, but to vast numbers of people it was a lower scale of conscience, a distortion of moral priorities, conventional morality at its worst. The failure to perceive that it would be so regarded proved costly.

Yet White remains sympathetic: "He [HHH] had reason to be unsmiling. Pinioned in his official role of Vice President, he must suffer the denunciation of all his old friends for the war, as if his old record of twenty years service to the liberal cause had been sponged away by the rewriting of history." Here is the hint of an implication that men should judge a public official for his past, not present, conduct, as if previous virtues canceled present errors. But even this argument is not the essential issue. What it reveals is that Hubert Humphrey's problem is Teddy White's problem: they underestimated how strongly people felt about the war, how pervasively it had contaminated the moral climate of America, and how exclusively it had become the one issue that truly mattered to the very people White and Humphrey care about.

And so Humphrey would grieve because Nixon was ignored by the protesters and White would pass judgment on men and events he might otherwise see differently.

Witness: "Never before had a party gathering [the Democratic National Convention] attempted so violently to intrude itself in state policy while its party leaders were fighting a war"—as if a party has no stake in the issues of war and peace and no claim over the

(*Continued on page* 53)

An essay review of "The Annals of America," edited by Mortimer J. Adler, Charles Van Doren, George Ducas, Wayne Moquin, Thomas Stauffer, *et al.* (Encyclopaedia Britannica, 20 Vols., $164.50)

Twenty-five Issues Programmed for Retrieval

by DANIEL J. BOORSTIN

This set consists of eighteen volumes of selected documents and two volumes of "Conspectus" (entitled "Great Issues in American Life"). Altogether *The Annals of America* has some 2,202 selections, averaging a little over four pages in length, interlarded in each volume by six to eight clusters of illustrations (about twelve pages each). The two-volume Conspectus, intended to be both an introduction and an index to the whole work, is quite explicit about the claims of the enterprise.

With a frankness not too common among scholars, the editors inform us that this work is in *every* respect "unique" and superlative. We are told, for example, that the *Annals* include "all" the documents "essential to a full understanding of the official history of the country." Here they give us "an approach to the writing, and more significantly the understanding, of history that is perhaps unique." "Every one of the selections has been edited with meticulous care. In this respect, indeed, the *Annals* probably has no peer." As for the chapter introductions, "In several ways, these essays represent a wholly new kind of writing." Concerning the general structure, we are told that the editorial staff had numerous conferences, out of which came twenty-five "major themes." "But, after the list of twenty-five was finally determined, the staff never again found it necessary either to expand or decrease it. These twenty-five subjects *are* the major concerns of Americans, both present and past. They have stood up to the most stringent examination that any such list has ever been subjected to." A student of American history can only remark, "Wow!" And all for $164.50. (Retail.)

As Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, the editor-in-chief of the work, pointed out at a press conference marking publication, the *Annals* is the first reference work of such size and scope to be computer-set and programmed for retrieval. He explained that it was set at an average rate of one page every twenty-five seconds, by means of an RCA Videocomp 70/830 typesetter, and then stored in a computer with separate magnetic tapes for each volume. As a result any teacher can put together his own course, and have his selections printed in book form within three months. "Retrieved" materials, Dr. Adler indicated, are already being used by school systems in San Diego and Memphis. And he went on: "We think that our retrieval system may be the beginning of one of the greatest innovations in the history of educational publishing—a departure from textbooks thrust and imposed upon teachers, in the direction of books of texts created by them tailor made, as it were, for their own teaching purposes."

Barnumesque claims for multivolume works are not entirely unprecedented. The secondhand furniture stores are full of similar sets published in the early years of this century. They once made quite comparable claims. And they, like the present set, always had something to recommend them. They brought into many a living-room documents and fragments of documents of our past that might never have been there. From these volumes, too, a family without books and not accustomed to books will find a good deal of amusement and instruction. Plainly designed for the house-to-house commodity market, this set would not merit an extended review in a magazine for people who buy books if it did not somehow have a significance for students of American civilization. The special kind of

DANIEL J. BOORSTIN, a Distinguished Service Professor of history at the University of Chicago, is best known as the author of *The Americans: The Colonial Experience* and *The Americans: The National Experience*. He was recently appointed director of the National Museum of History and Technology in Washington, D.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pretentiousness, and the peculiar form in which the materials are vulgarized, reveal attitudes that plague our country today in our search for our history.

What questions did these editors ask in framing the "major themes" to be illustrated from the American past? "The first and almost the only question asked at these meetings was: 'What are we, and Americans generally, worried about, concerned with, talking about *today?*' It was seen from the beginning that the emphasis must be contemporary, otherwise the set would have an archaic quality that would not recommend it to most readers."

Whatever else may be said of them, the editors do not deviate from this way of thinking—which could be illustrated from any one of the volumes. I will look briefly at their Volume I, "1493-1754: Discovering a New World." We discern, almost from the first page, that the seventeenth-century New England Puritans were a pretty darned "anti-democratic," "intolerant," and obtuse bunch of nitwits—although sometimes amusingly quaint (see Increase Mather's "Arrow Against Profane and Promiscuous Dancing"). Before we have reached page 115 we come upon "A Color Portfolio of American Scenes" (following a quotation from John Winthrop). This comprises some not very remarkable, and mostly minuscule, photographs of America—including not only The Far North (Mount McKinley, Polar Bears, Willow Ptarmigan, Tundra, etc.) but also The Rocky Mountains (Bull Moose, Elk, *Evening Landscape, Timberline in Spring,* etc.), The Pacific Coast (*Eroded Headlands, Heerman's Gulls, Redwoods in Morning Mist,* etc.), and The Southwest (*Sunset, Turret of Eroded Rock, Seam of Turquoise,* etc.), etc. How are these travel-slides for our national parks meant to increase our understanding of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century life on the Atlantic seaboard?

But the editors are not really interested in the way things were. They are earnest to use the past (or rather the rag bag of it here presented) as a stick to beat the present with.

The four-page introduction to this first volume is both in form and content below the standard of a mediocre textbook. There, in four paragraphs, we go from "the primeval ooze" through the first settlements to this summary of what New England colonial thought was all about:

> Conscience was of the essence, especially in New England. Selection 14 in this volume groups together several 17th-century laws and regulations concerning religious toleration. Toleration was asked for by Quakers in 1657 (Selection 50); Roger Williams demanded it for all in 1652 (for all good Christian men, at least—see Selection 46); the civil rights of religious minorities were being discussed, if not always accorded, in 1740 (Selection 94). But there were voices raised in protest, too. Is it right to be tolerant when one really cares? Or is tolerance a kind of disguised contempt? . . . Such things, at least, were said by men like John Cotton, who thought democracy detrimental to both church and state. . . .

The selections of documents which, after all, are the heart of this matter, turn out to be an *omnium-gatherum* of gobbets more or less chronologically arranged. The documents are truncated, apparently with the purpose of omitting the difficult or "archaic" parts, and to make them all somehow a commentary on "our time." As a result, when they do not seem merely cute, they often appear downright silly. Each document is preceded by a crude one-paragraph introduction.

Perhaps the editors' most astonishing feat is to collect so many fragments from that age and to write so many introductions, and introductions to introductions, while still ignoring the leading ideas and institutions. For example, in all this they still omit substantial explanation of New England Congregationalism or of the meaning of Church Membership. The word "congregational" happens to appear only because it is in the title of a book from which a selection is taken. The Cambridge Platform of 1648 (in a four-and-a-half-page snippet) might have helped serve this purpose, and so have enlarged our historical understanding. But these editors are so anxious to save their reader from anything archaic that they present it as a response to "increased demands for toleration"—which of course it was not.

Having left out Hamlet, the editors cannot very well include any of the rest of the plot. They flaunt their love of "toleration" (which *every*body today who cares, cares about) and reiterate a disgust for Puritan "intolerance." But what about the issues that bothered the Puritans? Such as salvation, and election, and who could or could not become a church member, when, why, and in what sense? Needless to say, there is no room for what the Puritans would have called *their* Great Issues. Meanwhile we are regaled by bouquets of anachronistic scraps: "Toleration in the Early Colonies: 1624-1656"; a piece from Thomas Morton mistitled "On Puritan Intolerance"; snatches from John Cotton's exchange of letters with Lord Saye and Sele mislabeled "Democracy as Detrimental to Church and State" ("The antidemocratic sentiments of both letters were typical of the colony's leaders."); a fragment from John Winthrop which they call "A Negative View of Democracy," etc., etc. Such obsolete notions as those that the Puritans actually entertained would give the whole set of books an "archaic quality that would not recommend it to most readers."

Yet, is not the "archaic quality" of the past one of the most potent reasons for studying history? The temptation to put ourselves (and our generation) at the pinnacle of wisdom is only one of our contemporary spiritual ailments. Another is closely related.

Just as anti-history masquerading as history makes us feel all-wise, so too it can make us feel all-potent. Americans nowadays have come to think that they can somehow live outside of history—in some pure realm

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where unadulterated justice reigns. Our national perfectionism, our preoccupation, not with living but with "progress," has for a long time corroded our sense of tradition, of institutions, and of continuity. It has become a national "Portnoy's Complaint."

This has been symptomized in our educational system by the movement from narrative history, from the study of constitutions and institutions, to the study of history as a series of Excedrin Headaches. As "history" has become "social studies" more and more Americans have come to believe that history consists not of the growth of institutions and communities—or even of events—but rather of "problems" and "issues." It is not surprising, then, that the guide-volumes to this set call themselves "Great Issues in American Life."

The New England Puritans—instead of being a people who lived by their lights, who had a respectable cluster of faiths, and whose way of looking at the world is worth recapturing—become Excedrin Headache No. 1: a people primitively preoccupied with the "issue" of tolerance and intolerance, with civil rights for minorities, coping constantly with "anti-democratic" proto-fascists. What they really believed, and the institutions they lived by, drop out of the picture. The whole continent throughout all our history somehow becomes nothing but a vast Debating Society.

A similar bias appears even in the more recent topics. Take, for example, the growth of modern American industry. Everybody knows that the rise

(*Continued on page* 34)

WIT TWISTER #124

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The leaders turn _ _ _ _ _
and whisper low.
Their _ _ _ _ _ respond so
humbly, yet we know
That the _ _ _ _ _ which
their masters spout
Were by these underlings first
reasoned out.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 52)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Appreciation

I WISH TO EXPRESS my appreciation to you for your kindness in devoting so much space to the review of my book, *Epistle to the Babylonians* [*SR*, June 21].

I am grateful to the reviewer, Milton Konvitz, for quoting enough from the book and giving an accurate enough summation of its theme for the reader to determine for himself pretty much what it is all about. The nature of his criticism was also extremely helpful, by constituting in itself an addendum of evidence supportive of a couple of the book's major propositions.

CHARLES L. FONTENAY,
Nashville, Tenn.

Intemperature

DURING THE YEARS Harry Golden has written some amusing articles as well as some timely social comment that bespoke insight and courage. Yet it would need no literary Mafia, Jewish or not, to conclude that *The Right Time* [*SR*, July 5] reveals not only a second-rate talent but a tawdry sense of values.

Mr. Golden's intemperate letter [*SR*, July 19] prompts the suggestion that his next book carry the title *Enough Already*.

GERALD OCHBERG,
Danbury, Conn.

THE PERSONAL RAGE in Mr. Milch's review of Harry Golden's book was embarrassing.

Wouldn't it be funny if, after all the tumult and shouting dies down, it were the man who wrote *Mr. Kennedy and the Negroes* who was honored and remembered, yea, and consulted?

MARY BROSIUS,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

HARRY GOLDEN'S ANGUISHED REACTION to the review by Robert J. Milch of his latest published trivia is good for a belly laugh.

S. R. CHESLOCK,
Morganton, N.C.

Crane Misrepresented?

NO ONE MORE THAN I, I think, respects Louis Untermeyer for his remarkably perceptive anthologies of modern poetry, begun in 1919 with an artistic geiger counter at work in finding true quality a generation ahead of popular taste.

However, his article "Poet Stranded on a Bridge" [*SR*, July 19] twists the facts and presents many misstatements of fact.

Crane had written and published a number of poems before the *Dial* publication Mr. Untermeyer refers to, and I doubt if at that time anyone had heard of Wallace Stevens, of whose work Crane's was supposed to contain "faint echoes." Damn fine chicken that egg hatched!

Crane, it is true, had many advantages that many writers of his time, such as Maxwell Bodenheim, did not; but they shrink to nothingness in comparison with what the no-poets of today have. He could live on his father so long as he sold candy in his father's drugstores. He got money from Otto Kahn (who even subsidized chorus girls). He got a Guggenheim grant that paid for very little "drink and dissipation." It also paid for poems in the "Island Sheaf" series that will go down in American literary history.

It does not matter on the surface what Hart Crane seemed to be; it is what he really was and did that matters.

WILLIAM BITTNER,
Wolfville, Nova Scotia

Ever Hear of Xerox?

THE REVIEW OF *The Economy of Cities* [*SR*, July 5] faulted Rochester, N.Y., as a "company town." Without being a spokesman for Eastman Kodak Co., and without citing some of their "liberal" policies, I need only cite a few points that compromise the argument.

Giant corporations have moved in, seeing creative "breakaways" that Eastman supposedly countermanded. These include General Dynamics, who liked Stromberg-Carlson's electronic ingenuity; Burroughs Corporation, who liked Todd's protectograph, etc.; 3-M and Revere Camera, the latter noting Wollensak's introduction of the high-speed camera; Du Pont; General Motors; General Foods; etc., etc. These giants should shake up the "company town." (Is Bell & Howell a "giant"?)

Rochester plants and manpower are uniquely high-skilled and technical—the type for creative "breakaways." They offer "heavy industry" a shortage of unskilled labor. Is that uncreative?

Rochester, in addition, dominates the men's clothing field—at least qualitatively. (Bond Clothes, Fashion Park, Hickey-Freeman, Michaels Stern, Timely, etc. are not Eastman satellites.)

Ever hear of IBM—spawned by this "company town"? Taylor Instrument Co. and General Railway Signal Corp. also lead in electronic, automated controls, etc.

EVER HEAR OF XEROX? . . .

DE MILLE L. WALLACE,
Largo, Fla.

Coveted Captions

PLEASE, PLEASE RETURN to the captions you had at the beginning of your book reviews!

RICHARD GERBER,
Great Neck, N.Y.

Too Neat

I FIND THE NEW HEADINGS much too neat and impersonal! I miss the brief comments before the reviews, also.

MRS. ALVIN L. ROSS,
Omaha, Neb.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

"I WISH SOMEONE WOULD WRITE a book describing a thousand ways to amuse a child," a taxi driver once remarked to Cass Canfield of Harper & Row. In his book of reminiscences, *The Publishing Experience* (University of Pennsylvania Press, $5), Canfield notes that in due course Harper published *838 Ways to Amuse a Child*, by June Johnson. He does not explain what became of the other 142 possible means of distraction—was Miss Johnson simply anticipating television?—but he does uncork a lot of old bottles in this little volume, and anyone who is curious about publishing before it went pornographic will be rewarded by Mr. Canfield's account of forty-five years in the business. The book consists of two lectures he gave at the University of Pennsylvania as recipient of the A.S.W. Rosenbach Fellowship in Bibliography.

Canfield is the last of the old-time editors. He joined Harper & Brothers in 1924, came up through the ranks, earned a seat on the board of directors and was made chairman of *Harper's* magazine. Instead of becoming a senior citizen when he reached retirement age, Canfield stepped down to senior editor. His career was spent entirely with one publisher, and the Harper list reflects Canfield's personal tastes in literature, his diplomatic skill in finding and working with authors, and even his mistakes, which sometimes were fortunate.

As he points out in "The Real and the Ideal Editor," a publishing house can indeed survive its mistakes, but not too many of them. Harper's once asked James Harvey Robinson, the historian, to read a long, turgidly written book then making a stir in Europe: Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*. Robinson admired the work, but advised against publishing it because he thought it too difficult for the general reader. It would not sell, he added. Harper's followed his advice, and *Decline* was published elsewhere. "The editor was right in accepting the expert's opinion on the value of the manuscript but should have ignored his views about salability," Canfield remarks.

As a young man representing Harper's in London, Canfield sought out J. B. Priestley on the strength of a book of essays Priestley had published in England. To Canfield's surprise, the British author insisted on selling him a novel, sight unseen. What's more, he wanted an advance. It was axiomatic in those innocent days that unknown writers almost never got an advance on unread manuscripts, but both Priestley and Canfield had over-indulged themselves somewhat in a London tavern, and when the young editor staggered out he had bought, for a few hundred pounds, the American rights to *The Good Companions*. Priestley has been a Harper author ever since.

Continuity in publishing, as Canfield knew it, is becoming rarer. Editors change jobs oftener, authors change publishers. As the business "goes public," as firms are merged and cannibalized, the editor may be the only personal element remaining. A problem authors have today—and one reason they play so much hopscotch among publishers—is that editors are so frequently shot out from under them.

Another is the competition for manuscripts, which leads authors to contract for books they haven't written and assume risks they might have avoided in more leisurely times. Graham Watson, a representative of the Curtis Brown literary agency in London, points out in a letter to *Publishers' Weekly* that such contracts are easily voided by a clause specifying that the manuscript "must be in a form and content satisfactory to the publisher." He asks: "What is this word 'satisfactory'? 'Your ms. is not satisfactory because we have sacked your editor and don't want any of the books he commissioned'? 'Your book is not satisfactory because we commissioned it under the influence of three dry martinis and are now sober. . .'?"

Cass Canfield—"the last of the old-time editors."

Not as much speculative publishing of this kind took place when Canfield was helping to build the Harper list. There wasn't the back-up money from reprint houses, the table stakes were lower, and lunch hours were shorter. A good way to attract manuscripts was the literary prize, and Harper was one of the first publishers to do this systematically with its biennial $10,000 Novel Contest (later upped to $15,000). Harper quietly dropped the contest last year after the judges had twice failed to find a winner. Yet, out of twenty novels "discovered" in this way, three won Pulitzer Prizes and others launched their authors on successful careers.

Did most of the Harper winners stay with the firm? Or did the prize simply bring them to the attention of publishers willing to offer larger advances? Canfield doesn't say, but apparently some of these authors burgeoned under other imprints. I sampled half of the prizewinners, going back to 1927. Only a few remained with Harper. Several never published another novel. Undismayed, the firm (now Harper & Row) currently emphasizes work-in-progress grants channeled through the Harper-Saxon Fellowship, a $7,500 award intended primarily for unpublished writers and given without fanfare whenever a promising, and incomplete, manuscript justifies financial backing.

(Parenthetically, the literary prize game is flourishing as never before. One hundred and eleven organizations, foundations, universities, societies, committees and publishers gave awards to an estimated 300 books last year in the adult field alone. Top money at present is two prizes of $20,000 each by American Heritage for the right to bring out special editions of other publishers' books under the American Heritage imprint.)

A surprising revelation in Canfield's memoir is that half of Harper's adult trade books and 75 per cent of its juveniles are now sold to institutions. The institutional buyer has in some measure changed the character of American publishing, and since the U.S. Government (through Title II appropriations for libraries and schools) is the largest single customer for books, publishers have become unexpectedly dependent upon federal money for their continued growth. The big firms all maintain Washington offices to lobby for their share of the pie.

This is a vast change from the days when Canfield did business in taxicabs and taverns. *The Publishing Experience*, for all its wisdom, is less a guide to the future than a nostalgic glimpse at a vanished past.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

THE O'HARA GENERATION

by John O'Hara

Random House, 491, $6.95

THIS LATEST COLLECTION OF O'HARA is long; the *Generation* spans a period of thirty-two years, from 1935-66, and contains twenty-two short stories. Although that represents less than 9 per cent of his total output of stories, it still runs to almost 500 pages. Add to that a page-long list of other credits —a whole shelfful of novels, novellas, plays, essays—and the industry of the man seems staggering. Moreover, it shows no sign of slackening off; after 1960, his editor proudly announces in the introduction, O'Hara produced ninety-six stories in five years.

One day, no doubt, some patient researcher will work it all out in terms of thousands of words per day. Meanwhile, for O'Hara's editor, the facts and figures speak for themselves of a lifetime's inspiration and devotion; he even invokes for comparison the startlingly incongruous figure of John Keats. I wish I could be so enthusiastic. But, alas, O'Hara's remorseless industry promotes in me the same depression that most Europeans feel when faced with the German "economic miracle": a mixture of awe, irritation and despair, which adds up to an overwhelming sense of injustice, a conviction, in the teeth of all the evidence, that in literature as in life hard work should *not* be enough. Yet there is O'Hara—professional, shrewd and vastly successful—to prove that it is.

Perhaps his secret is that he is essentially a writer without a style—which is a curious achievement considering his long triumph with *The New Yorker*. I do not simply mean that he has no rhetoric or elegance or Capote-like daintiness, all perfume and pastel shades, or any of those esthetic preoccupations the Marxists scornfully dismiss as formalism. Given a certain skill, which O'Hara undoubtedly has, it is easy enough to pile on the effects; that he has steadily refused to do so says much for his integrity as a writer. Just as good Communists spurn the seductions of formalism and stick to their plain, common-law wife, socialist realism, so O'Hara has been faithful, in his fashion, to his plain vision of plain America. He is our leading exponent of capitalist realism.

But his peculiar lack of style has less to do with disciplined renunciation than with a fundamental defect of the imagination. It means that you can read through 500 pages of his prose without forming any impression of the sensibility of the man who wrote it all. The stuff is as indistinguishable and repeatable as the paper on which it is written.

His prose has neither character nor inner rhythms. Nor has it designs on the reader; it makes no demands. Perhaps this is why O'Hara's fiction is so popular. It simply goes on and on and on, unchangingly. "It is," someone once said, "like being in a straitjacket with the telephone ringing."

No doubt O'Hara would be delighted by this. He has always avoided guilt even by association with the highbrows, and takes pride in the fact that he never revises or reworks what he writes. He said of another collection of his stories, "The contents of this book came out of the author's typewriters (*zip-zip!* just like that)." *Zip-zip!*: the implication is that to work something over, to care about the precise weight and balance of every word and every sentence, is to cease to be a regular guy; it is to be numbered among the phonies and the arties. *Zip-zip!*: so much for Flaubert, Henry James, and all that crowd. *Zip-zip!*: so much for Pappa Hemingway, who worked like a dog over his prose. *Zip-zip!*: so much even for Dashiell Hammett, who wrote, in comparison, like Flaubert himself. In place of all that, O'Hara gives us inspiration of the people, by the people, for the people: *zip-zip!*

"Give the artist his due," says Evan Reese in "Mrs. Stratton of Oak Knoll," one of the stories included here, "and don't distort what the author wrote." It may be that formal excellence and even an artistic personality of his own have never interested O'Hara. He relies in their place on two strengths. First, he has a total recall of all the details of American life in the opening half of this century: the layout of a display window in a hardware shop in the Twenties, the workings of an old-fashioned overhead change trolley, the war decorations and women's dresses worn for a big night at the Lantenengo Country Club in the early days of Prohibition, the goodies on the shelves of the neighborhood store when he was a child, the coachwork of a Pierce-Arrow, and the headlights of a Simplex. I would guess that a large proportion of his most faithful readers are middle-aged and up, and they go to his books to be reminded of how it was. So it doesn't matter that his eye for the details of America now is altogether less sharp and compelling. As a source of nostalgia he is irresistible.

His second strength is a remarkably good ear for speech, particularly for those subtle variations that denote class differences: the bosses may talk more or less alike but the Irish servants, Negro bellhops and rural handymen are all noticeably distinct. Perhaps this is another reason why O'Hara himself seems so elusive: he speaks only through others. Indeed, the narrative progresses mostly through talk. Everyone is always filling in everyone else on his or her background:

> "What do you like about the doctor?"
>
> "Well, he's a man. All man. He was married before and his wife died of leukemia, the year he went into private practice. Then he went into the Navy for three years, and after that he came back to Gibbsville, reopened his practice. When I got the flu I sent for him, having already been his patient once before. The abortion. He annoyed me by throwing in a piece of advice that I hadn't asked for. It was part medical and part moral. He said that a woman with my record of abortions ought to have periodic checkups for T.B., and I told him to mind his own business. We became friends, and lovers. He had other women, but I was it, he said."
>
> "What makes either of you think you'll make a good doctor's wife?"
>
> "You *are* trying to talk me out of it," she said.

It is accurate, serviceable, but also oddly inert, like a flashback in an old-style movie. Time and again, the conversation between O'Hara's characters is interrupted by hazy dissolves into time-past. It is a form of creative laziness, as though the characters were saving their author the effort of dramatizing necessary action. Perhaps this is why the talk seems so insensitive when compared with that of a real master:

> "You wouldn't consider a good offer?" asked Gudrun.
>
> "I think I've rejected several," said Ursula.
>
> "*Really!*" Gudrun flushed dark—"But anything really worth while? Have you *really?*"
>
> "A thousand a year, and an awfully nice man. I liked him awfully," said Ursula.
>
> "Really! But weren't you fearfully tempted?"
>
> "In the abstract but not in the concrete," said Ursula. "When it comes to the point, one isn't even tempted—oh, if I were tempted, I'd marry like a shot. I'm only tempted *not* to." The faces of both sisters suddenly lit up with amusement.
>
> "Isn't it an amazing thing," cried Gudrun, "how strong the temptation is, not to!" They both laughed, looking at each other. In their hearts they were frightened.

That is from *Women in Love*. I quote it not to prove that Lawrence is better than O'Hara (who's arguing?) but simply to show that the novel has a dimension which a play or movie-script lacks: it can shift continually

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and effortlessly between outer and inner world. The novelist can define for his readers all those depths and subtleties that the unfortunate playwright must leave to his actors.

Apparently, O'Hara has never been interested in exploring the inner resources of his craft. Everything takes place on the surface. The way his characters talk *is* what they are. To an extraordinary degree, he dispenses even with physical description. His stories are peopled not by presences but by voices—voices and objects, talk and period detail. In the jargon of the British Passport Office, O'Hara people have "no visible peculiarities."

Invisible peculiarities, however, they have in abundance. The only general in town, poker-backed, immaculately tailored and barbered, dresses up in his wife's clothes before sex; there is something shady between an old man and his nurse in a smart country inn; a local tycoon secretly embezzles his family's money; that dull and devoted old couple on the beach had an only child who hanged herself; this charming young wife is in love with her brother; most of the other charming young and not-so-young wives are adulteresses. Behind the lace curtains and striped awnings of the placid Pennsylvania township of Gibbsville, where the bulk of O'Hara's stories are set, secret scandals swarm like flies around a garbage truck.

"I'm above meanness," says Evan Reese. "However, I'm not above curiosity, and believe me, I'm damn curious." For once an O'Hara character seems to be speaking wholeheartedly for his author, as does the narrator of "Andrea," who calls curiosity his "besetting sin." For O'Hara himself it is the driving force behind nearly every story. He has said, I believe, that he always improvises, never plans in advance. In practice this means that he sets up a situation and then worries it like a terrier until some nasty little secret is shaken out. In the earliest stories there is something sneaky and a little childish in the way everything hinges on a sudden glimpse of the forbidden: a door is opened when it shouldn't be to show a naked girl or a doctor kissing another man's wife, and nothing is ever the same again.

Later this sharp, thrilling sense of the sinfulness of adult life fades away and knowingness takes its place. In a recent story the narrator, thinking back to his adolescent discovery of something nasty in the grocery store, says:

> My discovery was too momentous and mature to confide in the girl who was waiting with her bike. It was too much the kind of thing that I wanted to protect her from, and was indeed eager to protect her from all her life. These were things I already knew too much about . . .

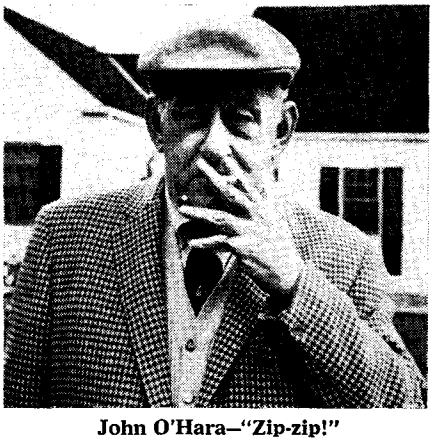
Yet the fact is that it is precisely these forbidden, shameful goings-on which have provided the substance of O'Hara's work. What he lacks in depth and insight he amply makes up for in shrewdness:

> Pat's complacency was more hateful to her than Whit's arrogance. The complacency, she knew, was real; and Whit's arrogance vanished in the humility of his passion as soon as she would let him make love to her. There was proficiency of a selfish kind in Pat's lovemaking; he had never been so gentle or grateful as Whit. From what she could learn of Kitty Hofman it would have been neatly suitable if Pat had become Kitty's lover, but two such similar persons were never attracted to each other. They had, emotionally, everything in common; none of the essential friction of personality.

O'Hara has a remarkable instinct, like that of a good Washington correspondent, for the politics of sex. He understands the intricate power plays involved, and how the balance shifts between parties with each new indiscretion or revelation. As in real politics, a good deal of coldbloodedness is necessary to succeed in the sexual power game:

> . . . though I was the first male with whom she experienced true copulation, she and the boy had gone from fellatio to coitus interruptus, which she was pleased to call heavy necking. It also pleased her (and my masculinity) to regard me as the taker of her virginity, but the distinction was to at least some extent honorary. We had something besides the sexual relationship, and had had it from the start. But, circumstances permitting, we had always had intercourse at some point during our sporadic reunions. It was customary, and we had always taken it for granted.

That is from "Andrea," which, despite a gratuitously melodramatic ending, is the best thing in the book. Believe it or not, it is a love story. Yet, in his manner of speaking, the narrator might as well be discussing stocks and bonds. Indeed, in O'Hara's world sex and money weigh about the same. Most of his characters are well-heeled, and he is as fascinated by the details of their unearned incomes as he is by their secret vices. Money, sex, booze, and the ups and downs of the provincial pecking-order: together these make up the O'Hara universe. Perhaps that is why the novels rely so heavily on talk, talk, talk. It's not art so much as small-town gossip, endless, niggling, shrewd, merciless, monotonous, absorbing.



John O'Hara—"Zip-zip!"

Yet those who survive this trial by malice emerge with a kind of scar-tissue sensibility that has its own reticent, minimal virtue. "Andrea," for example, is the story of a love affair between two equally matched, equally cynical characters who never marry. Or rather, she marries briefly, casually, every now and then, while he slices through the legal profession like an atomic ice-breaker. They meet and copulate intermittently, and invariably before one of her marriages. They have a void in common: their emotional lives are in deep freeze. Both of them are ungettable, uncommitted, narcissistic, and each loves the other for this elusiveness. They may talk about romantic love—in a teasing, plangent way—but it is their frigidity that joins them. (That, incidentally, is why Andrea's suicide seems such a cheap and easy out.) And this suits O'Hara's talents to perfection. It allows full play to his knowingness, his fox's nose for other people's secrets and foibles. Since both the narrator and Andrea share this preoccupation with their author, a genuine balance of power is achieved, and a residual, burnt-out tenderness.

In the end, O'Hara's is a chilly world with very little to recommend it. For all their cash and comfort, his characters lead lives wholly of the surface, as flat and unsubtle as sheet plastic. They play the stock market and with each other's mates; they have their weakness for drink and snobbery and, occasionally, for mild sexual oddities. Above all, they are consumed with curiosity. It is as though they had to be certain that everyone else's life were as empty as their own. O'Hara chronicles it all skillfully, devotedly, and in an appropriately toneless, neuter prose. If the sales are any indication—which they are—this seems to be precisely what the public wants. But if it is also what the public *is*, then God help us all.

A. Alvarez

A. Alvarez's collection of essays, "Beyond All This Fiddle," was reviewed in SR August 2.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LUNAR LANDSCAPES

by John Hawkes
New Directions, 275 pp., $5.95

THE TITLE OF JOHN HAWKES'S NEW BOOK is deceptive at this particular time, since it has no bearing on the fantastic frontiers opened up for mankind on the wasteland of the moon. *Lunar Landscapes* explores, rather, man's inner desert as experienced by lonely people everywhere.

Lunar Landscapes consists of six very brief pieces and three short novels, written over a period of two decades and published, for the most part, between 1950 and 1963. The collection serves as a valuable sampler of Hawkes's fiction, its strength and its limitations.

His intensely personal universe, like that of many surrealist artists and writers, is dreamlike in its irreality and its unusual angle of vision, which produces grotesque distortions. If his characters do not "come alive" in any conventional sense of psychology and development, it is because Hawkes is concerned solely with their private anguish and their mythic representation. Thus, he seeks primarily not a story line but a mood as the setting for his *dramatis personae* in their isolation and despair. In the early "Charivari," for instance, a novella of some eighty pages and the most successful piece in *Lunar Landscapes*, Hawkes portrays a well-to-do man of forty, Henry Van, who is afraid of life, indifferent to his wife, dominated by his admirably sketched mother-in-law, and bereft of sufficient inner resources to withdraw into himself. If he is, clearly, not a dramatically new subject for fiction, the author does command attention by depicting him with a blend of pity and satire that underlines both his pathos and his absurdity. "These poor people," Henry muses, and one suddenly thinks of the Beatles' "Eleanor Rigby," marveling at the economy of means with which a mere song creates an essentially similar atmosphere.

The aridity of the landscape is reflected in the prose. It is beautiful, surprising, bathed in an eerie glow that casts long, ominous verbal shadows whose dimness reveals the twilight of the soul. But Hawkes's unquestioned mastery of language turns on itself. The author appears more interested in the poetic charge of his words than in their participation in a fiction. Like some symbolist poetry which it calls to mind, Hawkes's writing seems to sparkle in a vacuum—it may be lovely, but one regrets its failure to attach itself more to life. Perhaps one ought to consider *Lunar Landscapes* rather as prose poetry; it would then have a clearer *raison d'être*, but most of the stories demand to be treated in a context of fiction.

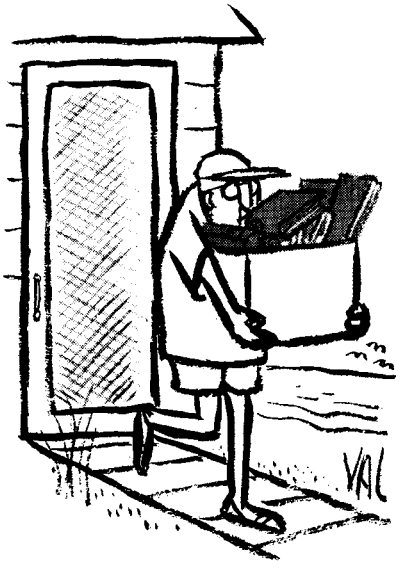
Hawkes has an unfortunate tendency to indulge in exoticism. Some of these tales are set in Germany and Italy, where Hawkes served as a World War II ambulance driver for the American Field Service, and he allows himself to inject German and Italian phrases gratuitously and to give his characters outlandish names: Justus and Sesemi Kümmerlich, Metze, Lebrecht, Mauschel, Pucento, Adeppi, Arsella etc. (These are first names!) At times he succeeds in rendering into an appropriately stilted English the heaviness of German syntax; on the other hand, in "Charivari," where the setting is apparently England, Hawkes is inept at reproducing the pronunciation of lower-class British slang.

One of the most striking aspects of *Lunar Landscapes* is Hawkes's flair for the grotesque. In "The Owl" he tells a chilling tale of the enthusiasm with which the population of an Italian town (darkly named "Sasso Fetore") prepares for the hanging of a prisoner. Like a Ghelderode play, "The Owl" probes the obscure side of the individual and collective soul in a baroque story replete with blood, violence, a hangman, and even a dwarf. Here fantasy significantly reinforces reality, but again the strangeness of the vision stays with us longer than the substance.

Lunar Landscapes proves once more that John Hawkes is one of the finer stylists writing in English today. It does not, however, suffice to mark him as one of the more compelling voices in current American fiction.

Tom Bishop

Tom Bishop is a frequent critic of contemporary fiction and theater.



Personal History

FROM HAYES TO McKINLEY: National Party Politics, 1877-1896

by H. Wayne Morgan
Syracuse University Press, 618 pp., $12.95

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN: Vol. II: Progressive Politician and Moral Statesman, 1909-1915

by Paolo E. Coletta
University of Nebraska Press, 380 pp., $8.95

THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS have seen a revolution. The edict "publish or perish" has produced tidal waves of titles, ranging from *French Absolutism: The Critical Phase, 1620-1629* to *Andrew Law, American Psalmodist*. At best they have thrown new light on dusty dogmas; at worst they have strained to the breaking point untenable theories such as the curious notion that the South lost the Civil War because it wanted to. At best they have given biography new dimensions; at worst they have rendered colorful men dull—as has happened with William Jennings Bryan in the second volume of Paolo Coletta's projected three-volume study.

Coletta's work has already been hailed as definitive, and it does give new stature to Bryan who, although "a great failure," was no figurehead but the architect of neutrality and a driving force behind the New Freedom. Yet it is doubtful whether Bryan requires so exhaustive a biography, with an entire volume devoted to his ten twilight years.

H. Wayne Morgan's *From Hayes to McKinley* is something else. Despite its unfortunate title (at least one historian has quipped that American history would be little different if none of the Presidents from Hayes to McKinley had ever been born), this is a rich, juicy fruit cake of a book, combining historical scholarship and literary artistry. It gives us a panorama of an age that was gilded if not golden: a Washington of palaces and shanties, with Congress governing in "a haze of cigar smoke" and lemonade being served at White House receptions. It was also a time of rather boring Presidents being bored by the job. Harrison called the White House his jail. Cleveland saw the Presidency as "a dreadful self-inflicted penance"; in order to avoid the office-seekers who quadrennially swarmed over Washington like ants, he sometimes worked at his desk from 12 P.M. to 4 A.M. A President had 125,000 non-military offices to fill, of whom fourth-class postmasterships

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were the most rewarding politically.

These years saw the long deathwatch for Grant who, like Eisenhower later, was still the nation's "first citizen." But there was a rising tide of indifference towards the Negroes, for whom the Civil War had supposedly been fought; as Daniel Chamberlain put it, "The North is tired of the Southern question." Economics, not the bloody shirt, was becoming the main issue, although there was less interest in the tiresome tariff question than in the revelations about Cleveland's illegitimate child. This was the era, too, of the Pullman Strike and the gunning down of strikers, of two Presidential assassinations, and of the revolt of the farmer through his Alliances and Granges and the Populist Party—though, as Morgan observes, the desire to preserve the small independent farmer signaled his passing.

Morgan paints the age in rich, glowing colors; but he also gives us a pageant of personalities, including the Presidents whom he highlights into individuality: the self-contained Hayes, dedicated to "country living and Sunday hymns"; the hapless Garfield, last of the log-cabin Presidents; Arthur, elegant and cold, "looking at the world through slightly closed eyes," redoing the White House in steamboat decor and serving twelve-course dinners, and driving through Civil Service reform. Morgan does not think too much of "Old Perpetual" Cleveland, with his negative honesty and negative government. On the shrewd and cheerless Harrison, who could charm crowds and make enemies with a handshake, one of his friends told a would-be supporter: "Don't think he means to insult you."

The author is equally skillful with such lesser luminaries as the tarnished "Plumed Knight" Blaine; Roscoe Conkling, "the lordliest Republican," a strutting Bird of Paradise in green trousers and scarlet coat; the attractive Mark Hanna; the acid-tongued Tom Reed; "Old Greasy" Coxey with his long hair and buckskins and his pathetic "army"; Mary E. Lease, the "Kansas Pythoness," who declared: "If one man has not enough to eat . . . and another man has $25,000,000, that last man has something that belongs to the first."

To Morgan it was no accident that McKinley was to win the most clear-cut Presidential victory in a generation. Morgan denies the legends of corruption and vote-buying. McKinley, with all his charm, was a born politician; Bryan, springing up in the West like a prairie fire, was a gifted amateur.

McKinley's front-door, Main Street campaign, abetted by the hard-driving Hanna, was broad-based and professional. Unlike Bryan, who believed "in the outdated Jeffersonian virtues . . . in the Hamiltonian world of 1896," McKinley and the Republicans were "open to change and moderation." Bryan was essentially a rural spokesman, with little appeal to immigrants, laborers, or prosperous farmers. Warning wisely that "no one suffers so much from cheap money as the farmers and laborers," McKinley and Hanna put together a coalition of business, progressive agriculture, labor and the middle classes, welding the Republicans into a majority party. And three times, as the Republicans themselves put it, Bryan led them to victory.

Bryan was, in fact, a born loser, as Mr. Coletta indicates. He was for states' rights in a time of ever-increasing centralization, for peace during a world-engulfing war. He "won" the Scopes trial but failed to halt evolution. The Eighteenth Amendment was his dubious monument. His naïveté led him to call Pancho Villa a Sir Galahad, and to accept huge lecture fees while he was Secretary of State.

Believing in the ultimate perfectibility of man, Bryan operated on the principle that Christianity was the only proper religion and democracy the only proper form of government. Thus, along with Wilson, he initiated the policy, still operative today, of American refusal to recognize de facto governments not to our liking. The British, looking on at Mexico and regarding only order and trade as important, wondered why we should be "shooting people into self-government." Though he condemned dictators and dollar diplomacy, Bryan's "paternal despotism . . . made the Caribbean more than ever an American lake." He sent gunboats while writing treaties banning guns.

Yet his positive contributions were many. He fought an unyielding battle against J. P. Morgan and the "interests"; he virtually dictated the choice of Wilson as Democratic nominee and, until the ultimate break came, gave unfaltering loyalty to the man who had once felt that he should be "knocked into a cocked hat." Bryan's power in Congress was tremendous: the Federal Reserve system echoed a plan of his, the Clayton Act answered his demands; he saw the income tax and tariff reform become law.

But his greatest battle he lost. As a Christian, he believed all war to be anti-Christian; as a moralist, he saw no moral issue in the conflict of 1914-1918, and he may have been right. As a realist, he was appalled at Americans traveling on belligerent ships and at British ships running up the cover of the American flag. He was truly neutral—the first Christian pacifist in high office, Coletta calls him, observing that if Wilson had listened to him instead of to Lansing we might not have entered the war.

Coletta's penetrating and scholarly study does not convey the magnetism, the impact that was Bryan. But it does something more: by revealing in depth his character and dedication, it gives him new dimensions, if not as a master-mind then at least as a master politician. **Margaret L. Coit**

Prize-winning historian Margaret L. Coit, a former journalist, is an associate professor at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey.

"Following the President's press conference will be an interpretation, followed by a discussion of the interpretation, followed by an analysis . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, DANIEL: A Life of Webster in His Own Words

edited by Walter Lewis

Houghton Mifflin, 505 pp., $8.95

WALKER LEWIS, a lawyer and author who gave us a fine biography of Roger Taney, now has had the excellent idea of letting Daniel Webster tell his story in his own words. Lewis has distilled the eighteen-volume National Edition of Webster's *Writings and Speeches* into a 500-page elixir that goes down smoothly and warms us on its way.

Let Webster speak for himself? Try and stop him! Although he found himself unable to declaim before the school at Phillips Exeter Academy, he overcame his shyness with a vengeance. He was elected to Congress largely on the strength of a Fourth of July address, and it was his oratory that made him famous. When we think of Webster we think of him speaking: the great dark deep-set eyes glowing at his listeners; the huge voice that could be heard, unamplified, by a throng of 20,000; the overwhelming presence—no man, said Canon Smyth, could be so great as this man looked. And what words he spoke! Read aloud the end of the peroration in Webster's 1830 debate with Hayne over the right of a state to nullify federal legislation:

> When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heaven, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!

Rich, perhaps; a chocolate layer cake of American oratory that makes Everett Dirksen sound like Calvin Coolidge. But incomparably great. So, too, are the argument in the Dartmouth College case ("It is, sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet there are those who love it—"); the speech for the prosecution in the White murder case; the Adams-Jefferson commemorative address; the speech in support of the 1850 compromise, and many more.

It is not only Webster the orator whom Lewis shows us. There is also Webster the diplomat, settling with Britain the disputed Maine boundary; Webster the farmer, saying he preferred the company of his oxen to that of his fellow Senators; Webster the fisherman; Webster the traveler, pleased by the number of dukes and earls who entertained him in England; Webster the family man; Webster the speculator in Western land, and Webster the impecunious (Lewis points out that in 1842 two of Webster's promissory notes, in the aggregate face amount of $17,750, sold at auction for $400).

Not everything in the book is pro-Webster, largely because not everything in the book is in Webster's own words. Lewis has supplied skillful notes connecting his selections from Webster's speeches and letters and furnishing background material on such topics as Webster's drinking (conclusion: rarely excessive), his Supreme Court practice (which yielded more than $15,000 a year), his lifelong ambition to be President (when a Whig President was finally elected—William Henry Harrison—Webster could not resist giving him, unsolicited, a draft inaugural address).

While he was a Congressman from Massachusetts Webster represented claimants for damage to American commerce done by Spanish cruisers in 1788-89, and succeeded in having Congress enact a law providing for the payment of the claims. His fee, 5 per cent of the amounts recovered by his clients, came to $70,000.

While Senator from Massachusetts he actively represented the Second Bank of the United States during the struggle between Jackson and Biddle over the renewal of its charter by Congress. At the height of the fight Webster went so far as to write Biddle that his retainer had not been "renewed, or refreshed as usual," and that if Biddle wanted him to continue to represent the Bank rather than its enemies, "it may be well to send me the usual retainers."

In brief, it is the whole Webster, a Webster of godlike speech and human flaws, to whom Lewis introduces us. It is a pleasure to make his acquaintance.

Meredith M. Brown

Meredith M. Brown practices law in New York City.

USA

CAPTIVE CITY: Chicago in Chains

by Ovid Demaris

Lyle Stuart, 366 pp., $6.95

MAYOR DALEY'S CHICAGO, still nursing bruises from the 1968 Democratic Convention and the Walker report, gets a belt right in its solar plexus from Ovid Demaris. His is probably the most comprehensive and best-documented account in recent years of the criminal-political alliance in the nation's second largest city, which allegedly is still first in the hearts of The Outfit, as the mob is dubbed thereabouts. Demaris says he had access to new information and to secret federal reports, and he quotes the latter at length to finger police, city- and state-elected representatives, a few judges, and a couple of Congressmen he claims were gang-dominated.

The opus thus adds up to a multiple-count indictment. If those named were tried, preferably with a change of venue—which is impossible—there might be some action. (That "change of venue" bit may be a little unfair; the majority of Chicago judges undoubtedly are honest, and they had Chicago Bar Association approval when elected.) Recently mobsmen have been prosecuted on such charges as contempt of court. Furthermore, the city's traffic tickets are fed into a computer so that violators are tracked down, even after three years, and fined large sums. Jail sentences have been imposed on a number of flagrant violators unable to come up with the money.

So maybe Chicago is getting ready for reform, though out-of-towners don't always remember that big trees from little acorns grow. Demaris failed to discern any such tendencies. And, indeed, no great reform wave occurred in Las Vegas as a result of *The Green Felt Jungle*, by Demaris and Ed Reid.

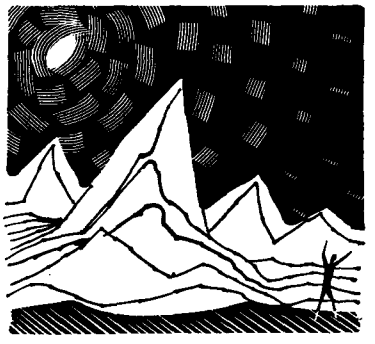
Anyhow, as a long-time Chicago watcher dating back to the Dillinger days, this reviewer suggests that *Captive City* tries to be an honest book. Out of some thirty-five references to Mayor Daley a couple are almost complimentary, even if the rest inferentially accent the negative.

Not that there is any suggestion the mayor ever took a dishonest dime: no one has ever accused him of that. Demaris gives him the nod as an astute politician, which might be considered laudatory by some; but the author's idea of what makes an astute politician is eyebrow-lifting if not eye-opening. If the West Side Bloc candidates are put into office it must be because they are the men the electorate wants, and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mayor does not—except on rare occasions, one of which Demaris notes—stand in the way of the will of the people.

And when things backfire, as they did the time a lot of cops teamed up with a burglar who turned out to have a big mouth when he thought he hadn't gotten his fair share, the mayor works through a Blue Label committee and/or commission to straighten out the mess. In this instance, California's professor Orlando Wilson was brought in



to clean up the police department; one of the first things he did was to obtain computers to speed up complaints and records. Wilson, according to Demaris, sharply improved the general efficiency of the department, but confessed disappointment at not breaking up The Outfit or severing the hoodlum-politician ties. "The perfesser," as he was known to mobsmen, has since gone. His computers remain.

Most Chicagoans will regard the book as a twice-told tale and try to shrug it off as muckraking to make a fast buck, which it definitely is not. And most New Yorkers and Angelenos will pull a Jack Horner. A little advice: Chicagoans, Washingtonians, *et al.*, had better read *Captive City* thoughtfully and ponder. It is an indictment not only of politicians, judges, and criminals, but of an uninterested electorate.

Demaris's word must be taken for the authenticity of the documentation. To be sure, this reviewer spotted a few errors, but they are not major ones. There are some undeserved snide remarks, like calling a nightclubbing, show-loving judge a playboy, thus damning him as an associate of possibly evil characters; and questions are raised about another judge, now highly regarded and deservedly so, simply because as a young and broke lawyer he once represented a top Mafia leader.

Robert S. Kleckner

Robert S. Kleckner, a newspaperman for many years, has been an editor with the Associated Press, the Milwaukee Sentinel, and the Chicago Sun-Times. He is now a free-lance writer and consultant in Chicago.

Twenty-five Issues

Continued from page 27

of the automobile, the production methods associated with it, and the economic integration and wage-scales resulting from it have deeply affected American life. And we do indeed find in the *Annals* a two-page snippet by Frederick W. Taylor entitled "A Piece-Rate System of Wages" (1895). Henry Ford himself is represented by two selections. One is the four-and-a-half-page sententious piece "Success" (1928); another is his two-page "Advice to the Unemployed" (1932) exhorting them to go get a job. The editor's introduction naturally explains that "he hated Jews, Catholics, fat men, prisons, doctors, bankers, and tobacco, carried a gun and believed in reincarnation." But there is no selection from Ford (although numerous vivid passages are available) concerning his introduction of assembly-line techniques, or his eight-hour day, or the symbolically important $5-a-day wage. There is, of course, is a seven-page selection (including a photograph of the author) from Ralph Nader on "Unsafe Automotive Design" (1966).

If we turn to Space, we find, again, no lack of selections crying woe and pointing the accusing finger: a one-and-a-half-page editorial (1957) by Walter Lippmann on the implications of Sputnik, referring to McCarthyism and the general Philistinism and backwardness of American education; a Negro folksong (1957) which, according to the editors, argues "that the effort to reach the moon was morally and spiritually wrong, as well as expensive"; a piece on new dangers from the frightening political powers of scientists. And a six-page essay recounts the unhappy consequences of President Kennedy's determination to get us to the moon: " . . . its implementation has built a Procrustean bed and the American space program has been severely mutilated to fit it."

This, we are told, is the place of space exploration in modern American civilization! One need not be a chauvinist, a warmonger, an enthusiast for the "military-industrial complex," nor a man without a conscience to say that this picture is oddly myopic. Not a word on the spectacular organization and collaboration which made the space-shots possible, nor on the exhilarating sense of adventure and promise felt by the millions (perhaps a majority) of Americans who were not editors of the *Annals*.

And so it goes. Is it any wonder that a people who are told by such respectable sources to see their history from this point of view should feel ashamed and guilty for everything their civilization has been? If our earlier ancestors were such "anti-democratic" fools and our recent compatriots such heartless, confused dolts, would not *anything* else be better?

In still another way the *Annals* exemplify some of the special problems of our age. If the editors' claim is correct we have here a foretaste of what may be in store for us as a result of the more simple-minded attempts to pigeonhole materials to make them "accessible" to computer retrieval. The quality of selections printed out from a body of electronically stored material can be no better than the quality of the selections that went in. Or, in the wise new adage of data processing: "Garbage In! Garbage Out!" We can be confident, then, that the compilations and instant-textbooks "retrieved" from these volumes will be no whit more sensible or more usable than the original set. By contrast with such a product a passable, well-organized, well-indexed textbook of history would look good.

Each chapter of the canonical "Conspectus" offers a crude, dogmatic introduction (mostly of strung-together quotations) followed by an equally canonical "Outline of Topics," followed by key-numbered references (running up to forty pages), followed by "Cross References" to other supposedly canonical sources (*viz.* the Syntopicon of the Great Books; Encyclopaedia Britannica; Compton's Encyclopedia [now, we are told, owned by EB]), followed by "Recommended Readings" (of admittedly non-canon-

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1357

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1357 will be found in the next issue.

ETZTN BX K FJVEU LXQ AVEB BVAAVSQIF, DTSKQPT KEXFJTN HTNPXE GJX AVEBP VF TKPL GVII DTKF LXQ KF FJT UKOT.

—GVIIVKO OXNNVP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1356

One must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing.

—Oscar Wilde.

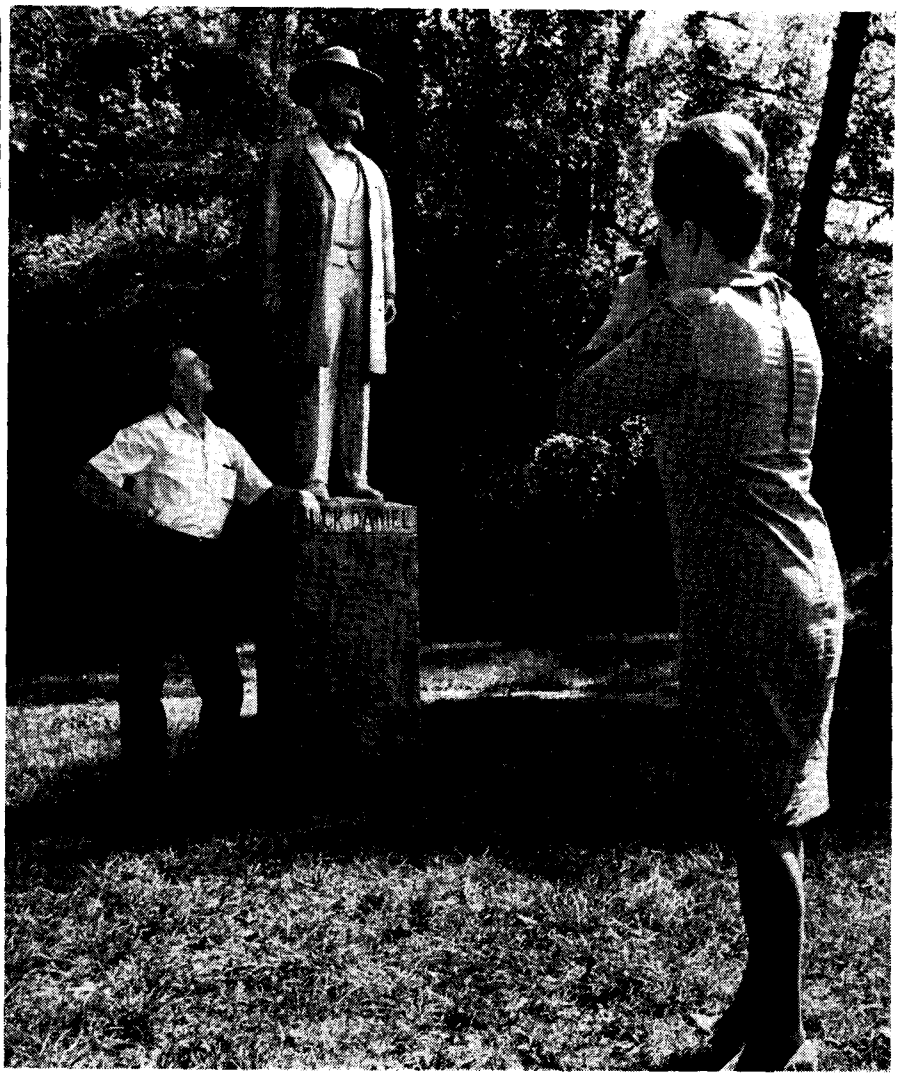
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ical sources), which are a whimsical mishmash of historical monographs and fashionable sociology, often omitting some of the basic historical works. The only general index to the twenty volumes is a skimpy thirty-three page "Index of Subjects" leading the reader back to the canonical list of twenty-five themes.

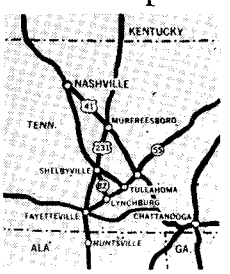
There is no index of personal names, nor even any single index of the names of the authors reprinted, although an author index appears at the end of each volume with references to other volumes in which they are quoted. In fact nowhere in the twenty volumes is there an index of notable persons, places, or events. For example, there is no place where you can look up Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Franklin D. Roosevelt, or John F. Kennedy—not to mention such trivial characters as Henry Ford or Thomas A. Edison. With charming rabbit-out-of-the-hat logic the editors explain that the reason why particular historical events such as the Boston Tea Party or the Siege of the Alamo are not indexed is because each of these is "an historical singular." And why should a *real* student of up-to-date data-processable history be interested in such things as "historical singulars"? If some perverse reader should have such bizarre interests, he can search among the tables of contents in the eighteen separate volumes.

Without wishing to compete with the editors in superlatives, we might venture that this set, in one respect at least is, "without peer." In proportion to its size and ostensible purpose, it is probably the worst-indexed work in many a year. Few of us can take much comfort from the fact that a computer with sufficient storage capacity might help us "retrieve" from these volumes whatever discussions they may contain of George Washington, The Homestead Laws, or the New Deal. Perhaps the one real service of the editors has been to concoct their indices so that few Americans will be misled into their texts.

No public-spirited reviewer should fail to point out to every potential customer for these volumes that their contents (with few exceptions) can be purchased in more attractive, handier format, with intellectually respectable introductions and usable indices, for a fraction of the price of this set. I wonder what the editors think that other publishers have been doing these recent years. *Paperback Books in Print*, available in your favorite bookstore, is a far better "Conspectus" of readable sources and works in American history—and it is far better indexed.



IT SEEMS most everyone who tours our distillery likes his picture snapped alongside Jack Daniel.



Of course, we're pleased to see this. For we're proud of Mr. Jack and his whiskey and the medals he won. And we're proud to maintain a tradition over a hundred years old. That's why we hope you'll pay us a call if you're traveling through Tennessee. We have two guides on hand to show you our distillery. And, if you bring your camera along, we'll be flattered to snap your picture with the man who started it all.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

© 1969, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Linguistics

WORDS IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

by Mario Pei
Hawthorn, 248 pp., $6.95

MARIO PEI'S INTENTION in his new book is clear from the title: it is to parade and discuss words which have been debased, either deliberately or by careless usage. But the volume could also serve as a supplement to the Random House Dictionary of 1966, breathlessly striving to keep pace with the rush of neologisms which our heady times produce. From this point of view it will inevitably be outdated as soon as it is published. Yet it is a desirable and necessary stock-taking, and in itself the book is by turns delightful, informative, stimulating, provocative and, to those who do not share the author's social and political views, exasperating.

Professor Pei is a remarkable and distinguished linguist and linguistician —I suppose the distinction is necessary, though that second term is an abomination—but words are not the only things in sheep's clothing in this book; there's the author himself, who uses the words for wide-ranging animadversions on social, political and moral matters. He leaves little doubt where he stands politically: "What is 'fair' about a type of taxation that promotes indolence and penalizes initiative and success? It may be 'fair' in the eyes of Lenin. . . . " Then there is the moralist: "We have largely forgotten our moral sense, our sense of right and wrong. Relativism is rampant among us. Things, deeds, patterns of behavior are no longer regarded as intrinsically good or bad, but only in relation to existing circumstances. The moral code has become elastic. Worse yet, it has been conveniently forgotten. There is no absolute honesty, no absolute honor."

And so on and on. The sentiments may be admirable, but the repetitive rhetoric is a surprise in a work purportedly on philology. Incidentally, Professor Pei's style is of the kind called "easily readable" in the sense of having been so easily written that it could have been dictated. You will even find such well-worn aphorisms as "One man's meat is another man's poison," "You pay your money and you take your choice," "We can't have our cake and eat it." At the same time, the easy style reveals a delightful person with amusing things to say about such typically modern phenomena as opinion polls, and provocative things to say about such fundamental issues as human and civil rights. It also produces the best joke in the book, presumably an unwitting one: "Bruce Bliven is credited with having started the 'population explosion' in 1899."

The author has carefully examined his four basic dictionaries—Oxford, Webster II and III, Random House—and come up with some intriguing discrepancies, notably in definitions of "Gross National Product." He is occasionally cute, knowing full well that his readers will hurry to an etymological dictionary to look up, for instance, "orchid." Amateurs of words will enjoy the book if only because they will be stimulated into providing additional examples, and questioning the derivation of some phrases. "Oscar" and "Tony" are dealt with, but not "Obie" and "Emmy." What about the use of getting something "on the road" to imply starting it? "Cliff-hanger" is not wholly a derisory term, as attendance at any story conference would confirm. And why the "pie" in "cutie-pie"?

This reviewer boldly suggests that the relation between "hanky" and "hanky-panky" may be the exact opposite of the "suspicion" held by the author that "hanky" might have been "influenced by 'hanky-panky.'" "Hanky" is obviously a diminutive of "handkerchief," which was part of a conjuror's stock-in-trade, under cover of which he produced all kinds of wonders by a process of hanky-panky.

May not "corny" have something to do with the values usually attributed to the corn belt of the Midwest? And surely the whole "-manship" ploy derives from Stephen Potter's entertaining series of books—*Gamesmanship, Lifemanship,* etc.

Conservative though he may be in politics, Professor Pei is amusingly permissive about words. He even suggests some new ones himself, among which my favorites are "intellectuous," for the pseudo-intellectual, and "squzzly," a delightful onomatopoeic confection made from "squeeze" and "cuddle" which certain pet-lovers would find expressive. He uses one word that neither I nor the Random House Dictionary has seen or heard—"publicitarian." I can see the purpose and even the necessity for it, but could it not be neater? Personally, I should prefer the adjectival use of the noun.

Amazingly, Professor Pei confuses "protestant" and "protester," which convey an important distinction these days, and, more amazingly still, translates "*doceo*" and "*terreo*" as infinitives. But without such opportunities for one-upmanship the book wouldn't be such fun.

Philip Burton

Philip Burton, in his capacity as chief instructor at the BBC Training School in London during the 1940s, was final arbiter on English usage for British radio. For many years Mr Burton has been president and director of the American Musical and Dramatic Academy in New York.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

AUTHORS IN HIDING

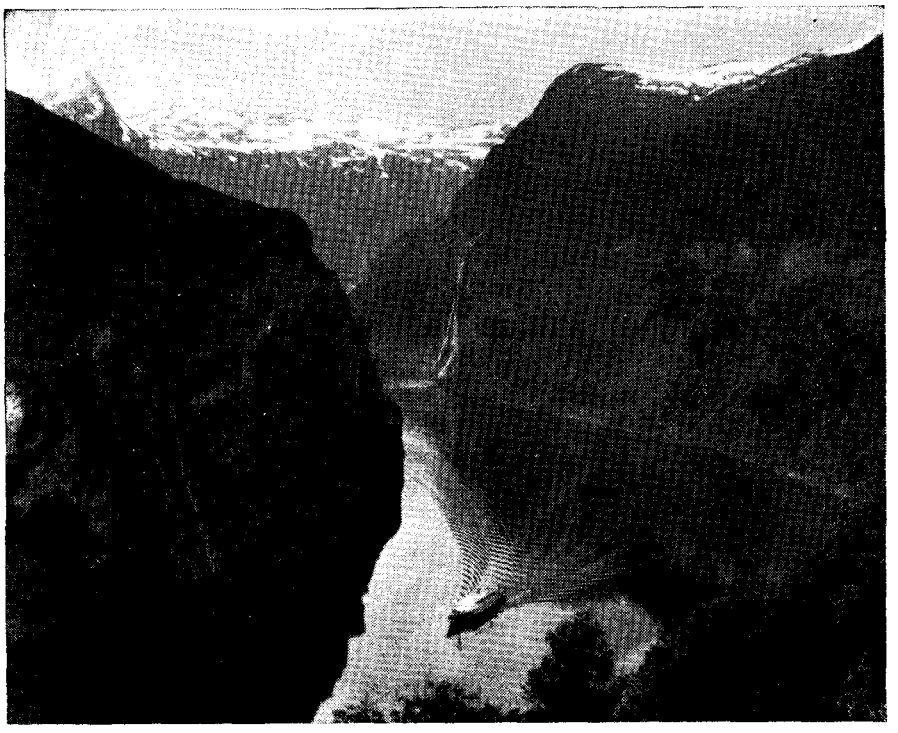
In each paragraph Margaret Key of Denver, Col., has concealed the surname of the author of the novel to which the summary is related. If you can't spot the authors—and name the novels—turn the key on page 52.

1. A lame Roman emperor records events of gravest import during his youth and into his years as a ruler.
2. The rescued island boys, looking like savages and seeming old in gruesome paint and filth, shock the sailors who take them aboard.
3. After visiting a prostitute, this young man's days of confidence and joy cease until he makes confession to a wise old priest.
4. After the failure of a well-schemed plan, a crowd finally kill a madman who had taken a transparency drug.
5. The treasure seekers experience desperate adventures before locating the right spot at last. Even so, no one gets the gold, as a hermit has removed it.
6. This quixotic lad, who retains a lingering look of childhood, has a desperate binge on the town, then relates his experiences and feelings.
7. In a totalitarian state where dissenters are reduced to a vapor, well-organized police pry into private thoughts by telescreen.
8. A Midwesterner, feeling that his life is futile, wishes to rebel against its stifling conservatism, and does so briefly.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin



Geiranger fjord—"aloof as a painting you dare not touch."

Scandinavian Safari III: Fishless Days in Fjordland

OSLO GIVES little hint of Norway's splendid fjord country that lies to the west, particularly on a rainy morning when a man arrives on the wings of an all-night farewell to Finland. By the following day my head and the weather had cleared sufficiently to reveal Oslo as a city of considerable greenery, lofty wooded backdrops, a circuitous waterfront seldom far from view, and some novel museums. It was Sunday, so there was no reason to rush to the Flam River, fishing being forbidden in Norway on the Sabbath. Always keen to that custom, a Norwegian will think twice about ordering fish in a restaurant on Monday.

Sunday in any good city is a time for ambling through parks and squares, the better to watch the indigenes in an unburdened, unhurried state. Oslo's Frogner Park, however, tends to limit one's observation of the human element in favor of casting into the spotlight a bizarre crowd of stone, iron, and bronze figures wrought by the late Norwegian artist Gustav Vigeland. They are arrayed on the balustrades of a footbridge, in a children's ground, around fountains, and swarming about a 56-foot monolith—most of them heavy-limbed and melancholy, nearly all of them naked. Norwegians thus have tagged Frogner as the "Park of the Nudes."

Bygdoy peninsula, a pleasant boat ride from the main harbor or a drive around the bend from Oslo, holds three museums that are not only cherished by the world's sea dogs but also intriguing to us incurable landlubbers. One displays the raft *Kon-Tiki* adrift on a blue plastic sea, escorted by stuffed gulls and pilot fish. Portions of Thor Heyerdahl's log, describing the voyage of an all-Scandinavian crew, are scrawled curiously in English. "We have made it," he wrote on the climactic day. "Thanks God." Heyerdahl's latest expedition on the papyrus boat *Ra* was being traced on a large map, yellow pins dotting its course, until the crew was forced to abandon. Another museum contains three remarkably well-preserved Viking ships from a thousand years ago, and in a third you can board the *Fram*, which took the explorers Amundsen and Nansen on separate journeys to uncharted polar regions around the turn of the century.

On the slopes of Holmenkollen, a green and uncluttered peak rising behind Oslo, there is a ski museum carved into the hillside beneath the Holmenkollen Ski Jump. Once a year the jump is used for the world championships, but otherwise it is forbidden even to the Norwegian nationals so that they don't gain an unfair familiarity with the course. Norway claims to have invented the ski, and offers in the museum a 2,500-year-old plank to prove it. Among the hallowed specimens encased in glass are those employed by a Norwegian ski pioneer named Mikkel Hemmestveit, who introduced the sport to America in 1887 at St. Paul, Minnesota.

High above the ski jump is a rustic log restaurant, Frognerseteren, whose several low-beamed rooms provide a cozy hideaway for skiers in winter and hikers in summer. I sat outside on the terrace, shivering slightly in the evening light and trying to divide my attention between views of the glistening harbor far below and Turi, a blonde Norwegian goddess. Turi Wideroe somehow has preserved a disarming nonchalance in the wake of the hoopla attending her debut as a copilot for SAS. At times it must make her wish she were still flying seaplanes for her father's little airline in northern Norway. SAS intends to show her off to the American press in New York one day soon, a prospect that frankly baffles this avowed country girl who has traveled infrequently out of Scandinavia. "What will I do in New York?" she asked in (I think) all innocence. I am sure she will charm the smog from the sky.

In and out of the cities it is apparent that Norway has not hidden its beauty, merely protected it. The cross-country train ride from Oslo to Bergen leads past scenery of such staggering proportion that both Norwegians and first-time visitors are drawn from comfortable coach seats to stand gawking through large vestibule windows. Yet, close as the green mountains and broadly swooping valleys loom to the eye, there is a sublime aloofness, as with a painting you dare not touch. One reason Norway's economy lags well behind Sweden's is a studied reluctance to whip the land into money-making subservience. "We count much higher on the immaterial things," an Oslo businessman told me. "Recently our government neglected to build dams on a lake and a valley to produce electricity because we wanted to preserve the country."

Americans have been descending on Norway in increasing numbers since SAS launched its daily New York-Bergen run three years ago, and by now, I suppose, every third citizen has been seduced into a darkened suburban living room to view the graphic results

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of those lens-filling journeys. My railroad compartment was taken up by Americans, and a diverse aggregation at that: a father and son business team on vacation from San Francisco, two Cleveland sisters in their early twenties, and a young Reed College English instructor with a former student now his wife. The latter pair communicated in whispers—what they later described for me as their silent act—until they had judged the rest of us to be relatively free of Ugly American qualities, and then we all fell into folksy chatter, dwelling most attentively on the corrosive texture of European tissue. "All those pines," said the elder businessman pointing out the window, "and they can't produce softer toilet paper!"

I applauded the Cleveland sisters for committing a highly un-American act, that of toting no more than a flight bag apiece on their travels. Each was wearing half of her wardrobe: bell bottoms and a striped jersey blouse. Later in Norway, I was to encounter two American girls laden with bulging cargo but nonetheless fully in command of their destinies. Each was pulling a suitcase on a single pair of retractable aluminum wheels. One begins to witness the end of our innocence abroad.

As the train ascends the high country and climbs above the timber line, summer turns to winter. Where I had been standing in the hallway with my face held to the open window, the next moment I was sealed in my compartment, chilled by the sight of vast glacial slopes. Often the view is masked for moments by wooden slat fences that have been propped near the tracks to ward off winter snows.

Late in the afternoon on the downward run, the train stops at Myrdal, the pushing off point for a scenic route that tends to eclipse all that has passed before. We scenery scavengers waited a while in the chill mist and then boarded the Myrdal-Flam cannonball, which creeps north through the Flam Valley, stopping twice so passengers can get off and photograph faraway canyon floors and a ferocious waterfall that tumbles over a misty ridge before thundering down in three or four stages to a pool beside the track.

Flam is a tiny village so dominated by towering peaks on all sides that you are stricken with the feeling there is nothing beyond. In fact, it is the terminus for both railroad and fjord steamer. Here gaggles of tourists are deposited each day at appointed hours, and then carted away after a coffee break at the Fretheim Hotel, or on the following morning. About the only people who stay more than a night in Flam are touring American fishermen who come to take the salmon of the Flam River.

These are not hit-or-miss weekend anglers but inveterate—and well-off—sportsmen who are prepared to pay over $100 a day for the chance to battle Norway's legendary salmon. Week-long fishing trips are booked by Mytravel, an Oslo agency with offices in New York, that is overseen by a grand old Norwegian named Erik Myhre. In winter he sends his countrymen on low-budget holidays to the Mediterranean to escape the gloom and brings in American hunters who will part with as much as $3,544 a week to stalk polar bears on Spitsbergen. Summertime salmon safaris to the Alta River north of Flam fetch $2,350 a week. Seven days at Flam, with full room and board at the Fretheim, cost a mere $750.

I fished with a giant Swede named Lennart Borgstrom whose lumberjack appearance, softened by prematurely gray hair and flashing white smile, kept female hearts aflutter around the hotel. Borgstrom, who operates a successful fishing-tackle business in Sweden, has leased the Flam River along with Mytravel and another tackle outfit from a group of farmers living in the valley. Fishing away the afternoon from the banks of an emerald stream reputed to yield salmon of an 18-pound average, we got nothing so much as a tug. Borgstrom, the true salmon angler, would have been content to take in only the peace and beauty of a summer afternoon except that he is beginning to view such fishless days as proof that the salmon are slowly disappearing from Norway's waters.

"There is so much commercial fishing for salmon," he said, "that pretty soon there won't be anything left for the sport fisherman. If we want to preserve the salmon, I don't think we can afford to eat them. In America you can't buy bass. It's a game fish only. Sweden is in worse shape. In 1945, on a good river you would pass up a sea trout to get your limit of four salmon. Today catching salmon over there is a sensation. The same thing will happen in Norway."

I left by fjord steamer in the daily 7:30 a.m. exodus from Flam. As the first of countless yawning green caverns came into view, I realized I hadn't yet seen the best of Norway. Late in the morning, I boarded a bus at Gudvangen and joined in a collective holding of breath as we followed Europe's steepest route to the town of Stalheim, where a statue honors a local product named Knute Rockne. Further on at Voss I caught a train for Bergen.

In Bergen, a seaport that may make San Franciscans homesick for The City, I was eating dinner with a Norwegian, Knut, when the subject of salmon fishing reared up. He invited me at a future date to sample his pet method, *lystring*, which he described with a child's glee: "We will go out in a boat at night on the fjord, you will shine a spotlight on the water, and when I see the fish, I put my spear into it. Some people say it is not sporting, this method, but I think it is like hunting. You see the fish and he sees you. It is fairer than throwing in a hook and line."

I asked him what kind of luck he's had, and he said this year he took three on his only night's job, but last year his season total was fifty, including twenty in one sitting. "I tell you, you have to be real clever," he said, his eyes shining like the spotlight he casts on the water. I could hear the gnashing of Borgstrom's big white teeth.

—D. B.

TRAMP TRIPS

The 69th edition of our perennially popular 44-page TRIP LOG, priced at one dollar, offers discerning travelers a fabulous choice of world-wide Tramp Trip bargains, 6 to 140 days, including 44 exciting Freighter Trips, 26 Sea-Air Trips, 64 Cargo or Passenger Liner Cruises, plus low, low "Discover America," Europe and Around the World air fares.

For your copy of the TRIP LOG mail this coupon with one dollar (no stamps please) to

TRAMP TRIPS, INC.

Dept. SR, 250 W. 57th St., New York 10019

(Name—Please print clearly)

(Address)

(City) (State) (Zip)

KING CHRISTIAN HOTEL
St. Croix, Virgin Islands

A luxury hotel
on Christiansted Harbor
Private Balconies • Swimming Pool
Danish Colonial Charm

For Reservations or Information contact:
Daniel D. Miller, Inc.
420 Lex. Ave., N.Y., N.Y. • (212) LE 2-7700

BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Chicago, Richard K. Sullivan, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; Cleveland, George Dawson, 30559 Pine Tree Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44124; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; West Coast Offices: San Francisco, Fletcher S. Udall & L. H. Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104, Los Angeles, Fred Beck, 3850 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 90005; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140. **Printed by the McCall Printing Company, Dayton, Ohio.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World of Dance

Walter Terry

Contest in Moscow

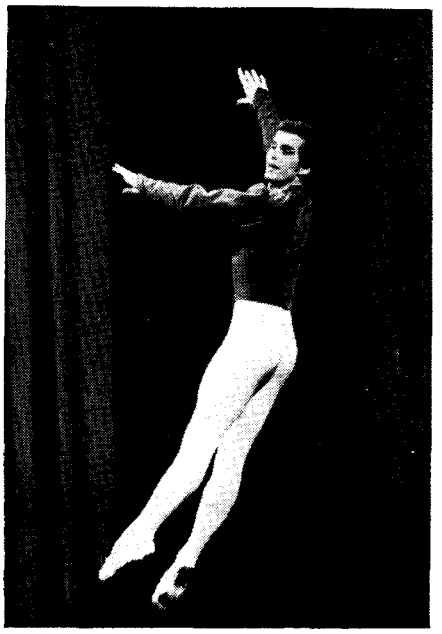
"EVERY TIME you danced," said the Soviet Union's most famous ballerina, Maya Plisetskaya, "I gave you my twelve points." The Bolshoi Ballet's star was addressing the Iceland-born Helgi Tomasson, who represented the United States (as a principal dancer of the Harkness Ballet) at the First International Ballet Competition — or, as the Russians themselves call it, "Olympics of Ballet"—this summer in Moscow. Awards—for duos, solo male, solo female—were given in gold, silver, and bronze, and Tomasson won the silver in the male soloist category.

At his own expense, he took along his wife, Marlene Rizzo (also a Harkness dancer), and had his parents babysit in Iceland (both his wife and his son are Americans, and he will be in due course). He found that he needed Marlene not just personally but professionally. "Almost every one of the eighty-nine entrants—they came from nineteen different countries — had teachers or coaches or trainers with them. I could have done the same, but I didn't understand that, so Marlene worked like mad seeing that lights and their cues were okay, that my rehearsal tapes were played at the right speed, and that everything went smoothly. (I was under terrible pressure, for I really felt that I was representing America.)

"They — the contestants — were not just first-class; they were the best that their countries—those with state theaters — could produce," he reports. "Here were the highest standards of dance I had ever seen. Unbelievable! I rehearsed every day, but I tried to see all the contestants. One fascinating dancer after another. It was nerve-wracking, but I couldn't stay away."

Tomasson arrived in Moscow with five solos. Because of a misunderstanding caused by translation of contest rules from Russian to English, he did not know that if he lasted until the final stage of the competition, he'd need a sixth. He did, of course, reach the finals and the closing gala, but what to dance? He elected to do the solo from the "Black Swan Pas de Deux," a work originated in Russia and one that many of the contestants were doing. But he had no costume. He sent for one in New York, but his cable never got through. So at the last minute, with the permission of that great ballerina of just yesterday, Galina Ulanova, chairman of the board of judges, he was given access to the Bolshoi Ballet wardrobe. He was proud to dance in a costume worn by the Bolshoi's major young *danseur*, Vladimir Vasiliev. For "Black Swan" he had only two hours of rehearsal, yet earned a tremendous response from the public.

"Black Swan" was a popular vehicle for all contestants, but Tomasson recalls seeing six or seven excerpts from *Le Corsaire*, one after another, and a day that was devoted almost exclusively to *Don Quixote*.



Helgi Tomasson, who represented American ballet at the First International Ballet Competition in Moscow.

For his own offerings in the three stages of the competition, with two solos for each stage, his dances were: (stage 1) solos from Anton Dolin's *Variations for Four* and Brian Macdonald's *Zealous Variations*; (stage 2) a solo from Jerome Robbins's *Dances at a Gathering*, in which he was rehearsed by Robbins himself, and a new solo, to Berlioz's score for *Romeo and Juliet*, created especially for him by Norman Walker; (stage 3) "Black Swan" and a solo from Balanchine's *Sylvia* "Pas de Deux." The biggest successes for him with the public that jammed the Bolshoi were the Dolin, Robbins, and Petipa solos.

He rehearsed three to four hours each day in one of twenty-six studios at the Choreographic School. Time was allotted in the Bolshoi Theater itself for rehearsals in a stage-size studio. He practiced with tapes he'd brought along, but performed with the Bolshoi Orchestra. He had ten minutes with the conductor to set tempos for each final rehearsal. "There was only one conductor," he reports, "and a wild variety of tempos for just one ballet. But he never missed; I was amazed."

For his daily ballet lesson, he worked either with a taped class made in America or took class with the Danes present. "I could have had class with the Russians," he says, "but it would have been dangerous to work, at this late stage, in a ballet style and method different from what I was used to."

The audiences, he tells, picked favor-

The committee of judges takes a vote. At extreme right, Galina Ulanova, who served as chairman.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ites from the start. He was one that the audiences applauded when his name was mentioned. As for the dancers present, he says, "Choreographically, with all my new pieces, I was a gold mine. The dancers from all the countries crowded the wings as I danced Robbins or Walker or the others, and they whispered *'Amerikanski!'* There were other whispers, too. The audiences were very knowledgeable. If anyone hopped at the end of a *pirouette,* you could almost hear a mass whisper, 'He missed a point.' But they were marvelous."

Except for "Black Swan," Tomasson had planned a non-Russian repertory. "I felt I couldn't compete with the Russians in *their* repertory, so I brought something of an American repertory to show them *our* way of doing classical ballet." Using this approach, he won a silver medal from a board of twenty judges that included ten Russians (Mme. Ulanova, Plisetskaya, Chabukiani, Khachaturian, Sergueff among them), and Chauviré (French), Flindt (Danish), Haskell (British), De Mille (American) among the rest.

Tomasson's award was not only the silver medal but also 2,000 rubles, equal officially to $2,200. But aside from being taxed on it (300 rubles), he was not allowed to change it into other currency or take it out of the country. He had one day in which to spend it, so he and his wife settled on sable skins (on which he had to pay U.S. duty). "It's enough for part of a stole," he says.

But the rewards were in his medal, in the competition itself, and, most of all, in the prestige that the Russians bestowed upon the four-day (three days of contest and the concluding gala) affair. "They felt it was as important as the Tchaikovsky Competition," says Tomasson. "You've probably read that Londoners were incensed when the Bolshoi Ballet arrived there without the new *Swan Lake* that had been promised to them. But I can tell that to the Russians the competition was far more important than getting a new *Swan Lake* ready for export. The next competition will be held in three years, instead of four, that's how successful it was."

Competition winners were: DUOS, Nina Sorokina and Yuri Vladimirov of the Soviet Union and Francesca Zumbo and Patrice Bart of France, gold medals; SOLOISTS, Malika Sabirova, Mikhail Baryishnikov of the Soviet Union; silver medals for soloists Tomasson, U.S.A., Loipa Araujo, Cuba, and Hideo Fukagawa, Japan. (Bronze medals were won by contestants from Japan and the Soviet Union.)

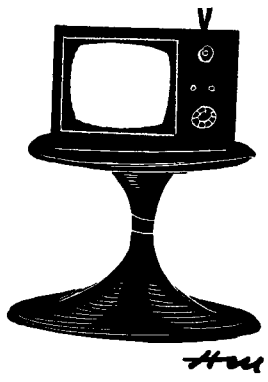
TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Cosmic Nielsens

UP THERE at Tranquillity Base, *Eagle*'s television camera could afford us, from its fixed position, only a limited view of the astronauts' activities as they danced man's first lunar choreography. No one could quarrel with that particular barrier to our vision: to creatures on spaceship Earth it was manna from the moon. Down here at the TV receiver's end, network reporters and commentators deployed their cameras along a rather narrow intellectual range; their rigidity was a matter of institutional policy—and disappointing. The moon landing was fraught with deep currents of ambivalence—riptides of incredible and even thrilling technological achievements crossing sluggish drifts and backwaters of Earth's poisoned psychic as well as physical environment. Television's encoding of that multidimensional event was depressingly one-dimensional.

It was all sunshine and public relations and hurrah for our side. From the Sea of Tranquillity, where the flag was planted and the plaque enshrined (nationalist prestige in a collectively explosive world), to the White House, Disneyland, the Vatican, and the man in the street, there was no area of darkness or even earth-shine—just progress, mechanistically defined, laden with the attitude that today is no time for critics and cynics. Walter Cronkite, for CBS, who seemed unflaggingly exhilarated despite his wearying task, illustrated the dominant mood when he exclaimed, shortly after the *Eagle* had touched down on the surface of the moon: "People have the audacity to say nothing new is going on these days. I'd like to know what those kids are saying who pooh-poohed this. How can one turn off from a world like this?" Later he held up a copy of the next morning's *New York Times* to show the camera the historic record-sized headline: MEN WALK ON THE MOON. It was the same edition that ran two full pages of comments from public figures under the heading: REACTIONS TO MAN'S LANDING ON THE MOON SHOW BROAD VARIATIONS IN OPINIONS.



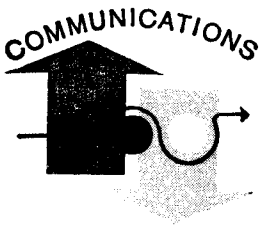
In some of the press handling of the moon landing there were context, a search for meaning, a sense of relatedness. On the networks there were tension, suspense, bits of information, marvelous pictures, impressive simulations, and artful animations—but one would be pressed hard to say the coverage was not a full-blown commercial for the government, NASA, the space industry, and the broadcasters.

Wherever explorers go in the future accompanied by television cameras, they will be actors, making their nebulous exits and entrances for the benefit of multi-planetary audiences. Nowhere will there again be pure events (if ever there were); everything hereafter will be stage-managed for cosmic Nielsens, in the interests of national or universal establishments. Vision filters, however, ought to be more than one-focus affairs. One of the sharpest contrasts in television's coverage of the moon landing was that which distinguished the language of numbers—used almost exclusively by the astronauts and their earth command—from the often inadequate verbalizations of the network commentators. The spacemen, making computer talk, spoke a kind of quantitative poetry—eloquent, pellucid, terse.

The reporters, at moments of highest tension, were admittedly speechless, or remarkably colloquial. One, when the lunar module successfully fired the engine that lifted it from the moon's surface, cried out, "Oh boy! Hot diggity dog! Yes, sir!" The emotion was genuine and understandable, but one can spin an implication off his remark: Man talking numbers and commanding things is master of sophisticated communications; man relating to other men is sadly tongue-tied. This is the state of the world and this is television, alas! But is despair in order?

Perhaps when space ships are shuttling between Earth and moon and crews in controlled environments will be readying for farther reaches into space, television will have winged its way over its public relations barrier and will give us a deeper representation of such events, as well as a poetry of qualitative experience to match the brilliance of the quantitative mode in the realm of science and technology.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Our Basic News Medium

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

SR Communications

41 Editorial
by Richard L. Tobin

42 Letters to the Communications Editor

43 Television: The View from Europe
by John Tebbel

45 The Gospel According to Blackman
by Samuel G. Blackman

47 The In-Flight Magazine Explosion
by Herbert J. Teison

49 Public Relations: Survival Lessons
by L. L. L. Golden

50 Books in Communications: No More Chance Encounters
by Stuart W. Little

The impact of television on the people of America—heightened by more frequent color coverage and twenty-one million color sets now in use—appears to be intensifying. A recently released Roper study of ten-year trends in television and other media proves once again that television is the people's choice as well as the public's main source of news, and that its credibility is higher than ever. The research also shows that more Americans are spending more and more time with TV, as they have each year since these studies were first undertaken a decade ago.

The first question in the 1959 Roper study asked where people got their news, and in each subsequent questionnaire this has been the first question asked. Back then, more people learned about what was going on in the world from newspapers than from TV or radio. TV soon began to climb as a source of news, and by 1963 it was the most common news origin, though just barely, with newspapers a close second. By 1967, TV had gone well ahead of newspapers, and remains so in this recent survey. Radio has stayed about the same in recent years, though it was a more popular news source ten years ago.

Television is also the most believable news medium. Up from 41 per cent most believable in 1967, TV now leads newspapers 2 to 1 in response to the question of which news version an individual would be most inclined to believe. In the initial year of the survey newspapers were the most believable medium.

The average number of hours of viewing also has increased dramatically since the end of the Eisenhower era. This steady expansion rises to just a few minutes short of three hours' TV for each day per person in the most recent study.

Oddly enough, a distressingly large percentage of Americans seems to feel that the government should have some control over television news; though almost 20 per cent with a grade-school education or less favor government-managed news, only 5 per cent with a college education are in favor of governmental news control. In any case, it's rather shocking to find that only 61 per cent with a grade-school education or less believe that the government should keep its paws off TV news.

More people in this country get their local and state news from newspapers than they do from television and radio combined. For example, asked from what sources they became best acquainted with candidates for local office and with the results thereof, responders said newspapers were just as important this year as they were ten years ago. In other words, TV and radio can adequately cover great national, international, and interplanetary events but the newspaper will probably be ever pre-eminent in local-regional news. Since all news is essentially local in the final analysis, this divides the market precisely in the commercial news business.

When early Roper news surveys first startled the journalistic fraternity by casting doubt on newspaper credibility, publishers accused the surveyors of outright lying. But as the years have unfolded and even the inner sanctums of the daily press have acquired TV sets (mostly color TV), the average American newspaper publisher has conceded privately, if not in public, that TV and radio are now first in news, though the "first in credibility" still sticks in his craw. Just the same, one's own family habits are too similar to the Roper survey's results to doubt the statistics any more; newspapers will simply have to be content to be big frogs in little puddles and leave the big news puddles to electronic frogs.

The average American of whatever

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age knows more about the world around him in this summer of 1969, surely, than did his counterpart at the same age twenty-five or fifty years ago. Early in this century, information concerning new events, results, changes, statements, disasters, honors, and social minutiae was solely the province of print media, chiefly the daily paper. In those days we in the newspaper business were held in a kind of reverence by folk in our town, because we knew before anyone else what was going on locally, nationally, and internationally, and because we appeared to care about such matters, as did few others outside our fraternity. All this changed radically a quarter of a century ago when radio was at its peak. Radio's pervasiveness destroyed the legend that newspapermen were omniscient. Suddenly everyone knew what the newspapermen knew, often before they had heard it themselves, being confined to editorial offices which in those days wouldn't think of tuning in on anything. Then in the early 1950s, the TV picture was added to electronic news, and between it and radio the average newspaper found itself painfully whipsawed. Our recent *Apollo 11* moon landing was simply one more nail in the coffin of the newspapers' exclusivity, not that it needed further proof of default.

All the same, there will always be eye people and ear people—those who absorb more easily through hearing and those who remember things better after they have read about them. TV, of course, combines both senses; this is what makes it so formidable, our basic news medium. Still, one must have records of events, whether local or interplanetary, and until the day when newspapers and magazines are published and distributed by electronic devices directly to one's own living-room, print media are here to stay—TV notwithstanding. It boils down to a powerful profession in any case, this journeyman trade of news. Mark Twain said it best when he wrote that there were only two forces that can carry light to all corners of the globe (and now the heavens, too)—the sun and the Associated Press. —R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Some Hazards in Private Mail

MANY OBSERVERS concur that the U.S. postal system is badly in need of reorganization, but John Tebbel's "Private Mail Delivery? The Postman Rings Twice" [*SR*, June 14] overlooks some significant issues. First, postal efficiency cannot be correctly measured by the same accounting conventions used in industry. Business has no means to reflect the "spill-over" costs of unemployment and poverty associated with its expenditures. But the Post Office is encouraged to consider these social costs. For example, a Texas Congressman recently threatened to hold up budget approval if the lobby design of a new office in Austin were not modified to allow space for a blind person's newsstand. In Los Angeles, a new mail processing facility has been located in the Watts district to provide local employment. Secondly, the fact that IPSA can provide lower-cost mail delivery to a selected group of recipients merely reflects a unique feature of postal pricing policy. The post office bases price on the average cost of serving all recipients: 6 cents assures delivery of a letter anywhere in the U.S. (Contrast what air fares would be if postal pricing policies were followed.)

Following the Kappel Report, Tebbel justifies the recommended shift to a nonprofit organization on the basis that postal-system performance reflects an almost total absence of technological progressiveness. It is quite true that the Post Office's capital investment and research needs are assessed through an extremely primitive market mechanism—Congress! But why such a drastic alternative as a "nonprofit" corporation? It is manifestly absurd. If Congress cannot even administer a postal system why should it be entrusted with the control of military expenditures, foreign aid, or even Indian affairs? Also, the concept of a nonprofit organization is quite fuzzy compared to our understanding of democratic processes. A simpler solution could be achieved if Congress were to guide its postal research and capital investment decisions by the objective quantitative methods of economics and operations research.

DR. PAUL M. CARRICK,
Palo Alto, Calif.

The Right to Lawrence Welk

SUCH DISPARATE GROUPS as the League of Women Voters and the Freedoms Foundation are forever urging me to become a concerned citizen, to write to my Congressman or to the local newspaper or to the broadcast media. Feeling strongly that those of us who wish to view the *Beverly Hillbillies* or Lawrence Welk or the *Dating Game* should have that right—and the same for the Smothers Brothers—I wrote to CBS, protesting their censorship (and canceling) of the latter. Ray L. Beindorf, general manager of the local outlet, KNXT, answered that CBS had no alternative but "to exercise that responsibility (in matters of taste) in a medium that comes into the home and is seen by viewers of all ages."

Is Mr. Beindorf reaffirming the old concept once applied to radio that all TV programing be aimed at the twelve-year-old mentality? Even if we accept this unacceptable standard in theory, CBS doesn't accept it in practice. At about the same time the Smothers Brothers were being ousted, "CBS Playhouse" presented *Shadow Play*, which featured 1) a seduction scene, 2) an attempted rape, and 3) two mugging incidents—seen by viewers of all ages.

Personally, I think this is all flimflam. The Smothers Brothers were fired not for lack of talent, not for moral reasons, not for technical problems, but for an anti-Establishment slant evident in their humor. This was their skin. This is known as freedom of expression, a concept we all pay lip service to, but which few of us really believe in.

HARRY CIMRING,
Hollywood, Calif.

Reforming the PRSA

I WANT to compliment L. L. L. Golden on his penetrating and persuasive column on "Reforming PRSA" [*SR*, July 12]. Perhaps it's not surprising that I so strongly support his position in view of the fact that I was a member of the Long Range Planning Committee which submitted a report at the 1967 annual conference in Philadelphia. To my way of thinking, the most important recommendation in that report was the one calling for a full time paid president of the society. I agree with Mr. Golden that the society will never make the progress the profession needs and its thoughtful members are demanding until there is a paid president. Giving full weight to all of the problems and locating the right man, etc., I still think that it can be done and I hope very soon. I think Golden has performed a real service for PRSA and the profession by writing this column.

C. RAMON GREENWOOD,
Director of Public Relations,
Morton International, Inc.,
Chicago, Ill.

Redundant Cliché

IN HIS EDITORIAL, "The Journalism Graduate and Public Relations" [*SR*, July 12], Richard L. Tobin states that "In any case, the cliché of the publicity flack thinking up stunts. . . ." I can't prove it, but I think *Variety* coined a new definition for "flack," a word used in current reportage, to wit: flack, a press agent—or, to get chintzy about it, a public relations counsel. That being the case, wouldn't "publicity flack" be the same kind of redundancy as "rich millionaire"?

KARL KOHRS,
Port Chester, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Television: The View from Europe

by JOHN TEBBEL

HELSINKI.

At the end of a long swing through Scandinavia, highlighted by the June meeting of the European Broadcasting Union's General Assembly in Oslo, it becomes clearer than ever that the problems and prospects of television are no longer local but global.

Money and the relationship of broadcasting to government are the common dilemmas, but overhanging them is the imminent prospect of world-wide satellite transmission, which not only will intensify present problems greatly but will raise a whole host of new ones.

It was to this formidable future that the delegates from all over Europe attending the Twentieth Ordinary Session of the EBU General Assembly largely addressed themselves, after they had wrestled with their own problems of finance and organization. In the wrestling process, there was a feeling among the delegates that one of their most remarkable accomplishments had been the keeping of the EBU together and functioning so well. Crosscurrents of national feeling are inevitable in this United Nations of communication. The sweetness and light that pervade while the delegates are wining and dining together sometimes diminish sharply in the business sessions, when national rivalries, the memories of old wars, or the perennial conflict between large and small nations begin to intrude.

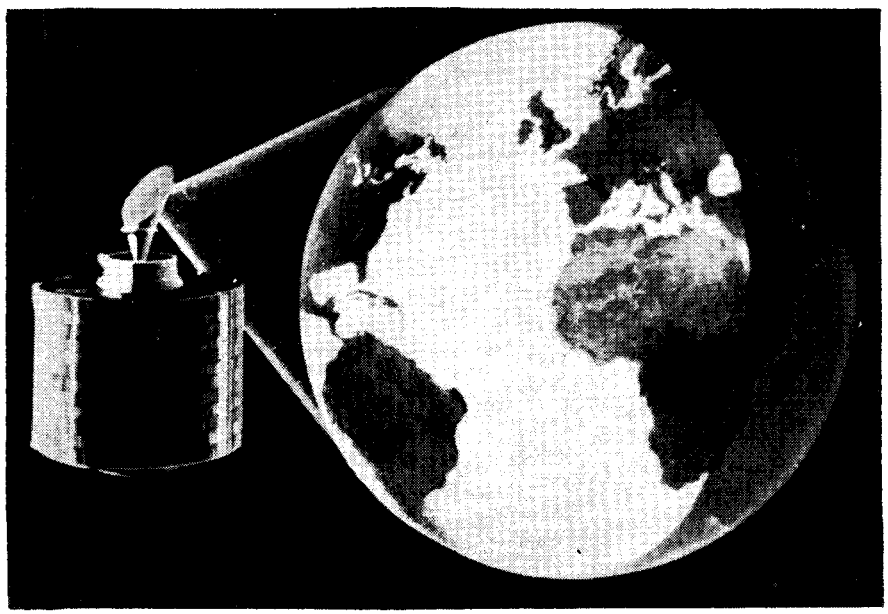
The common good, however, prevails. Already the EBU is planning coverage of the summer Olympics of 1972 in Munich; it is going to be an expensive proposition. For exclusive rights in the United States, the American Broadcasting Company has agreed to pay a total of $13.5-million including technical facilities—nearly double (for U.S. and Canadian rights) what it cost to broadcast the Mexico Olympics. The Germans, who have proved to be hard bargainers, are asking EBU to pay $2-million for their rights. If this figure is final, EBU's next problem will be how to divide the cost among its members, and that is where the conflict between large and small (or more accurately, rich and poor) nations begins. In the end, solutions will be found; the importance of the end overrides the inequities of the means.

While the Munich Olympics and the World Football Cup matches in Mexico next year were of more immediate concern, the Oslo conferees—all of them directors or major executives of national broadcasting systems—found the planning and implementation of what they call the Eurovision Satellite Scheme to be the thorniest and most complicated problem on their agenda. (Eurovision is the network arrangement by which EBU's pooled efforts become visible.)

Without going into the bewildering technical complexities of the matter, what must be decided first is the system, or systems, which will be used for satellite transmission, a question still not entirely resolved in America. A total of sixty-eight countries signed the Washington Interim Agreements of 1964 that set the stage for development and launching of the Intelsat-IV system of COMSAT. One of the satellites in this system is presently operational over the Atlantic and another over the Pacific, although the latter has not turned in a perfect performance, necessitating the launching of a second Pacific satellite in May.

When all adjustments are made, there will be a permanent television channel between Europe and stations in the Middle East, Africa, Asia, and Australia. After a second Atlantic satellite is launched this year and placed in synchronous orbit with the other, one will serve stations in the United States, Central and South America, Germany, Italy, and Spain, while the other transmits to stations in the United States, Canada, France, the United Kingdom, and Africa. Two-way transmissions are not possible until this second satellite is sent aloft. By 1972, according to COMSAT forecasts, there will be thirty-five stations working with the Atlantic satellites, eleven with the Pacific satellites, and nineteen with the projected Pacific orbiter that will be transferred to a path over the Indian Ocean.

The first headache coming out of this remarkable technology, from the EBU's standpoint, is how to prevent the "poaching" of its signals, since the Intelsat system just described permits multiple reception, and any earth station capable of working with it can take its programs. This, of course, is a difficulty confronting all the system's users. International treaties must eventually protect television satellite transmission, but the EBU believes it cannot afford to wait for what is certain to be a long drawn-out solution. It foresees what will happen when regional satellite systems become operational, making the unlicensed use of broadcasts much easier and raising horrendous problems for originating organizations that will not be able to define for their customers the exact



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

geographical areas in which broadcasts will be received and used.

Nevertheless, the EBU expects to get definite advantages from the satellite system when it is available. Its present Eurovision operations will be simplified, and the network itself will be extended to Iceland, Greece, Turkey, the Middle East, and Africa. An eventual financial saving is also expected.

Meanwhile, the question to be decided is whether to use the Intelsat system, or a European system known as the CETS-C project, or even a third one called the Symphonie satellite. The CETS-C satellite is not expected to get off the ground until sometime in 1976. Intelsat-IV will be in use in 1972, but a necessary modification of it will not be available until 1975. The Symphonie is expected to be launched in 1972.

Whichever satellite is selected by EBU, there remains the cost of getting it into global transmission, including the construction of earth stations in areas like Africa, where they do not now exist, and finally the critical problem of getting any satellite into the air without the help of America or Russia, presently the only countries able to launch one. The waiting line at the launching pad is already a long one, and it is certain to be longer as time goes on. And all this takes no account of the greatest difficulty of all—the decision as to what shall be transmitted from one nation to another, and how to regulate it in terms of conflicting interests.

To turn from these cosmic matters to the individual dilemmas of the Scandinavian countries may seem like a retreat to relative simplicity, but in these nations, far advanced in many ways, the fundamental universal struggles are merely reduced to a smaller scale. The Scandinavians are attacking these matters with courage and intelligence, and in at least one country—Finland—they are looking toward the future in a way which could well serve as a model for the giants of the world.

The money problem is expressed in its simplest form in Norway, with only one channel for its small and scattered population. In this proud and lovely country, which American tourists are just beginning to discover, the single channel is maintained by the government, but its operators cherish their independence, which is not fundamentally interfered with. The Norwegians plan to introduce color in 1970, but the costs are already causing anxiety. Meanwhile, the few hours of programing are divided between American imports and domestically produced drama, which is viewed dimly by Oslo intellectuals.

Norwegians who live near enough to the Swedish border can and do look at the programs produced by their rich neighbor, which presently has one channel but will have a second on December 1. Curiously, although the government controls both, they will be expected to compete with each other in programing, although neither is to be commercial. The present channel does color broadcasts, and so will the second when it goes on the air. "Living color" has more meaning in Sweden, because the 605-line transmission process provides a much more sharply defined picture. The Swedes, therefore, get better color television than technology-proud Americans, as far as picture quality is concerned. Otherwise, Stockholm intellectuals are at one with their Norwegian counterparts.

In Finland, a country whose neglect by tourists could hardly be more unjustified, the television situation is different. There the two channels, while both government controlled, are permitted to allot time to a private commercial organization known as OY Minos (that is, the Minos Company). Minos sells time to commercial sponsors and turns in a handsome profit. Fifty per cent of its programing is its own, and the remainder comes from the outside, chiefly from America and England.

In one sense, it is hard for Americans to understand the evident success of Minos, because the commercials are all put together in one program of their own, running perhaps as long as a half-hour, a practice horrifying to American advertisers who see in it an open invitation to viewers to turn off the set. Finns, apparently, do not do so, or at least the advertisers think they don't, because commercial television is an unquestioned success, and the advertisers themselves seem happy enough.

The Finnish Broadcasting Company is not content with this situation, however. Its young director of research, Kaarle Nordenstreng, is presently involved with a remarkable long-range planning program. Nordenstreng is a

product of the new Finland; part of his university training in communications research was obtained in the United States, and his chic blonde wife is a writer for Finnish magazines. What he is doing for Finnish broadcasting is to question the reasons for its continued existence, and to devise a long-range program that will shape it in the direction of being a full public service. In brief, the Finns are beginning to carry out in a serious way the kind of reform only being argued about in America.

Long-range planning and research in the Finnish Broadcasting Company has its own motto: "Investigate first, blame later." It is embodied in a task force, created in 1966 by the company's board of directors, whose first assignment was to define the duties and aims of broadcasting in Finland. The group's conclusion, in sum, was that radio and television ought to be "a live, active factor in society, consciously encouraging discussion."

Nordenstreng elaborates this by declaring that the company's future intent will be to provide Finns with "a window on the world." He and his fellow planners divide broadcasting in the usual way as information, entertainment, and education, but they do not regard these categories as either opposites or mutually exclusive. If the main accent in a program lies on one of these aspects, thay say, the other two factors need not be ignored.

How this is going to be accomplished remains to be worked out. The goals are high enough: a program policy related to social progress; an ethical rather than an ideological attitude toward broadcasting; an acknowledgment of conflicts and a free exchange of opinions on the air; and as great an independence from governmental control as possible.

Progress and change will be least difficult in the area of news and public events, and it is this kind of programing that the long-range planners will work on first. The real problems will come with revising entertainment programs. Even if the audience research, which Nordenstreng's department is constantly carrying out, discloses that the viewer's taste is deplorably low by the planners' high-minded standards, there is the suggestion that the audience will slowly and subtly be given what is good for it. There remains, too, the question of what effect new programing policies might have on the present lucrative position of Minos.

American reformers of television, both would-be and actual, might do well to keep an eye on what happens in Finland and its broadcasting system. It could be a painless way to learn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gospel According to Blackman

Sam Blackman of the AP: " . . . newspapers are writing for a new generation."

by SAMUEL G. BLACKMAN

There is one cardinal principle in the newspaper business that I have seen violated more often than any other in my forty-two years as a newspaperman: A newspaperman reports as a fact what he knows to be a fact; if he doesn't know, he quotes his sources. Ignoring this principle, which means the writer *assumes* something to be true and writes without attribution, often brings grief to the reporter and the newspaper. The cumulative effect of its violation—a drip, drip reaction—is to lessen the public's faith in the press.

"Who said so?" is one of the first questions invariably fired by an AP editor to the new reporter. The lesson, I regret to say, doesn't always stick. Often, of course, it does.

When President Kennedy was shot in Dallas, the first word to the AP came by telephone from James W. Altgens, a Wirephoto operator-photographer known to the staff as "Ike."

"The President has been shot," he yelled to Bob Johnson, the Dallas chief of bureau.

"Ike, how do you know?"

"I saw it. There was blood on his face. Mrs. Kennedy jumped up and grabbed him and cried 'Oh, no!' The motorcade raced onto the freeway."

With the phone cradled to his ear, Johnson wrote:

> Bulletin: Dallas, Nov. 22 (AP)—President Kennedy was shot today, just as his motorcade left downtown Dallas. Mrs. Kennedy jumped up and grabbed Mr. Kennedy. She cried "Oh, no!" The motorcade sped on.

And then there is this extreme: Robert Okin, an Associated Press newsman, watched the German dirigible *Hindenburg* ease down for a landing at the Lakehurst, New Jersey, Naval Air Station in the twilight of May 6, 1937. There was a bright flash. The giant airship, nearing the end of its flight from Germany, went up in flames. Okin rushed to his Morse wire to send a flash to the Newark AP office. He later told this story: "As I ran to the wire, the horrible thought came over me, 'Who do I quote?' Then I said to myself, 'You damn fool. You don't have to quote anyone. You saw it happen.'"

The reporter who *assumes* something to be true should never forget that even his own government at times has misled him. The U.S. government lied when it said the U-2 spy plane shot down over the Soviet Union was on a "weather mission"; it manipulated information about American involvement in the invasion of Cuba and the Dominican Republic; and its misinformation on the progress of the war in Vietnam has been monumental.

There is nothing new, of course, in the government's attempts to manipulate the news. Kent Cooper, long-time general manager of the Associated Press, relates in his autobiography that President Hoover, in January 1933, told him he was trying "to keep open 4,000 banks that tragically are faced with closing at any hour—even today." Cooper says that Hoover asked him not to permit AP men to report speeches of alarmist Congressmen who, even though Roosevelt had been elected two months earlier, were still "carrying on their political attacks in the halls of Congress on my Administration while the country's economic fate hangs in the balance." Cooper refused to do so and relates that he said nothing to the Washington staff about the President's request.

Criticism of the press mounts with the emotion-packed issues of the times. War in Vietnam, unrest in the ghetto, revolt on the campus, ferment in the church align faction against faction today. Many newspaper readers do not understand objectivity, however objective the press may be in presenting the facts and the issues. This goes for partisans on both sides of any issue—if what they read seems to favor their side, they think it is objective; if they don't like it, they take out their venom on the press.

Red Barber, who for a long time was the voice of the Yankees, once said the late Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball commissioner, laid down a good example of how to be objective: "He told us that if some player who didn't like him, walked up to his box and spit tobacco juice in his face, we were not to feel sorry for the judge but to report it. He told us to tell how accurate the spitting was and how much hit the target. And we were to report his reaction but not to offer an opinion."

Objectivity is as diverse as the views of the parson, the geologist, and the cowboy seeing the Grand Canyon for the first time.

"One of the wonders of God," said the parson.

"One of the wonders of science," said the geologist.

"What a hell of a place to raise a cow," said the cowboy.

Some of the criticism of the press could be avoided if newspapers helped the reader distinguish between the straight news dispatch and the interpretative or analytical article. The latter should be designated a "News Analysis" to set it apart from the broad stream of spot news.

Seldom has the press been criticized as it was in the 1964 Presidential campaign. Former President Eisenhower was cheered at the Republican convention when he referred to "sensation-seeking" columnists and commentators. Yet, when the campaign was over, Barry Goldwater, the defeated Republican candidate, said "the working press" covered his campaign fairly. He wrote in one of his newspaper columns: "Some of the misunderstanding about the press handling of campaigns, I am convinced, arose from the tendency of many readers to confuse news stories with editorials and reporters with columnists."

Incidentally, the 1968 Presidential campaign was the first that I can recall in which a charge of misquotation wasn't leveled against the AP by one

---

SAMUEL G. BLACKMAN, general news editor of the Associated Press since December 1958, will retire this November having reached the age of sixty-five.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or the other of the party candidates. Perhaps this was because of the extensive use of tape recorders. The fact that a candidate knows he is being taped may be a factor that makes him think twice before charging misquotation. We used tape recorders extensively for the first time in the 1964 campaign. When I told a meeting of New England AP editors that we planned to do so, Kevin White, then secretary of state in Massachusetts and now mayor of Boston, jokingly commented: "If the AP is going to bring tape recorders into Massachusetts, this is going to be a silent campaign."

In preparation for a lecture recently at the University of Connecticut, I asked some colleagues their opinion of journalism in the Thirties and journalism today. Lee Hills, publisher of the Detroit *Free Press* and president of the Knight Newspapers, said, "With a bow to the great newspapermen of the 1930s, our newspaper journalism of today is much better, thanks to the trails they blazed. One reason is that there is more to cover—outer space, heart transplants, the moral and sexual revolutions including the pill, the revolts of youth and the clergy. Another reason is that educated readers—and they are far more educated than ever before—demand this kind of coverage. We are doing this with better writing, and better presentation of words and pictures. In any period of newspaper history there always have been some great newspaper writers, photographers, and editors, the difference today is that our *average* performance is so much higher."

I agree with Lee Hills, but I must add quickly that there is no unanimity on this. Norman E. Isaacs, vice president and executive editor of the *Courier-Journal* and Louisville *Times* and newly elected president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, is never sparing in his criticism of today's journalism.

If newspapering today is not better than it was in the Thirties—and I say it is—then newspapers are in deep trouble, for newspapers are writing for a new generation. It's a generation impatient with old standards. It's a cool generation, politically skeptical, and a questioner of the Establishment. Newspaper readers are not only better educated than newspaper readers of yesterday but they are more affluent, better traveled, and more sophisticated. Their interests are wider. New methods in education and the cultural pursuits interest them even as crises overlap in multiples at home and abroad. This audience is not disposed to accept spoon-fed opinions from government or anyone else. It demands authenticity above all and looks with cynicism on any attempt to twist facts to ulterior purposes. It demands specifics, not generalizations. This is an excellent audience for newspapers provided they gauge its temper correctly and employ the techniques to meet its sophisticated requirements.

No longer can newspapers be content to report just the surface events of the day—the accidents that befall us on land, sea, and air; the debates in legislative halls; the rulings of courts of law; or statistics on capital spending and employment. Newspapers must relate these to their readers and their daily lives. They must report and explain the myriad changes that occur in the makeup of societies everywhere in the world.

Lester Markel of *The New York Times* has said, "In these days of complex events, facts without a statement of the meaning of the facts are almost meaningless."

The once wide world has become smaller, but far more complicated. A college professor once observed that "undoubtedly Adam told Eve as they were leaving the Garden of Eden that 'this is a period of social change.'" Adam was so right. Our garden is a world filled with dangers, made more so by the proliferation of nuclear weapons. New discoveries in space, medicine, communications, transportation, and in countless other areas dazzle mankind. The complexity of the world demands that newspapers do more backgrounding, interpreting, and explaining than ever before—in other words, putting flesh on the bare bones of the news.

In experimenting on an expanded approach to the news—the news analysis in one such approach—newspapers must not be afraid to make innovations, even though they make some mistakes. Thomas Edison was once asked why he kept trying to make a new type of battery when he had failed often. He replied: "Failure? I have no failures. Now I know 50,000 ways it won't work."

For the past two years the Associated Press has been making a major innovation in news coverage that would have been unthinkable when I joined the AP in 1931. This is investigative reporting. Wes Gallagher, general manager of the AP, set up a special team of eleven newsmen in Washington, relieved them of all routine duties, and told them to dig, dig, and dig for information which does not surface on the usual Washington runs. This is information that has been suppressed or buried under half-truths and lies. This is not crusading that starts from a subjective point of view. Investigative reporting is objective; it starts with no preconceptions. A tip is a starting point, to be proved or disproved. It is not unusual for several AP reporters to spend days or weeks on a project and then discard it, because the facts didn't bear out the initial information.

Ray Stephens, who for two years directed the special assignment team and now is assistant bureau chief in Washington, says, "The best efforts of the world's most talented flacks cannot entirely cover up—at least not for long—the multitude of leads that point the way to a new and largely untapped dimension of news coverage, an area that has been rightfully labeled the

(*Continued on page* 52)

"Isn't there someone among us who knows why this meeting was called?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The In-Flight Magazine Explosion

by HERBERT J. TEISON

Like nature, the information explosion abhors a vacuum—even in the substratosphere. The thought of 250 million affluent air passengers happily traversing the skies each year—their minds conceivably unoccupied and their bodies captivated by plush-covered foam rubber—provides a powerful temptation that professional communicators have been unable to resist. The attraction of this rich, captive audience is lethal; the desire to tell them something or sell them something, overwhelming. And an army of editors, publicists, and advertising men have been yielding to it for more than three decades.

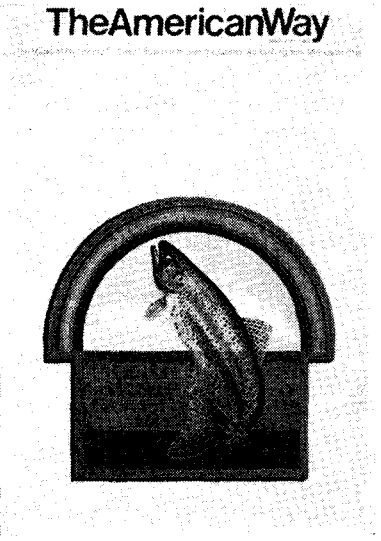
It started in the DC-3 days of the mid-'30s when Fred Henry, a publisher of aviation magazines, cast his eyes aloft and decided the unfortunate passengers on those nineteen-and-a-half-hour flights from New York to Los Angeles needed something to help pass the time. He published a special magazine for them. According to one of his former associates, his in-flight publication lasted about six months, mainly because advertisers couldn't see spending good money to reach "those damned idiots risking their necks flying from one place to another."

Thirty-four years and many costly failures later there are, at last count, ten U.S. in-flight publications distributed by twelve different airlines and another half-dozen overseas. (One U.S. magazine, *Flightime*, covers Pacific Southwest Airlines, Continental, and Aloha Airlines.) All but one of these publications were started in this decade. They have a total circulation per issue of more than 4,700,000 and their potential readership is equal to all the passengers carried by the sponsoring airlines. Advertisers spend millions of dollars each year to advertise in these magazines; "name" writers have begun to compete for by-lines in them. Featuring beautiful four-color printing on heavy-coated stock, effective artwork, and magnificent photos, these in-flight publications have one more thing in common: their reader, the ubiquitous air passenger.

According to a compendium of surveys done by Pan Am, TWA, and American (the conclusions of which vary little), the airlines' customer is a professional man or male business executive, a college graduate in his early forties. He is married and traveling on business (alone). He earns annually $17,000 to $23,000, has two or three credit cards, and (according to American Airlines) buys five times as many suits as the average citizen.

This man, in short, is a great target

Journalism on the Airlines

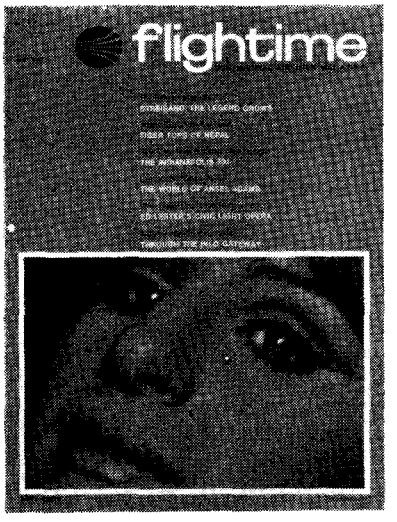


American

Pan American

Braniff

United



Continental

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for advertisers. And these advertisers spend an estimated $3.75-million a year in U.S. in-flight magazines alone to sell him car rentals, flights on other airlines, future flights on the same airline, flight bags, more credit cards, dining and hotel facilities, new business franchises, ruanas from Colombia, and ski masks from Peru, but, surprisingly, no additional suits.

Says Joe Paulson, advertising sales director of TWA's *Ambassador*, "There's no other way to reach all air travelers, since only a percentage of the readership of any earthbound magazine flies. Talk about captive audiences—we have them strapped down!"

The task of the editors of in-flight magazines is tough. According to one, "Our job is to lure the passenger away from the stereo-music headset, away from his newspaper or magazine, and even away from cloud gazing."

Unfortunately, at least among the U.S. in-flight magazines, the solution to this problem appears to be remarkably similar. For example, the spring issues of the ten U.S. in-flight publications told as much as one might want to know about Florida: "The Everglades: Nature's Playground," "Florida the Magnificent," "Florida's Latin Loaf," "Hemingway's Key West Home," "The Carefree Keys," "A Florida Key, President Nixon, and Me," and "Moonport (Cape Kennedy) U.S.A."

New York came in for attention with: "Sunday is for Biking in Little Old New York," "Olympus of the Atlantic . . . New York," "Up in Central Park," "New York's Big Back Yard," and "Madison Square Garden in the Round." Other cities were not neglected with fun titles such as "It's a New Old New Orleans," "What's New in Old San Juan," "The Cosmopolite Dines in Chicago," "Philadelphia Loves a Parade," "Los Angeles: the Facts," and "Dynamic & Forceful: Dallas & Fort Worth." There was one article on TWA flights called "The Indy 500," and one on PSA called "The Indianapolis 500."

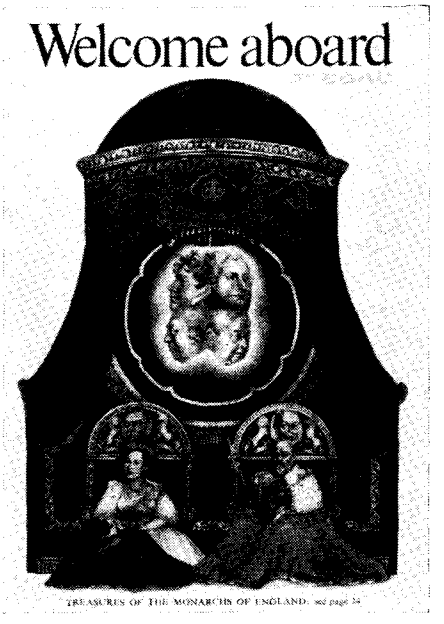
These stories were surrounded by features on sports, fashion, and business along with a variety of games, puzzles, and some general interest articles, all interchangeable from one magazine to another. And the illustrations—dramatic color photos and bright, up-beat artwork—were also interchangeable.

This repetition of theme and interchangeability of content clearly indicate the in-flight editor's primary problem. It has been stated by James Parton, president of the American Heritage Publishing Company: "The basic weakness of airline publications is that, unlike newsstand magazines, they start with the audience and then look for what will please it."

The in-flight editor, faced with a ready-made readership composed of a variety of tastes, attempts to satisfy them all and looks for the lowest common denominator. He often ends up with a product that has all the technical perfection and deadening sameness that characterize many top-rated television shows.

In addition, in-flight magazines are subsidized by the airlines for their public relations value. It is not unexpected that the magazines reciprocate this favor by promoting the lines' destinations and giving information about the activities of the company. This, too, saps editorial vitality.

But despite these editorial limitations, a survey of readership by Pan Am showed that 81 per cent of its passengers see the *Clipper*, and 40 per cent



BOAC

take it off the plane. American says 80 per cent read *The American Way*, 20 per cent take it home.

An informal survey by this writer among frequent business fliers indicated that not one would say he reads the in-flight magazines. But after careful questioning, each owned up to looking through them. For example, Mr. F. D. Kalosky, a New York corporation lawyer, was "too busy with other things" to pay attention to the magazine in the seat pocket; but added, "I generally go through it after we are instructed to fasten our seat belts for landing." Marvin Saffian, an investment analyst, suggested that they are "a waste of good coated stock, but I read them because I read everything." A New York publisher, who preferred not to be identified, said he "finds the safety instruction card [also in the seat pockets on most aircraft] to be more interesting." However, he reads the in-flights "for competitive reasons."

American, Pan Am, TWA, and United will be cooperating in a Simmons research study later this year to determine more closely what the actual readership of their publications is. The advertising people on the in-flight books are looking forward to the study, since they hope it will give them a more solid peg upon which to hang their advertising presentations.

Another approach to greater advertising acceptability (and also, perhaps, increased reader interest) would be through giving each publication a distinct editorial personality. To some extent each of the in-flight magazines tries to do this. *The American Way*, for example, plays down travel articles, per se, says executive publisher Juan Homs, Jr. It also regularly pays writers a generous (for this type of book) $400 to $600 for quality general interest articles, and up to $500 per story for graphics. It is going in heavily for art illustrations rather than photography, "because," Mr. Homs explains, "people are tired of constantly seeing literal pictures on TV and in other magazines."

Eastern Airlines has come out with the first edition of *Smile*, which also tries to differentiate itself. It carries no regular advertising. It is odd-sized (the other U.S. publications are exactly the same size for an easy interchangeability of advertising), and puts heavy emphasis on drollery, e.g., "How to Dismount from an Elephant."

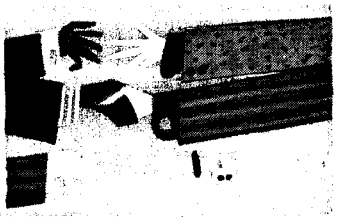
Perhaps the greatest departure has been made by two of the European in-flight magazines: the *Scandinavian Times* (SAS) and the *Holland Herald* (KLM). Both these publications are patterned on a newsweekly format. The editorials concern only what is happening in their respective areas. In this way they can give hard, factual information to their readers in a seemingly non-promotional, non-patronizing way. Aside from such sections as "People," "Travel and Tourism," and "Business and the Economy," both publications carry "Marketing Services," which publishes classified-type ads free. In the April issue of the *Scandinavian Times* there was an ad for U.S. snowmobiles to be sold in Scandinavia, Danish plastic baby pants to be sold in the U.S., and ladies' topless ocean-racing clothes (with accompanying photo) to be sold everywhere. The *Holland Herald* has a similar section, but features a somewhat more prosaic type of merchandise.

Sabena's *Revue* is also quite different. It is, in effect, a beautifully bound 120-page photo salon with short captions in four languages. It comes out

(*Continued on page* 51)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Public Relations



Survival Lessons

It is the rare public relations agency that survives the death of its founder. One reason for this, of course, is that the founder of an agency is usually the business-getter who develops so close a relationship with a client that he has little confidence in anyone else in the firm. Another reason is vanity. The head of an agency really begins to believe, and subconsciously transmits his belief to the client, that there is only one man in the agency who has the brains, the judgment, and the skill to service the account.

Today, there are only four good-sized firms in the country still in business five years after the death of the founder. They are T. J. Ross & Associates, which dates back to 1905; Carl Byoir & Associates, founded in 1930; Harshe-Rotman & Druck, established in 1931; and Newmyer Associates, set up in 1943.

The problem of agency survival worries some of the bigger and better-established firms today as their heads near retirement, because the man who has been responsible for the growth of each agency just cannot free himself to face the day when he will no longer manage the firm and direct all its policies. Thus, the younger men in the agencies become restless as they see little future for them in what is essentially an unstable business.

It is then worth a look at one of the largest agencies whose founder is still active and who has carefully planned the institutionalizing of his firm so that when the time comes for him to retire he can be assured that what he spent his life building will not fall apart. In this way the founder is establishing a memorial to himself and, at the same time, is offering a number of lessons for those who simply do not know how to divest themselves of responsibility piece by piece, while making certain that able men develop the capacity for running the agency.

In 1927 John W. Hill, founder of Hill and Knowlton, Inc., opened his first office in Cleveland, Ohio. A former editor of a trade magazine, Hill wrote a weekly syndicated business column for Newspaper Enterprise Association, and he saw the corporations' need for help in their press relations. His first client was the Union Trust Company of Cleveland, then the largest bank between New York and Chicago. The chairman of the bank, John Sherwin, Sr., persuaded other firms to retain Hill. Such was the beginning of what is today one of the biggest agencies.

Forty-two years later, Hill and Knowlton is based in New York, with regional offices in Washington and Los Angeles, and affiliates in Chicago and San Francisco. Overseas the firm has eight wholly-owned subsidiaries: seven in Europe and one in Tokyo. Its European headquarters are in Geneva with offices in London, Paris, Brussels, Frankfurt, Milan, Rome, and Madrid. The agency's billings are roughly $7-million. Of nearly 300 employees, 124 make up the account staff, including twenty-one overseas. Six employees have been with the firm for more than twenty years, fifteen for more than fifteen years, fourteen for more than ten years, and an additional fifteen for more than five years.

As is always the case with public relations agencies, clients come and go for a variety of reasons. But Hill and Knowlton has had as clients the American Iron and Steel Institute for thirty-six years, Avco Corporation for thirty years, Owens-Illinois and Cities Service for more than twenty years. Procter & Gamble, Gillette, Licensed Beverages Industries, and the American Institute of Steel Construction have been clients for more than fifteen years. And for more than ten years El Paso Natural Gas, Newsprint Information Committee, Marathon Oil, and the Savings Banks Association of New York State have retained the agency.

It was in the early Forties that John Hill reached three conclusions which changed the direction of his business: management would eventually recognize that public relations was as essential to successful operation of a corporation as any other business element; that it would demand a wider variety of services, far broader than press relations; that to do the job effectively would require a far stronger and larger organization built in depth. He further concluded that to do this would necessitate the kind of structure that would make a shop dominated by one man obsolete.

So Mr. Hill set out to build a strong group of highly competent executives who could work in harness, and to develop the firm's internal structure so that a group could run Hill and Knowlton instead of an individual. He was certain that in this way he could obtain continuity and effective long-term growth, as well as an organization that could run without him.

In 1946, having surrounded himself with what he considered the right men, Hill dissolved the partnership and incorporated his firm. For nineteen years he had been virtually the sole business-getter; he consequently shifted some of the burden of new business to others. In 1953, he decided to develop an international business which once again meant adding other strong men to his staff.

Then in 1966, Hill made additional major changes. Bert C. Gross was made chairman and chief executive of Hill and Knowlton; Richard W. Darrow was made president; three executive vice presidents were appointed — James J. Cassidy, William A. Durbin, and John H. O'Connell. Hill himself took the post of chairman of the policy committee. He also reduced his majority holdings to a minority share by selling stock to the firm's treasury. To further stabilize the firm and assure continuity he reorganized the profit-sharing plan which had been started in 1953. Under this plan $6-million has been set aside for employees out of profits. The amount for each employee equals 15 per cent of his annual salary. Also set up was the John Hill Foundation under which children of the agency's employees would be provided with college scholarships.

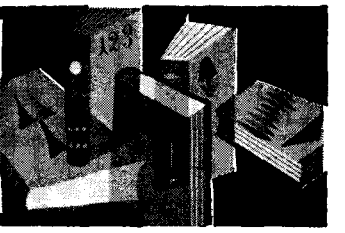
John Hill is now seventy-eight years old. He is still active in all aspects of the business he built. He knows it can, and does, run without him; on occasion he goes abroad for extended periods with the assurance that nothing will fall apart because of his absence. If any firm can be certain of its survival without its founder, it is Hill and Knowlton.

The lessons here for other public relations heads who are afraid to let go are many. As the public relations business matures, and as more and more individuals who have been successful realize that all competence does not reside in them alone, more firms will survive. In the future, clients will be looking for stability based on a wide variety of talents rather than on one man's capacity. And in the evolution of the agency Mr. Hill's acts in developing an institution rather than a one-man band will mark him as a pioneer.

—L. L. L. Golden.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Communications



No More Chance Encounters

At the age of ninety, Winston Churchill, in a chance encounter with a camera crew outside his home in Hyde Park Gate, gave the only interview in his lifetime that was specifically for television. All through his active years, until he resigned the Conservative leadership in 1955, he never talked just for the cameras. A decade later, another Prime Minister, Harold Wilson, granted eleven successive interviews at the end of a Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference to satisfy competing broadcast interests. Wilson became a TV sophisticate who knew enough to wait before speaking until the cameras had warmed up. On command, he would stroll casually across the lawn behind No. 10 Downing Street, make a turn, and come to a halt perfectly on location X. He knew his interviewers by name. He listened for the key phrases in their questions and had answers crisply ready.

In his White House bedroom, President Johnson monitored three television sets, each tuned to a different network, and studied not so much the content of news programs as the form of commentators. He regarded their rise and fall, checked to see if absence from the screen meant vacation or network disfavor, and mentally rearranged the order in which he would give preference to working reporters.

In the last decade, politicians have become acutely sensitive to the needs of the medium and to the ways it can influence the electorate. It is the particular virtue of John Whale's *The Half-Shut Eye* (St. Martin's Press, $6.95) that it compares the surge of television's influence on politics in both Great Britain and the United States. Whale, who is British, served the Independent Television Network in London and in Washington, and covered the 1968 elections. He is now on the political staff of the *Sunday Times* in a position of safe objectivity. While fair and dispassionate, he is not overly impressed with the power of television in either country to convey to the voter more than the crude outlines of political problems and policies. In Britain, the camera is a recent intruder at the party conference (live coverage dates from 1962). In the United States, television has encouraged, and distorted, the participatory democracy of civil protest and demonstration. In an interview program in Britain, the TV interrogator handles statesmen roughly. The American tradition of panels of reporters, Whale points out, makes life easier on the politician (more program time spent questioning, less on answering). The British reporter likes to put across his own viewpoint while questioning politicians on theirs, and rarely fails to do so.

Congress, a number of whose members hold ownership interest in broadcasting companies, is regarded by Whale as overly sensitive to broadcasting pressures. In England, where this is less true, the government in power tends to be favored. The pressure is on TV to seem fair; reporters try to balance one-sided arguments in favor of a government under attack. In both countries, executive "persuasion" can be strong. Johnson often attacked directly, Whale says, by rebuking commentators and reporters to their faces, or by picking up the phone to their superiors. The BBC once went to considerable expense to outfit a Liverpool-to-London train, on which Prime Minister Wilson was traveling, with facilities for the first live television transmission aboard a moving train. But in the last election Mr. Wilson had not been pleased with BBC coverage, and when the technicians came back to his car to tell him all was ready, he demurred, and gave a taped interview instead to the rival ITV. BBC got the point.

Obviously limited already by its great need to tell the story through pictures (television loves journeys), television can't venture where it is not invited. Television isn't welcome where decisions are made—not in Parliament, not in Congress, not in the Cabinet rooms of Downing Street or Pennsylvania Avenue. Newspapers find it much easier to reconstruct events after they happen. When television attempts to reconstruct an event, the result has the hollowness of a still picture with the subject missing. Senate committees hold notable televised hearings for witnesses, but the cameras are banished when a committee begins to deliberate.

British TV lacks the power to editorialize allowed American broadcasters but little exercised, and we, of course, permit political advertising while the British do not. The meanness and crass appeal of some spot political advertising devised by Madison Avenue sloganeers Whale appears to regard as a demeaning part of American politics.

For all its limitations, television has become the chief source of information for the electorate. They are not so much wrongly informed, Whale concludes, as inadequately informed.

The Fit of the News: Any newspaper that deliberately promotes its own infallibility with such slogans as "All the News That's Fit to Print" and "You don't have to read it all, but it's nice to know it's all there" invites skepticism. From *Times* to *Times*, the claims deserve to be rigorously tested. Especially now that the paper has the town to itself, and there is no longer a New York *Herald Tribune* to offer another path to righteousness. I was therefore delighted to pick up a book with the title *All the News That Fits* by Herman H. Dinsmore (Arlington House, $7) that promised "a critical analysis of the news and editorial content" of *The New York Times*. Here, surely, was a fitting companion to Gay Talese's *The Kingdom and the Power*. Talese examined *The Times* in terms of power, personality, and process. Now Dinsmore has come along to handle cause, content, and coloration. Like Talese, Dinsmore is an ex-*Times* man. Together, the two books should give the inside story of the iniquitous influence of *The Times* on our lives.

Dinsmore's book in these terms is a sad disappointment. Rather than fulfilling its promise, it wanders about discussing the wrongheadedness of our attitudes toward Communism, the balance of power in the postwar world, the East European peoples, Castro, Lee Harvey Oswald, Korea, and Vietnam. Great sections of the book are italicized reprints, whole pages are enclosed within quotations, but *The Times* is not well represented in this material at all. The book is really about the content and coloration of Mr. Dinsmore's political thinking with illustrations from periodicals, and with side references to *The Times* as being among those who "appease" the Soviets rather than "stand up to them," and as taking "a negative and carping approach" to our Vietnam policy that was "entirely unhelpful" to the United States. There is much woolly criticism, such as "*The Times* policy has precluded the presentation of news that might have seemed calculated to bring about a victorious conclusion of the conflict."

But you don't have to read Dinsmore at all. —STUART W. LITTLE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In-Flight Magazines

Continued from page 48

twice a year. Swissair's *Gazette* comes out twice a month in newspaper form, and is a factual travelogue in three languages.

Each of the in-flight publications is produced under contract with an outside publishing house except Pan Am's *Clipper* and Eastern's *Smile*. (The *Clipper* is the most complicated publishing project of all because there are four separate geographic editions and a total print order of 1,125,000 monthly.) The arrangement generally is for the publishing house to contract with the airline to provide finished copies at so much per copy. The publishing house then goes out and sells the advertising, and either keeps this revenue or a percentage of it depending on the arrangement.

Because of the elaborate quality of the printing, paper, and reproduction, and because the ratio of advertising to editorial is deliberately kept low, none of the airlines expects to make a direct profit on its in-flight magazine. The most optimistic view comes from American Airlines; they hope to break even in 1972 with twenty-eight pages of advertising in a sixty-eight-page magazine—$1-million in and $1-million out. The *Clipper*, even with a black-and-white page rate of $5,250, costs Pan Am somewhere in the neighborhood of $200,000 per year. According to one of their officials, they don't feel an in-flight magazine should ever make money.

The difference between income and outgo is made up in the public relations values which the airlines feel they derive from having their own publications. As one airlines promotion man put it, "It is our number one sales-promotion vehicle. How else can we so effectively get to the people who are most important to the airline, namely, our cash customers?" Another suggested that the in-flight magazine "did a lot for cabin atmosphere." He also said, "It represents a real saving to us since our in-flight book has all the route maps and various pieces of flight information bound in. The stewardess now has to check each pocket for only one piece instead of three or four."

The most avid endorsement comes from Hans Rathje of Lufthansa public relations, which ironically has temporarily abandoned its publication because of the prohibitive costs. "*Lufthansa Revue* was a tremendous public relations tool," said Mr. Rathje. "It was received throughout the world with great enthusiasm and even sold on German newsstands for 50 cents a copy."

But in-flight publishing has not always been thought of as a nonprofit, publishing-house-contract-type operation. On at least two occasions there have been publishers who have attempted to tie the airlines together with a publishing network that would provide a syndicated magazine customized to their needs. The most notable attempt occurred in 1965. It was in that year American Heritage lined up twenty-four of the twenty-seven U.S. carriers. They had everyone except American, United, and TWA, but this still gave them 74 per cent of the air-seat miles in this country. They were to publish and distribute to the airlines a magazine called *Sky*. As James Parton, president of American Heritage, said at the time, "Seventy-five per cent of the travelers on domestic airlines are business executives, and we intend to publish material to appeal to this executive audience."

The only problem was money. On D-day, according to Mr. Parton, "We were on press with the issue. Twenty-two pages of advertising worth $200,000. For our next month we had eight pages, and for the third month, nothing. I decided at that point to fold the magazine and cut our losses."

The uncut portion of the losses came to $1-million. It was written off in fiscal 1965 and gave American Heritage its first losing year since 1957. It could possibly—had they decided not to discontinue—have put the company out of business.

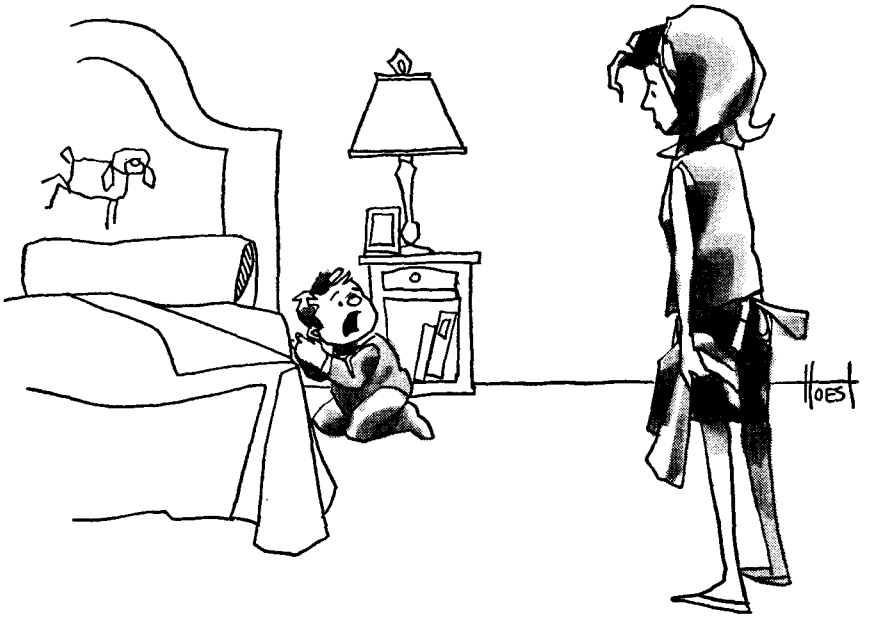
The other venture had a slightly longer life. *Ici* came out in 1967 and was a bilingual digest-sized monthly

that was put aboard all flights leaving European capitals bound for New York. It was essentially a guidebook for foreign visitors: reviews of shows, locations of all-night drugstores, restaurants, occultists, and other helpful information such as "Don't leave your shoes outside your door; they won't get polished, they'll get stolen."

The franchises collapsed after six months because of pressure from the foreign carriers that wanted to do their own guidebooks. Undoubtedly *Sky* and *Ici* stimulated the rash of new in-flight magazines on the scene today. More will probably follow. And if the airlines restrain themselves from overexploiting the in-flights for promotional purposes, and if the in-flight editors begin to take seriously the demographics which clearly indicate the sophistication of their most frequent readers, the in-flight magazines may end up being more than just PR tools.

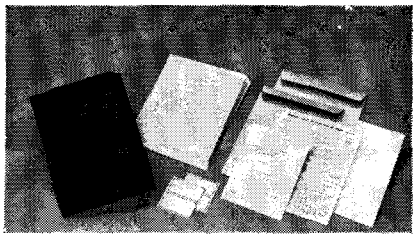
Photo Credits

Page 12: Sion Samuel, Photo Trends; Page 14: United Nations; Page 15: (left) Edward Rice, Photo Trends; (right) United Nations; Page 16: (top) Edward Rice, Photo Trends; (bottom) United Nations; Page 24: Bettmann Archive, Inc.; Page 28: courtesy Harper & Row; Page 30: courtesy Random House; Page 37: courtesy Norwegian National Travel Office; Page 39: (top) Tass, Sovfoto; (bottom) Novosti, Sovfoto; Page 43: Wide World Photos; Page 45: courtesy Associated Press.



"I'm transmitting, but how do I know He's receiving?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How to sell an editor even before he reads your manuscript . . .

Get that manuscript on his desk in perfect form. Use the WCS Short MS. Kit which gives you everything you need to prepare and submit your next piece (up to 7000 words) in the format editors like best. Includes:

- 25 preassembled Craftsets, quality original and 2 copies with light guidelines for correct margins, automatic word counts, fast handling and correction ease.
- Protective Script Folder for many mailings.
- 4 manuscript labels for easy addressing.
- 2 Script Mailers for safe travel.
- Chipboard backer to guard against bending.
- **Plus introductory double bonus — free systems aids.** (1) Our manual, "How to Prepare Your Manuscript for Publication"; (2) Our exclusive Postal Chart.

Writers Craft Systems, SR89
Box 247, Narberth, Pa. 19072

Send me your introductory Short MS. Kit. Enclosed $3.50 (check or m.o.). If not completely satisfied, I may return the unused portion of the kit and receive a prompt refund. In any case, the systems aids are mine to keep.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State____ Zip_____

(Pa. Residents, add 6% sales tax)

Blackman

Continued from page 46

submerged dimension. One reason for this is that all governments function on paper, bales of paper, warehouses full of records, files, reports, and documents. No matter how hard some official tries to hide evidence of boondoggling, political favoritism, or theft, sooner or later some innocuous clerk is going to put a little piece of that evidence on the record, in triplicate."

Some noteworthy efforts of the special assignment team included: the first comprehensive assessment from any source of the government's massive public relations industry; disclosure of a private report from a U.S. adviser in Vietnam of corruption there —a report kept secret for months by the government although it contained no classified information; a series of stories disclosing considerable administrative bungling and delays in procurement of the M-16 rifle, including disclosure of a contract award at a price $20-million above the low bid (legislation tightening up certain procurement methods followed these disclosures); a series examining the weaknesses in the Pentagon's procurement policies generally; disclosure that the Small Business Administration gave a member of the Democratic Central Committee in Alaska a $894,000 loan to repair damages to his motel that totaled only $200,000; disclosure that abuses by doctors, dentists, druggists, and nursing homes are milking up to $40-million a year from Medicaid.

This spring, the Washington investigating team was awarded the Worth Bingham Prize in Journalism, the citation for which noted "a steady stream of reports spotlighting corruption, waste, bureaucratic bungling, and other governmental practices ill-serving the public interest."

This is the era of the specialist. In the past few years, the Associated Press has been building a corps that provides specialized coverage in the fields of science, education, religion, racial news, agriculture, urban affairs, business and finance, diplomacy, and entertainment. Specialists must be men and women so secure in the knowledge of their fields that they can write with authority. One old-fashioned necessity will never change—news sense.

This scientific revolutionary age has made the newspaper profession more exciting than ever. General David Sarnoff, long chairman of the Radio Corporation of America, has said that science and technology will advance more in the next thirty years than in all the millenniums since man's creation.

The late Bernard Kilgore, who made the *Wall Street Journal* into one of the nation's outstanding newspapers, once said, "The newspaper editor of tomorrow will be an egghead. The newspaper of the future must become an instrument of education leadership, an instrument of intellectual development—a center of learning."

I envy those who are about to become newspapermen and newspaperwomen. I wish I were twenty-one. For to quote General Sarnoff again: "The best is yet to be."

Looks like the exposure problem has finally been licked.

Credit the new Nikkormat FTN "self-compensating" meter system.

Works this way. About 60% of its sensitivity is concentrated in the center of the viewfinder screen, diminishing rapidly toward the edges. Brightness differences between subject and background have little or no effect on meter response.

Hence, consistently accurate exposures—even with back-lighting, brilliant beach or snow scenes, etc.

Same "center-weighted" metering principle as used in the famous Nikon Photomic TN thru-the-lens system.

See the new FTN at your Nikon dealer. Under $270 with 50mm Auto-Nikkor f2 lens. Or write. Nikon Inc., Garden City, New York 11530.

A subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 27: aside, aides, ideas.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Graves, *I, Claudius.* 2. Golding, *Lord of the Flies.* 3. Joyce, *Portrait of the Artist.* 4. Wells, *Invisible Man.* 5. Stevenson, *Treasure Island.* 6. Salinger, *Catcher in the Rye.* 7. Orwell, *1984.* 8. Lewis, *Babbitt.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Years of Decay

Continued from page 25

men who hold office by its investment. This was, frankly, what 1968 was all about.

Witness: "Men who had once sat around the table with JFK to outface the Russians in the Cuban missile crisis now, without credentials, darted about like lobbyists seeking a crevice of influence on decision . . . men who had never slept a night in an Asian village or learned a word of any Asian tongue, devoid of any learning in the realities of Asian power. . . ."—as if one should hold office or be a linguist in order to challenge a policy of his government.

Witness: White's reference to one of the two new movements in American politics—"a peace movement on the Left which believed that America had the capacity, all by itself, to sweet-talk the Communist world to peace." To whom is he referring? The "peace movement on the Left," if he means the radical movement, cared not a whit for sweet-talking anyone; it only wanted out, period. And the peace movement within the Democratic Party, led by George McGovern and others, never rested its case on sweet-talking the Communists; it wanted action, specifically a halt to the bombing.

Witness: His reference to Paul O'Dwyer as "one of the more meager political figures in the Empire State." Now Paul O'Dwyer does not have power in the conventional sense, in the way, say, of a Nelson Rockefeller, for whom White had so much respect. But in 1968 terms, as a symbol of principled resistance to the war on the state and local level, he was anything but a "meager political figure." Meager, perhaps, as the political élite measures power, but the rules, remember, had changed by 1968. On the one burning issue of the year no one in the State of New York, including its governor, could inspire the trust of the disaffected as did Paul O'Dwyer, Al Lowenstein excepted. In 1968 the presumption of people *without credentials* to challenge "the cause of America for half a century" became the true source of political power.

Which brings us to the young. With them White is now perceptive, now visceral. He skillfully describes the hypocrisies of the New Left, and he offers a new insight into the disaffection of the young that I had not heard before: the dwindling of opportunity for self-expression in independent careers ("Scores of thousands of students, for example, study international affairs; yet the State Department absorbs only 150 new Foreign Service Officers a year, and American industry only a few thousand overseas.")

But, surprisingly, White makes very little effort to relate the frustrations of the young to the war itself. The war underlies the book (the first chapter is entitled "Tet!—The Shadow on the Walls"); however, that hardly diminishes the need to explain exactly what the war has done to the aspirations, values, dreams, and mores of the generation that was asked to sacrifice for it. People do not put their head within reach of a policeman's nightstick simply because they cannot join the Foreign Service. As bizarre as some of their behavior has been, we have to look for the moral force behind it. Yet in his own major discussion of the students, White gives one paragraph to the draft (without mentioning Vietnam) and then, in the list of other grievances, inserts only this sentence: "Add again to this condition the menace of the Vietnam war never adequately explained to the young men who must fight." Even there is the implication that it is not the war itself that was the root of disaffection but the failure of people to understand it.

If the truth were known, I don't think Teddy White likes today's activist young. (Come to think of it, who really does?) He finds them arrogant, dirty, disruptive. And he tends to believe that their masses are manipulated at the mercy of calculating organizers. He has clearly crossed to the other side of the generation gap, or been pushed.

How did it happen? It happened because White stayed with the politicians long after the politicians ceased to matter. Thus, on the night of the main violence in Chicago, he watched from the window of his hotel, then walked "quite unimpeded and unchallenged by the swarming police" (the result, no doubt, of clean living!) across the street to join Hubert Humphrey in his suite. I recall seeing film clips of Humphrey viewing his own nomination on television—a few feet away stood Theodore White. They were there, but the action was somewhere else.

Let me not appear too unkind to a man whose work and integrity I admire, a man who has had more influence on modern political reporting than any of his contemporaries. I dwell on the failure of his book to transcend the divisions of America and to understand the full impact of the war on the young because it is the most immediate way to underline how so many of us have failed.

For Teddy White's dilemma is our dilemma, too. It is the dilemma of America in 1968 and now.

He is aghast at violence in the streets, but he supports the official use of violence in Vietnam; he may try, as the government tried, to rationalize that position, but the young will not buy. The gap widens.

He is aghast at hippy defecation in the old brownstones in his home town of Boston; the young find their senses fouled infinitely more by the war than by occasional human feces.

He recoils before "barbaric" riots; when, pray tell, have the majority of us recoiled before the barbaric conditions that breed riots?

And where, in all of this, is the margin for reconciliation?

Theodore White did not do badly in 1968. Nixon gave him first-class treatment and Humphrey embraced him as the kindred spirit he is. Everybody at the top seemed eager to share their confidences with the official campaign historian, and even last year's President got a sympathetic nod in this year's book.

But there is an irony in all of it. The closer Teddy White got to our leaders, the further away the country slipped from them. Johnson withdrew. Humphrey was defeated, and the people tried hard not to elect Nixon. And so White is left with this splendid story, not wholly true. For the story in 1968 was not in Nixon's campaign plane, Humphrey's hotel suite, or even Johnson's oval office. The story was among schemers in Lowenstein's apartment, blue-collar workers who listened to Wallace, and Oregon's new technocrats who gave a majority to McCarthy. The story was on campuses, in New Hampshire's snow, Chicago's streets, and in the living rooms of Americans who watched the evening report from Vietnam and silently shook their heads.

It is a shame, in a way, Theodore White told us what happened at the top, and he told it as no one else can. But the top was no longer that important. Teddy White is too honest and thoughtful not to sense this. Almost with regret he noted: "The fall of 1968 could, conceivably, be the last in which an election in America is best understood by trying to understand what the leaders sought to do and tell the people." He may have been one election too late.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Basic Research

Continued from page 18

able scientist is to allow him to work on what interests him.

2) Programs set up to make a specifically designed frontal attack on an assigned problem are seldom as effective as more broadly based approaches which, capitalizing on the existing interests, curiosities, and enthusiasms of scientists, deal with the issues that are basic to the problem in question.

3) It is not possible to foresee what will come out of basic research, except that one can be confident that if it is carried on by persons of outstanding ability and dedication, something potentially important will result.

4) For all these reasons, it is extremely unwise, in planning the strategy of a science program, to overemphasize applied research—research which seeks to solve specific assigned problems. The resources of methods and of ideas that make it possible to solve specific problems are characteristically developed in free or basic research, not in research dominated by an imposed mission.

5) No scientist should dedicate to a research project his knowledge and his scientific skills without facing the moral issue—if I am successful in this piece of research, is it reasonable to assume that society as a whole will be benefited? Admittedly, there will be many instances in which the moral judgment will be difficult to make, but, at the very least, the issue should be raised and honestly faced. To pretend that science is an amoral activity, having no concern with value, is a position which, in my judgment, has become wholly untenable for any person who has any competent understanding of science, or any sensitivity with respect to value.

Since there has developed recently—particularly in government circles—so much misguided emphasis on practical, applied, and mission-oriented research, all philanthropic foundations and educational institutions should, I believe, do all they can to counterbalance this tendency by heavily emphasizing the support of basic research. That need not prevent a foundation from making thoughtful and socially sensitive decisions as to the areas of basic research it will aid. Nor can it excuse the foundation from recognizing the further obligation of using every effort in the attempt to insure that the results of the basic research be utilized for the good of society as a whole.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.05 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.10 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.15 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.20 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue, NYC 10021, TRafalgar 9-9177.

RESEARCH, writing, translations expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box N-693.

RESEARCH, WRITING, SPEECHES for business, professional people. Researchers Associated. Box N-680.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR will write, rewrite, edit. Any subject, any media. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

BOOKS

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

SELLING SCHOLARLY LIBRARY (history-literature). Free catalogue. William Campbell, Murdock, Illinois 61941.

AMERICAN-BRITISH DICTIONARY and Helpful Hints to Travelers. Unique paperback, $2.95. De Funiak, 223 Trevethan Avenue, Santa Cruz, California 95060.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

UNIQUE GIFT for all occasions. Handsome antique or contemporary bookplates. Personal Imprints. Free Catalogue. Berliner-McGinnis, Box 5B, Nevada City, California 95959.

OUT-OF-PRINT

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

NAME THE BOOK. *We'll get it! Free search service.* CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

MINT COPY, first hardcover issue of American Heritage Magazine (December 1954) in original unopened carton! $100. Information, Box P-609.

CAN'T FIND THAT BOOK? Personal worldwide book search for hard to find books. Write M. C. Wilson, P.O. Box 25117, Los Angeles, California 90025.

ART

COLLECT ORIGINAL, SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists including Altman, Gross, Kleinholz, Doris Lee. From $15. Free catalogue with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022. *Our 35th year.*

RECORD MART

HISTORICAL REISSUES BY HELIODOR—Works conducted by DeSabata, Furtwaengler. Ask for catalogue containing many fine imports. BREMEN HOUSE, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 10028.

UNPOPULAR NON-CLUB offers LP immortalities at a pittance. "Masterpieces in the Mail" presents major labels and special "finds" in entertaining format. For free subscription write Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Some records priced as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings in stereo only. MHS RECORDS, Box 932 SR, New York, New York 10023.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS with the most fascinating sound by North America's leading builders, Sabathil & Son, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

NEUPERT AND SABATHIL HARPSICHORDS. John W. Allen, 500 Glenway Avenue, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

BECHSTEIN—Expensive—yes—and no. Inquire collect: John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Piano Imports, 215-563-6555.

ANTIQUE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Catalogue available upon request. Tony Bingham, 12 Willoughby Road, London, N.W.3, England.

DULCIMERS-PSALTERIES easily built, easier to play, kits, $15 up. Instruments $60 up. Here Inc. S, Box 341, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440.

HISTORIC PIANO—George Astor, circa 1800. Restored. $2,000. Pictured information, 25¢. Box 337, Gobles, Michigan 49055.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES, 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue. 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 7-89, Los Angeles, California 90025.

SCHOOLS

SCHOOL AT KIRKRIDGE—*On Appalachian Trail overlooking Poconos.* Opening this fall. Grades 10-11, boarding 20 boys, 16 girls. Intercultural, venturesome, nondenominational and widely ecumenical, related to Kirkridge retreat-and-study center founded 1942. All-teach-all-learn community including expert teachers for college preparation, social relevance, late-teen self-realization. 85 miles from Manhattan and Philadelphia. Write SCHOOL AT KIRKRIDGE, Box 2, Bangor, Pennsylvania 18013. Phone 215-581-8954.

ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL. Grades 7, 8 and 9. Coeducational, informal, noncompetitive. Work program. Quaker leadership. Mountain setting. Arthur Morgan School, Burnsville 4, N.C. 28714.

JUDSON IN ARIZONA. Boarding. Fully Accredited. College Prep and General Courses. Coeducational. Healthful desert climate, Grades 5-12. Informal western life. Small classes. Excellent staff. All sports. Horseback riding. Art. Music. Brochure. David D. Wick, Headmaster, Judson School, Box 1569, Scottsdale, Arizona 85252.

MANLIUS SCHOOL. Accredited college preparation. 100th year. Grades 8-12. ROTC develops ability, initiative, integrity. Reading. Study Skills. Varsity, intramural teams, all sports. Gym, Golf, Skiing, Band, Glee Club, Art, Music, Social Activities. Driver Education. New Dorm. Nonsectarian. Also Summer School-Camp. 130 acre campus near Syracuse. Write: Major H. G. Cantrell, 13 St. John Avenue, Manlius, N.Y. 13104.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOLS

PIONEER YEARS (2nd) preparatory school which combines scholarship with adventure, work, involvement, creativity. Staff background: Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps, salting Peace Corps approaches (Study in Mexico) into standard pedagogy. Mountainous campus former Peace Corps training site. Near Dartmouth. Challenging birth with magnificent scenery . . . secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire School, Vershire, Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

OAK GROVE. A Friends School for girls. Grades 8-12. Est. 1849. Preparation for leading colleges and universities. International enrollment. New science hall, gym, auditorium, dormitory in modern fireproof quadrangle. 500 acre campus. Scenic winter sports area. Riding. Music, art, speech. Activities. Andrew C. Holmes, Headmaster, Box 304, Vassalboro, Maine 04989.

COLLEGES

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language—Literature—Art.

FLUNKING COLLEGE? Dallas clinic diagnoses and treats learning disabilities. School of Developmental Education, Plano, Texas 75074.

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE offers exciting and meaningful seminars for young men and women eager to learn. Fall term opens September 8th. Director of Admissions, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017. Dept. SR.

SHIMER COLLEGE, Mt Carroll, Illinois, has an integrated, four-year, liberal arts program in which the discussion method predominates. 1 to 10 faculty-student ratio. Coeducational. Fully accredited. A few openings for qualified students remain.

ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE with western leisure opportunities; skiing, hunting, fishing, rodeoing, flying, snowmobiling. 4 year coeducational, fully accredited, liberal arts, pre-professional, or teacher preparation. Personalized education, 600 students, small classes. Openings for fall term. Six hours from New York, three hours from Chicago. Let us tell you more! Owen Arrington, Rocky Mountain College, Billings, Montana 59102.

FOR THE GOURMET

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 8-9, 79 Wall Street, NYC 10005.

WINE MAKING KIT—$4.95 postpaid. Free catalogue. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

PERSONALS

SEWING ENTHUSIASTS: come to CAROL BROWN'S, Putney, Vermont 05346, where you can handle all her beautiful fabrics, take your time, peruse Vogue Pattern book, have a cup of tea. (Bring your patterns and things to be matched.)

A LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE PIANO! Master lessons through correspondence. 33 years' experience. Beginners. Rusty intermediates. Age no barrier. Box P-2.

THE ARTS CENTER at Goddard College is an opportunity for serious-minded adults to play chamber music, harpsichord, piano, recorder, to sing Lieder or madrigals, to make pots; to paint, sketch from life and design enameled jewelry along with skilled artist-teachers . . . a place to meet old friends and new ones in the Vermont hills. Stay for a week or longer, June 29th through August 24th. For information, write Ray McIntyre, Director, Box S, Goddard Arts Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS—Testing, evaluation, recommendation of an Independent School for your son or daughter. John H. Emerson, 12 Summer Street, Hanover, N.H. 03755.

PERSONALS

A GENUINE COLLECTOR'S ITEM FOR $5? Absolutely! The beautiful closing program distributed to the last audience at the old Metropolitan Opera House on Broadway and the magnificent gala opening-night program of the new Metropolitan at Lincoln Center. Mint condition. Packaged together in polyethylene for your library or as a gift. Only a limited supply left. After that, no more. Postpaid. Check, money order to METPROGRAM, 19th Floor, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, 60 countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper and social work overseas. $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

KEY TO SUCCESS. "You and Interviews." $1.00. Dolan, Box 5255-SRI, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19126.

WANT EARLY WESTERN and southern art items. Artists not too important. Dr. Robinson, 1120 Roberto Lane, Los Angeles, California 90024.

INSTANT SPANISH. Actual conversation. Free lesson. Mayco, Dept. H-6, 257 Chloride Star, Kingman, Arizona 86401.

BLOCK NOISE! Sleep better, study, work, etc. Truly comfortable! Mack's Pillow Soft Earplugs, $1.00, no postage. Guaranteed! Sleep Shade $2.98. McKeon Products Company, Dept. R, 23220 Ithaca Street, Oak Park, Michigan 48237.

DRESSER SETS—We replace brushes, combs, mirrors, etc. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue. 8-9-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

ON SABBATICAL? Lady, responsible, self-reliant, will lovingly care for pets, plants, house while studying for comprehensives. September-February. East. Box P-801.

YOU CAN MEET RUSSIANS on August 23rd. Citizen Exchange Corps three-week study-exchanges to the U.S.S.R. are open to Americans of all ages and occupations. Leave NYC August 23rd or Christmas. CEC, SR 8/9, 10 West 46th Street, NYC 10036. 212-LT 1-8113.

"ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" PLAQUE, 4" x 8½". $1.50. Deluxe, $2.50. Grandiose, $5.00. Bumper strip 2/$1.00; 6/$2.50. Wry Ideas, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

COUNTRY APRONS. INDIAN MADE—Full aprons in checked high quality gingham, carefully handmade by Tewa Indian women. $3.85 each. San Juan Mercantile Co., San Juan Pueblo, New Mexico 87566.

SOCK IT TO ME—over 225 underground buttons 1/25¢, 5/$1, 50/$5, 125/$10 and 1,000/$75. Bumper stickers, beads and jewelry, too. Free catalogue to all! Stores: free sample. Big-Little Store, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

MANGOS—Aristocrat of tropical fruits, and Persian limes, shipping now through August. Avocados from July 15th. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

PERSONALS

MEDIEVAL ENGLISH BARNS available for shipment anywhere U.S.A. or Canada. Box P-155.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

YOUR RECORD COLLECTION is incomplete without Commemorative 120th Anniversary High Holy Day Music. Composers: Rossi, Byrd, Gerovitch, Sulzer, Lewandowski, Bloch, Martens, Reik. From Hebrew Liturgical Classics to newly commissioned settings. Cantor Paul Kwartin with Union Temple Choir, New York Motet Singers, Joseph Hansen, Director and Organist. $5 postpaid. Union Temple of Brooklyn, 17 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238.

FOR SALE: 1969 Cutlass Supreme Olds. Air conditioned, power steering, power brakes, other extras. Like new. 2,000 miles. Moving—must sell. $3,100. NYC. Box P-804.

LIBRETTO WANTED by established opera composer. All subjects considered. In English. Box P-682.

ANNUAL COMMUNITY CONVENTION, Illinois, August 22nd-24th. Gerald Baker, Cresco, Iowa.

SERIOUS AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS desiring quality custom prints and enlargements from their color negative film need professional color lab services. For free brochure write Artisans Photo Associates, Dept. 10, 1601 Griffith Park Boulevard, Los Angeles 90026.

AN OPEN LETTER OF APOLOGY to Residents of New York: I deeply regret that we at Gurney's Inn "On the Brink O' the Beach" at Montauk, Long Island, cannot offer the convenience of high-priced parking lots and/or garages with the associated interminable waiting period and the blessings of downright rude attendants who drive your car in a manner that makes Hell's Angels seem like Boy Scouts; we cannot offer mediocre food and beverages at exorbitantly high prices; the warmth of insolent cab drivers, the dirt and the smog, the noise and confusion, the traffic jams. Sorry about that! All we can offer is a sumptuous International cuisine served lavishly by a well-trained and courteous staff in clean, tasteful, appointed surroundings—free of dust, dirt, smog, and if you feel that you can survive the shock of fresh, clean, unadulterated air and water, with a tang of salt spray—you are welcome to visit. Call or write Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn . . . Gurney's Inn . . . "On the Brink O' the Beach . . . Oceanfront Cottages and Hostels, Montauk, Long Island, New York 11954 . . . U.S.A. . . . Planet Earth. Open All Year.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year, bimonthly training course free. Write: MEDITATIONS, BOX 566, Ojai, California 93023.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKTHROUGH—Perfect prints, 8 or 12 exposure rolls $2; 20 exposure, $3. Full credit unprintable negatives. Money-back guarantee. Plus postage paid both ways. Send $2 and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut.

TULIPS, HYACINTHS, NARCISSUS—Group purchasing, competitive. Bulbhome, Sassenheim, Holland, Europe.

ADULT RESPONSIBILITY ANYONE? Use your own ideas, initiative and independence at Franconia. A liberal arts college for people who have what it takes to be in charge of their own education. Franconia College, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

USE OUR CAMP (Art & Music) when we don't! Private School? Workshop? Therapy Groups? Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey 08318.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Ph.D., PHILOSOPHY—symbolic logic, 32, university teaching, organizational abilities, desires nonteaching position. Box P-596.

GIRL, 23, seeks editorial work. B.A. Stanford, M.S.J., Northwestern. Box P-802.

INTERNATIONAL PRIZEWINNING news photographer, 15 years large daily newspaper, M.A. in Communication, seeks creative still or film photo/journalism. Box P-685.

(Continued on page 56)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SITUATIONS WANTED

(Continued from page 55)

CONCERNED, CONTROVERSIAL doctoral student, Master's in clinical psychology. Unitarian minister, on leave from chairmanship small college psychology department, 8 years clinical, 6 years college teaching experience seeks employment in permissive setting, New England area. John A. Hawkins, Route 2, Raymond, N.H. 03077. Tel. 603-895-2834.

EX-NEWSPAPER REPORTER, female, 23, B.A., seeks PR, editorial work. Stamford, Westchester, NYC. Box P-695.

YALE ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNER designs, supervises, builds anything exciting. Box P-700.

MAJORED IN CREATIVITY. Will teach ceramics, cinematography, creative writing. Write Bortner, 210 West Mulberry, Normal, Illinois 61761.

WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHER, published, illustrate articles, books, research, California. Box P-697.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION arranging teacher exchanges is expanding staff and would like to talk with persons who are interested in work which is meaningful and personally satisfying. Main office in Manhattan but travel throughout U.S.A. and Europe required occasionally. Pay is low; hours are never counted—but we do enjoy ourselves. We need in September one secretary and one staff member with public relations ability. Box P-604.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032CP, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

SECRETARY, RESIDENT TYPIST, Ediphone. Box 99, Fryeburg, Maine 04037.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Call or send your resume or 25¢ for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

HIGH PAYING OVERSEAS JOBS. Construction, other projects. Bonuses, travel expenses, extras. International Information, 108, Cortez, Florida 33522.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest government information and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

EXPERIENCED STENOS, TYPISTS! When you travel, work temporarily for Manpower Inc. Assignments available now in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston and other major cities throughout the country. High hourly rates. See telephone directory in your city.

IF YOU DESIRE to help worthwhile organizations, if you desire above average part or full time income opportunities, if you desire national instead of regional territory, contact: Continuing Objectives, Union Trust Building, Parkersburg, W.Va. 26101.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? For a refreshing experience in modern suburban living, The Shaker Communities offer: A nationally recognized school system; superior municipal services; year-round recreation programs; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; fine shopping centers; mature, integrated neighborhoods. Contact The Shaker Communities, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

DUBLIN, N.H.—Charming house, European flavor, 2 bedrooms, studio and workshop, outbuildings. 3 acres. SR Box P-534.

For Sale—Furnished

SWANZEY LAKE, New Hampshire—2 adjoining furnished summer homes, 410 feet shorefront, 3 wooded acres. One has 6 bedrooms, other 4 bedrooms. SR Box P-690.

For Rent—Furnished

HOUSES AND APARTMENTS on St. Croix, St. Thomas, Jamaica, Barbados and Aruba. 914-245-4479.

SHERMAN OAKS, CALIFORNIA—Available September-February. Charming 2 bedroom, convenient location, gardener paid. $250. SR Box P-811.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

APARTMENTS WANTED

To Rent—Unfurnished

SR STAFFER'S frenzied need: 3 room rent controlled apartment, NYC, midtown, East side. Box M-201.

NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE need 3 room rent controlled apartment Manhattan or Bronx. Maximum rent $140. Phone 212-526-4694 or write Box P-809.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

GRACEFULNESS IN COUNTRY LIVING. North Central Massachusetts 14 room Colonial farm, 158 acres, large barn, 3 additional year around homes, swimming pool, tennis court, ideal research center, school, country club, or rest home. $200,000. Fantastic potential. W. R. Woodruff, Realtor, 199 Summer Street, Fitchburg, Massachusetts 01420.

OCEANFRONT GOLF—The name Winter Harbor, Maine is storied in our social history. A rare property has now become available in Winter Harbor adjoining the golf course in famous Grindstone Neck, on Frenchman Bay (Atlantic Ocean), looking out at Bar Harbor, Mount Cadillac and Acadia National Park. From $12,750 (1.6 acres with your own 170 ft. beach) to $3,500 (with "residents only" private beach) in this "closed gate" community in an exquisite setting for boatmen, golfers or just people appreciative of beauty. Call 207-667-5956 or write Box 45-GG, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

SOUTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE—All types. Aneta Petersen, Broker, Townshend, Vermont. 802-365-7332.

BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS, Virginia. Rugged mini-½ acre (60' x 120') campsite. Best offer over $600. 516-767-5890.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BUILD YOUR HOME in St. Thomas, U.S.V.I.—Half acre or larger homesites available in St. Thomas, U.S.V.I. Tranquil island living just 180 jet minutes from N.Y. Each site with a panoramic view of the Caribbean. Beach privileges. Construction assistance and consultation if required. Surveys and prices by request.
INVEST IN AMERICA'S CARIBBEAN—For an investment in "America's Paradise," the U.S.V.I., consider condominium or hotel construction on St. Thomas. Acreage not previously available to private investors is ideally located for resort, apartment or private home development. All sites with beautiful Caribbean views and beach privileges. Reply with specifications.
CARIBBEAN ACREAGE for hotel, condominiums development—Ideally located acreage is now available in St. Thomas, U.S.V.I., ocean views, beach privileges and adequate space for further expansion can be purchased immediately for resort development. Surveys and prices by request.
OWN YOUR OWN CONDOMINIUM in the U.S.V.I.—Luxurious Caribbean style homes, under the advantages of the Condominium Act of the U.S.V.I., are offered in a range of floor plans and prices. A distinguished builder and designer has planned a community in St. Thomas, U.S.V.I., with beach privileges, resort facilities, pool, tennis courts and complete maintenance for your investment. Individual residence with up to 800 square ft. of gracious living space. One bedroom residence $25,000, 2 bedroom from $47,000. Floor plans and further details upon request.
ON ALL REPLIES . . . please specify property you are interested in. SR Box P-810.

SEVEN LOTS overlooking harbor, beautiful Bayfield, Wisconsin. Stream, trees. Make an offer. P.O. Box 405, Ashland, Wisconsin 54806.

MAINE WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel. 207-778-2852.

BEAUTIFUL 3 AND 4 bedroom houses, some on waterfront; also homesites on Aruba and Bonaire. 914-245-4479.

LIGHTHOUSE POINT OCEANFRONT—A genuine working lighthouse is your beacon home. Your doorstep is made of huge pink granite slabs and sand with an outlook to the open Atlantic. A really rare example of perfect Maine coastline at Prospect Harbor in the Bar Harbor area. ¾ acre on the beach $7,000. Terms available. A few interior 1 acre lots with private community beach $3,000. It should be more. Call 207-667-5956 or write Box 45-GG, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

ESCAPE THE RAT RACE! Offering historic home, now a charming 14 room seaside hotel. Proven profitable. Includes furniture, equipment, automobile. Write: R. McAdoo, St. Philip, Barbados, West Indies.

COASTAL PROPERTY on Maine's incredibly beautiful seacoast. From under $2,000. Free brochure with complete aerial and ground photographs in full color. Englishmans Bay Company, Box 1017, Ellsworth, Maine. 207-667-5900.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CHARMING GENERAL STORE on Cape Cod. Tastefully stocked. Valuable frontage on main route. I want to retire. No agents. Box P-808.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ABOUT TO RETIRE? Enjoy it with maximum freedom, desired privacy in a gracious suburban-residential setting. Affordable Life Lease, monthly fee provides meals, services, scheduled health care. J. J. Boomgard, Friends Fellowship Community, 2031 Chester Boulevard, Richmond, Indiana 47374.

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place at the Crestview Center . . . including the most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Crestview Center, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

SWIM IN ST. THOMAS in your own private pool this week. We'll give you a lush vacation house with its own private swimming pool secluded in a walled garden on St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, where the weather is perfect year 'round. With living room, bedroom, dressing room, kitchen and bath. Maid service. Air-conditioned. Sensible rates. Call your travel agent now, or Robert F. Warner, 630 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10019, 212-JU 6-5400. Pavilions & Pools, Box 2208, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands.

CASUAL PLACE FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE—Boulders on Lake Waramaug, Berkshire Hills' largest natural lake. Country inn and cottages. New Preston, Connecticut 06777.

COWBOYS AND INDIANS, comfort and beauty, peace and quiet. The West still lives in this northwest corner of Nebraska. Not a dude ranch. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Box 191R, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Telephone 308-665-1346.

THE INN at Mt. Sunapee—small country lodge on beautifully landscaped estate. Spectacular views, all sports, gourmet food, lounge. DEXTER'S, Sunapee 2, N.H. 02782.

LUDLOW, VERMONT—Green grass, lake, horses, golf. Johnston Farm Lodge. Call 802-228-3751.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

1778 SWIFTWATER INN—POCONOS. Forest walks, streams; country dining; heated pool; no pressure. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania 18370.

THE HERMITAGE—*Secluded, small country inn,* a connoisseur's delight. Folder. Wilmington 5, Vermont 05363.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming 1-2-3 room apartments, each with kitchen, air-conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

PUERTO RICO—Condominium Caney. 2 bedroom garden apartments at fabulous Luquillo Beach vacationland. PR 809-765-6679, SR Box P-516.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

WILEY INN—PERU, VERMONT. Relaxing country Inn on 22 acres. Heated Pool. Brochure available. 802-824-6600.

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $12, doubles $22-$24 daily E.P. Lower after September 15th. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 4th. Open April-January. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

OPEN OCEAN COTTAGES—Large, new, insulated. Housekeeping, electric heat. Openings September-October. Thompson House Cottages, New Harbor, Maine 04554.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiences. Pool. Brochure.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VACATIONS

BEST FOOD IN VERMONT is found at the Green Mountain Inn in Stowe. Since 1833. Rooms and everything else, too. Motels even.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing, Fasting. Natural Foods. Brochure: SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Country inn. Tranquillity. Comestibles. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

DIVI DIVI—no double talk, it's the name of the newest Dutch treat, the DIVI DIVI Beach Hotel, Aruba, Netherlands, West Indies. Enjoy a unique private casita with beachfront patio. Now open with full resort facilities for your every pleasure on its 1,000 ft. sugar sand beach. Contact Utell International, Essex House, New York, N.Y. 10019. 212-PL 7-2981.

CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO, romantic, historic ghost gold mining camp. Imperial Hotel features oldest and best gay 90's melodrama theatre, gourmet foods, elegant rooms, also camper trailer accommodations.

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION, deep woods, two connected lakes, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, croquet, ping-pong, Hi-Fi concerts (indoors-outdoors), packed lunches, hiking, etc. Rustic lodge, cottages and honeymoon cabins. Moderate, informal, relaxed. Near Tanglewood. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

THIRTEEN ACRES—Thompson Ridge, N.Y. 914-874-2801. Quiet, charming resort. Dietary laws.

HOUSE ON OCEAN—3 bedrooms, October, week, month. Box 4091, Carmel, California 93921.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, 30 miles at sea. Less than an hour by air from New York. In September swimming in 70° water, fishing, your favorite sports, plus interesting historic areas. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

FABULOUS ACAPULCO!! $8 now buys luxurious seclusion tropical beach, 3 superb meals ($6 with 2 meals). Hotel Mayab, Acapulco, Mexico.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Liberal Arts.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE offers American college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

IN ALPINE TRANQUILLITY above Lake Geneva: Leysin American School for University Preparatory Studies. Coeducational—Grades 9-12. Boarding, 150 boys and girls. Experienced, highly credentialed American administration and faculty with pupil ratio 1:8. Solid academic program with Advanced Placement. PSSC Physics, Chemstud, BSCS Biology, strong mathematics, English, foreign language programs. Excellent college admissions record. Official testing center, close personal and college guidance. Curriculum related tours, international environment, broad sports program (LAS hosts annual International Schools Ski Championships). Affiliated with American College of Switzerland and Cushing Academy, Massachusetts. Leysin American School, 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship. Related in-port programs. Applications accepted now for fully-accredited Fall, Spring 1969-'70 semesters. Fall semesters visit Western Europe, Mediterranean, Northwest Africa, South America; Spring semesters visit the Orient, India and Africa. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

TRAVEL

TIMBUCTU—17 days all inclusive tour New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara capitol. $998. Departures October 6th and November 3rd. Write for brochure. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE NEVIS*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15 (*KNEE-vis.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1210, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISES—"Barefoot." Adventurous. Little, secluded, tropical islands. 11 days, $240. Windjammer, Dept. 119, P.O. Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.25. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZEB Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

SAN FRANCISCO on $4.50 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $120 month ($30 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for summer and fall. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC. INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pick up/delivery—airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

THIS AD + $6.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air-conditioning. Single-$9.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

MOVING ABROAD? ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL may be the answer for your 7th or 8th grade child. Informal, noncompetitive. Work program. Mountain setting. 24 boys and girls. Arthur Morgan School, Burnsville 5, N.C. 28714.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

SAETOURS—pleasure travel for singles. Splendid European vacations from $455 including jet fare. Box 3486, Savannah, Georgia 31403.

CENTRAL AMERICA ON WHEELS—Thrilling 15 day travel adventure from $598. Write for brochure. Amazon Explorers, Dept. SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

FRIENDLY NATIVE GUIDES show you CANYONLANDS by jeep, jet boat and float boat. Tag-A-Long Tours, Dept. H, Moab, Utah 84532.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1844

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Delicacy, a cut above pigs' feet (2 wds.)	2 24 45 73 91 101 179 41
B. Condense, bring to a heavier consistency.	183 13 21 31 77 87 93 110 116 128
C. Holmes' foil from Scotland Yard.	131 138 143 149 156 163 175 192
D. Fires; pardons (2 wds.)	35 40 50 58 95 160 181
E. Feel sympathy; yearn; become distressed.	51 54 76 97
F. Plague.	122 130 157 161 166
G. Stream that was "Unvisited," "Visited," and "Revisited" by Wordsworth.	14 60 68 82 113 158
H. Scottish writer, court physician to Queen Anne, originator of John Bull.	170 176 190 16 19 23 104 107 125
I. Last name of Kaufman and Hart's "Man Who Came to Dinner."	39 80 103 126 146 162 177 64 67
J. Breton.	74 96 114 123 135 153 79 86 148
K. Shrank, decreased.	191 3 9 29 32 119 147 165
L. Cut made by a saw.	62 70 111 38
M. Dry, like Carrie Nation.	57 63 100 136 140 185 89 132
N. Washington and Carrie Nation each used one.	150 155 22 83 108 115 26
O. Scamp.	47 141 17 81 168
P. Bring low, ruin.	12 66 174 184 75 117 139 33 85
Q. Sustained; defended.	186 99 173 8 56 142
R. Wrymouth; the leptocephalus stage of an eel.	69 27 44 10 102 88 118 133 127
S. Strongly alcoholic (comp.)	137 4 105 167 34 52 134 15 94
T. Yellow, solid, nonglycerine substance used in candles, ointments, etc.	129 28 49 112 72 121 98
U. Uncommon things.	7 65 145 189 25 164 46 180
V. Not capable of being damaged or harmed.	59 169 6 30 71 152 159 37 124 43
W. Makes more tense; becomes more complete or adequate.	42 11 120 84 106 109 171 172
X. "—— not nature, she hath done her part." (Milton, "Paradise Lost.")	182 144 154 92 61 18
Y. Dip, sink; embed, bury.	20 5 90 53 187 48 36
Z. Homesteader, squatter.	178 55 78 1 151 188

DIRECTIONS

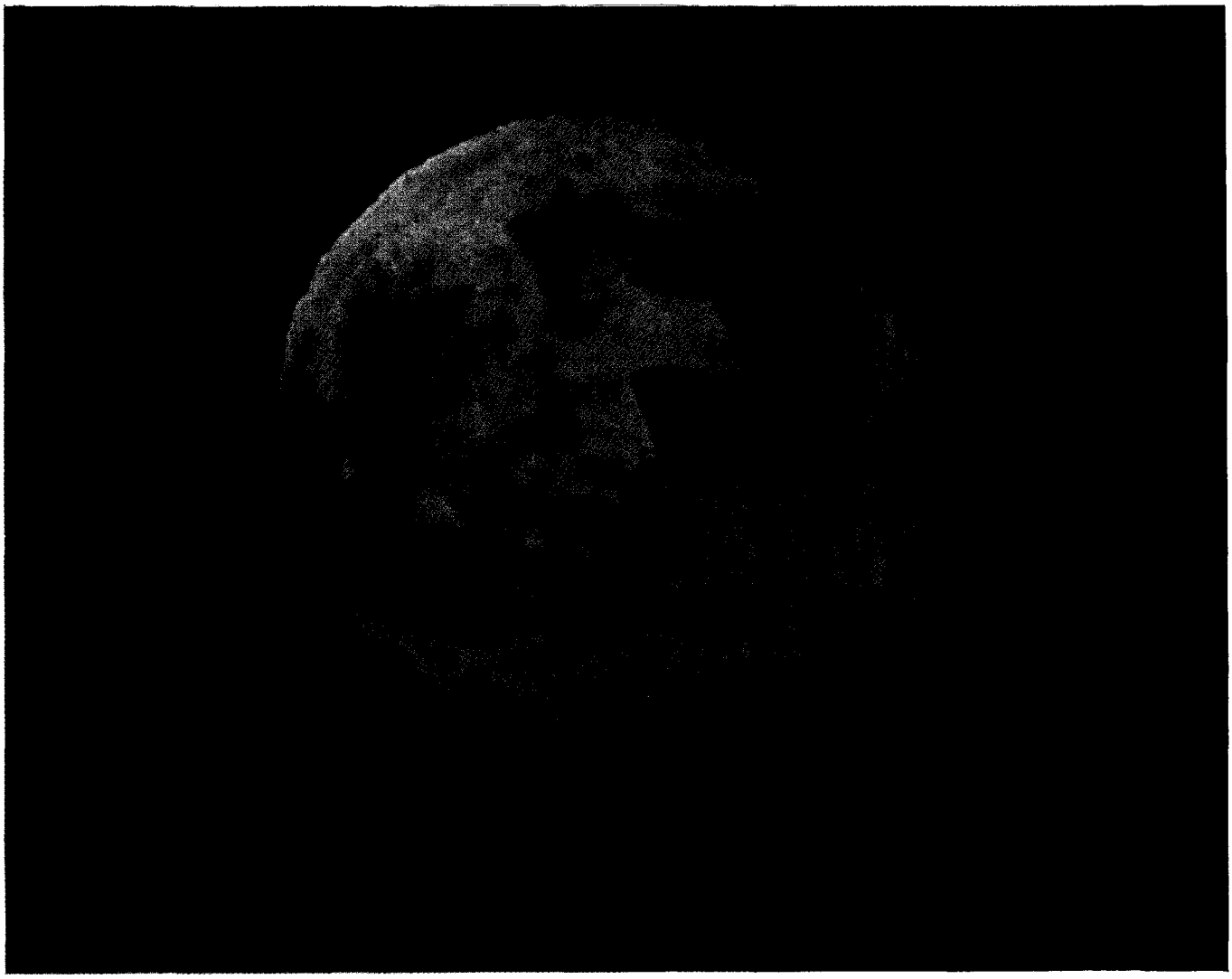
To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 Z	2 A	3 K		4 S	5 Y	6 V	7 U	8 Q	9 K	10 R	11 W	12 P	13 B		14 G
15 S	16 H		17 O	18 X	19 H		20 Y	21 B		22 N	23 H	24 A	25 U		26 N	27 R
28 T	29 K	30 V		31 B	32 K	33 P	34 S	35 D	36 Y		37 V	38 L		39 I	40 D	41 A
42 W		43 V	44 R	45 A	46 U	47 O	48 Y	49 T	50 D		51 E	52 S	53 Y		54 E	55 Z
56 Q	57 M	58 D		59 V		60 G	61 X	62 L	63 M	64 I		65 U		66 P	67 I	68 G
69 R	70 L	71 V		72 T	73 A	74 J	75 P		76 E	77 B	78 Z		79 J	80 I	81 O	82 G
83 N	84 W		85 P	86 J	87 B		88 R	89 M	90 Y	91 A	92 X	93 B		94 S	95 D	96 J
	97 E	98 T	99 Q	100 M	101 A	102 R	103 I	104 H	105 S		106 W	107 H		108 N	109 W	110 B
111 L		112 T	113 G	114 J	115 N	116 B	117 P	118 R	119 K	120 W		121 T	122 F	123 J	124 V	125 H
	126 I	127 R	128 B		129 T	130 F	131 C	132 M	133 R		134 S	135 J		136 M	137 S	138 C
	139 P	140 M	141 O	142 Q		143 C	144 X	145 U	146 I	147 K	148 J		149 C	150 N	151 Z	
152 V	153 J	154 X	155 N	156 C	157 F		158 G	159 V	160 D	161 F		162 I	163 C	164 U	165 K	
166 F	167 S	168 O		169 V	170 H	171 W		172 W	173 Q	174 P		175 C	176 H	177 I	178 Z	179 A
180 U		181 D	182 X	183 B	184 P		185 M	186 Q	187 Y	188 Z	189 U	190 H	191 K	192 C		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Western Electric: we make Bell telephones. We also help astronauts communicate everything from A-OK's to EKG's.



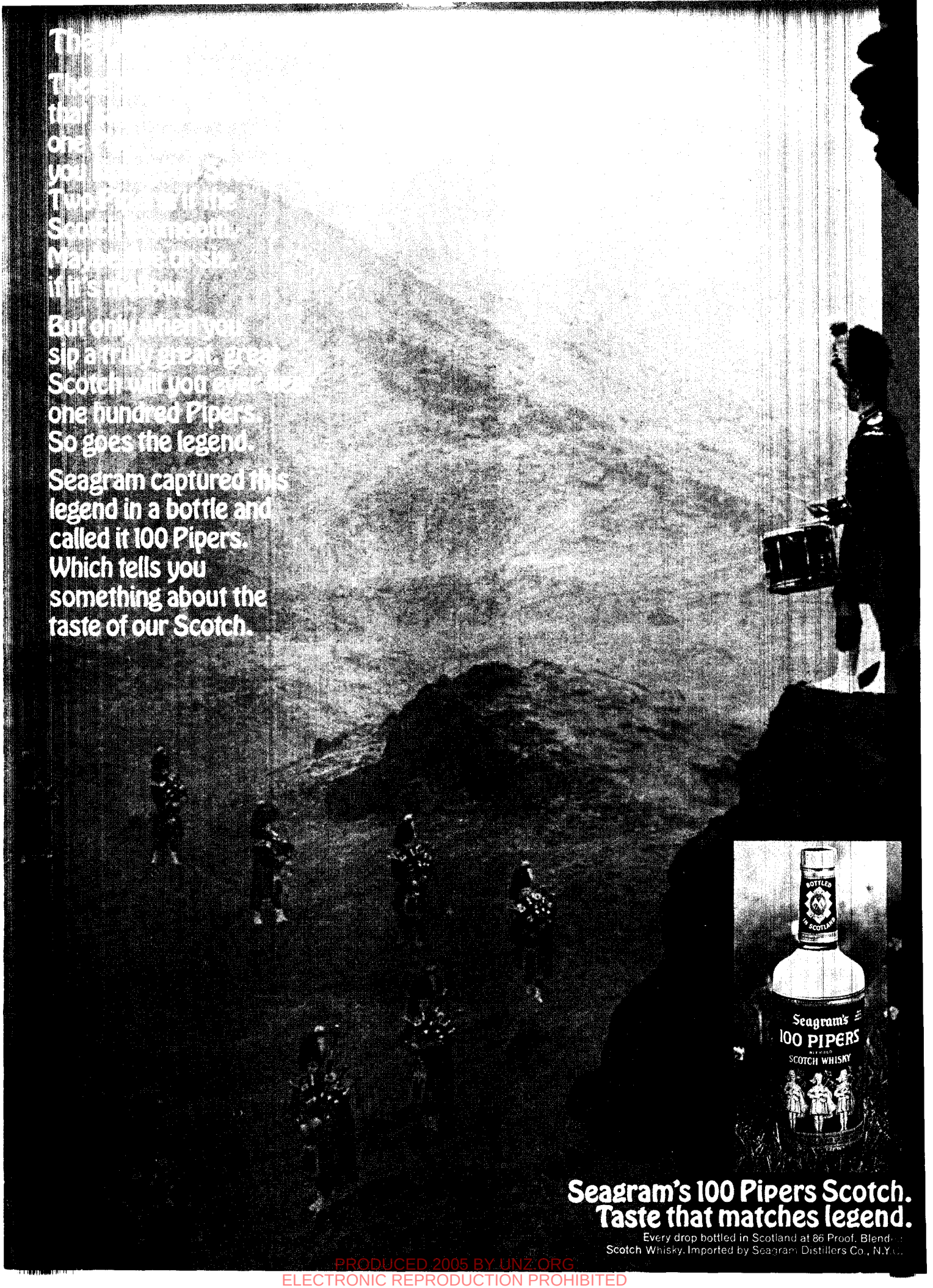
When astronauts talk to us from the moon, the Bell System helps spread the word here on Earth. Both their vivid descriptions of space, as well as vital data—from the speed of their heartbeats to the speed of their spacecraft—flash over a nationwide network of telephone cable, microwave towers and switching centers.

The backbone of this network is equipment made and installed by Western Electric. The same people who make and install the equipment needed to bring you telephone service.

This is one reason calls from the moon reach NASA control centers as dependably as calls from friends reach you.

Western Electric
Manufacturing and Supply Unit of the Bell System

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED